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PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

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CHAMBERS'S

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ANCIENT RITES AND MYSTERIES.

I.

THE various mythological creeds of the ancient world, different as they were in the forms and ceremonies pertaining to each, may all be traced to a common origin in the constitution of the human mind. Natural religion is the manifestation of the sentiments of wonder and veneration, and the powerful manner in which these organs were acted upon in the early ages of the world led, in a manner perfectly natural and easily understood, to the formation of the mythologies which arose on the shores of the Ganges and the Nile, in the sunny vales of Greece, and among the snowy ridges of the Doffefeld. The mind of man, in these ages, must be regarded as the mind of a child—infantile, undeveloped, untrained, and finding food for its wonder in everything of which it took cognisance, and objects for its veneration in everything which it could not comprehend. The wonders of the starry heavens, the continual succession of day and night, the phenomena of the revolving seasons, eclipses of the sun and moon; all made the same impression upon men's minds in those early ages as they do now upon the ductile and unformed mind of a child. To the first dwellers upon the earth all these things were as novel and as wondrous as they are to the child of two years old who beholds them for the first time, and they were as little able to understand them. Before they could do so in a correct and philosophical manner, mankind had to pass through the same phases of varying belief as the mind of the individual does in its progressive development from infancy to mature age. Those objects which most excited their wonder they soon came to regard

with a kind of religious veneration; and in this manner the sun and moon came to be regarded as divinities, and whatever object on earth, animate or inanimate, inspired them with wonder or awe, was adopted by some tribe or nation as the sacred representative of the mysterious power which had called all things into being, and which they could not comprehend. Hence we find the sun and moon among the earliest objects of religious adoration—the latter luminary being invariably placed in a subordinate position with regard to the former, probably on account of its inferior magnitude, and its lesser influence upon the earth. Thus the moon was worshipped by the Scandinavians on the second day of the week, while the worship of the sun was celebrated on the first; the moon was represented by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks as the sister of the sun; and in India, Persia, and Syria, in all of which countries the sun had its representative in the national mythology, the moon does not appear to have been honoured in a like manner. An infinite variety of natural objects, some animate and others inanimate, were likewise regarded with reverence; and this system of religious worship, which is called Fetichism, is that which is invariably found among tribes the lowest in the scale of intellectual development, as those of Africa and Polynesia. The negroes of Benin regard with superstitious reverence a curious insect called the ‘walking leaf,’ from its resemblance to a leaf in colour and form; the pagan Laplanders set up stones of remarkable form, and adore them; and in every country in the world there is some river, or fountain, or rock, which was once an object of veneration and worship.

The phenomena of the universe at length became the subjects of rational study and philosophic investigation with a few minds more advanced than the rest, and it can scarcely be doubted that the Chaldeans, the Magi, and the Gymnosophists soon perceived the absurdities of Fetichism. For the esoteric doctrines of these early philosophers the reader is referred to the Paper on ‘Ancient Philosophic Sects.’ In this place we have only to show how the superstructure of the ancient mythologies was raised upon the pantheistic foundation laid by the Gymnosophists, and probably by the Magi, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptian priests likewise. The great error of the Indian sages was in permitting reverence to be offered by the unenlightened masses, who were unable to comprehend their esoteric doctrines, to any object which the worshipper chose to regard as the visible representative of the great and mysterious Om. The Magi, on the contrary, only permitted the adoration of the sun, as the grandest object which could possibly be selected to serve as a symbol of divinity; and from this circumstance arose the great difference which afterwards came to exist between the religious systems of India and Persia; for while there arose in the former country the most cumbersome mythology that the imagination of man has ever conceived, the Persians, though they at length fell into the error of regarding the sun as a deity, never became image-worshippers, even in the period of the greatest corruption of the national creed. To give a full account of the various mythologies of the ancient world does not come within the design of the present Paper; but it is necessary to the understanding of the rites and mysteries which rose out of them, that the principal deities should be briefly described, with the origin of their worship, and the manner in which it passed from one country to another.

Om, the Sanscrit name of the infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible Power of the Vedas, is a compound word, expressing at once creation, preservation, and destruction; and hence the first step in the popular construction of the Indian mythology was to separate the three ideas, the great attributes of Om, and represent each as a distinct divinity. This Indian trinity consists of Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Sheva, the Destroyer; and on certain occasions the three, called collectively Trimarti, are worshipped together. In the celebrated cavern-temple of Elephanta, and in other parts of India, the Trimarti are sculptured in the same mass of stone; but separately, Vishnu and Sheva are more worshipped than Brahma. The last is represented as a gold-coloured figure, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu of a blue colour, with blue eyes and four arms, a crescent upon his forehead, a necklace of skulls, and a club in each right hand; and Sheva as a black figure, with a very terrible countenance. There is so much confusion in the wild tales of the Indian mythology, that it is sometimes difficult to identify the divinities who figure in them; and Sheva and Vishnu are often found exercising the attributes of each other. Crishna is supposed by some to be the same as Vishnu; but we are inclined to believe that this deity originally personified the sun. Muhadev seems identical with Sheva, to whom the mythologists have given a wife in the person of Doorga or Kalee, who occupies a prominent place in the stories of the conflicts between the gods and the giants, the latter figuring as conspicuously in the early myths of India as in those of Greece and Scandinavia. She is represented black, like her husband, with four arms, and with eyebrows dripping blood; she wears a necklace of skulls, like Vishnu; her earrings are human bodies; and the hands of the giants whom she has slain hang at her girdle. The other divinities of India are innumerable, and are probably, for the most part, deified heroes of the earliest ages.

The religious observances which form the worship of these gods are numerous and burdensome, and if performed strictly, would engross the entire time of the worshipper; but they are necessarily abridged, though they still encroach too much upon the moral and social duties. They commence with ablutions and prayers, then the worshipper prostrates himself before the rising sun, and proceeds to the inaudible recitation of certain texts of the Shasters, or commentaries upon the Vedas. Other observances required are offering cakes and water to the gods, and feeding animals reputed sacred—as oxen, monkeys, &c. The fruits and cakes offered are allowed to remain upon the altars a certain time, after which they are eaten by the attendants. Animal oblations are offered only upon the altars of the terrible Doorga, to whom existing records prove human victims to have been sacrificed in ancient times. The offerings are most abundant at the annual festivals of the gods, when immense numbers assemble in the open areas before the temples, and after making their offerings, amuse themselves with dancing and singing. The festival of Doorga is the Saturnalia of the East, and the dances and songs are of the most indecent description. That of Juggernaut, which, we are happy to say, is not celebrated with half the zeal that it used to be, is marked by the self-immolation of many of the god's infatuated worshippers. The image of the god, with those of his brother and sister, Bala-rama and Soobhadra, is placed in a

colossal car, ornamented with mythological paintings of the most demoralising tendency; and the car is then dragged through the streets by the multitude, many of whom voluntarily throw themselves under the wheels, and are either crushed to death or horribly mangled. Religious pilgrimages to the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna, to the junction of these rivers at Allahabad, to the holy city of Benares, and other places, are also frequently performed; and at Allahabad half a lac of rupees (£5000 sterling) has been received in one year for permission to bathe at the junction of the sacred rivers.

The sun appears to have been in all countries the first object deified—in India as Crishna, in Persia as Mithra, in Syria as Baal, and in Assyria and Babylonia as Belus. The remains of a large and beautiful temple of the sun still exist at Balbec or Baalbec, and the temple of Belus at Babylon is described by classic historians as the oldest and most magnificent in the world. Its towers were remarkably lofty, and among its riches were several images of massive gold, one of which is said to have been forty feet high. In a chamber at the summit of the highest tower was a magnificent bed, to which the priests nightly conducted a female to remain in the society of the god. The Syrians, besides Baal, had a female divinity named Astarte, who is considered to be the same as the Venus of the Greeks, and in whose grand temple at Hieropolis three hundred priests were daily engaged in offering sacrifices upon her altars.

In Egypt, the sun was personified by Osiris, and the moon by Isis, who is represented as his sister and wife. Typhon, who holds the same place in the Egyptian mythology as Sheva does in the Indian, and Ahrimanes in the Persian, was called the brother of Osiris, and is the same as the Typhæus of the Greeks. His introduction into the Egyptian pantheon, however, is probably of much later date than those of Osiris and Isis. The worship of the two latter was universal in Egypt, and the people were taught by the priests that the annual inundations of the Nile were caused by the tears which the goddess shed on the anniversary of the murder of Osiris by their brother Typhon. Serapis is supposed by some authors to have been the same as Osiris, and Apollodorus asserts that this god was the same as Apis; but Herodotus, though he gives a very minute account of the Egyptian divinities, does not mention him at all. Certain mysteries were connected with the worship of this god, which, with those of Isis, will be described hereafter. The most magnificent temples of Serapis were at Memphis, Alexandria, and Canopus. Apis was worshipped under the form of a black bull, into which the soul of Osiris was believed to have entered, the two gods being the same under different names; the temple of this brute-worship was at Memphis; but a bull was also worshipped at Heliopolis, under the name Mnevis, and the latter is supposed to have been sacred to Isis. Anubis is described by the mythologists as the son of Osiris, and was represented with the head of a dog.

The annual festival observed in honour of Isis lasted nine days, and was made the occasion of much licentiousness. The priests walked in procession, barefooted, and clothed in garments of white linen; and vessels of wheat and barley were borne, from a mythical tradition that the goddess had first taught the Egyptians to cultivate the earth. During the night the priests were engaged in the performance of various rites in the temples, the sacred

birds were regaled with delicacies, and hymns were sung by young female choristers. The worship of Isis was introduced into Italy, but was suppressed by a decree of the senate in the reign of Augustus, on account of the licentiousness which accompanied the celebration of the *Isiac* festivals. Those of Osiris were of the same character, which applies also to those of Apis—the name given to the sacred bull of Memphis. The latter festival lasted seven days, during which the sacred bull was led in solemn procession through the streets by the priests, the people running by the animal's side, with every demonstration of joy, stroking him, prostrating themselves before him, or presenting him with food. The sacred bull was only permitted to attain a certain age, when he was led by the priests, with many solemn ceremonies, to the Nile, in the waters of which he was drowned; the carcass was then embalmed, and buried with much ceremony by the priests. When the last rites had been offered to the deceased, the priests shaved their heads, as a sign of the deepest mourning, and the people of Memphis uttered mournful cries and lamentations, as if Osiris were just dead for the first time. Another bull had to be sought for the temple; and in order that the animal in which the spirit of the god had incarnated itself might be more readily discovered, there were certain marks by which it was always distinguished. Its colour was always black; on its forehead was a square white spot, on its back the figure of an eagle; and on its right side a white crescent, in allusion to Isis; the hairs of its tail were double; and under its tongue was a protuberance in the form of a beetle. A very precise and fanciful description; but it is probable that artificial means were resorted to by the wily priests to give to the animal these distinguishing and indispensable characteristics. When a bull possessing them was found, the mourning for his predecessor was changed for demonstrations of the most exuberant joy, with which his appearance was everywhere hailed. The animal was not lodged in the temple at Memphis until the expiration of forty days, and during this period only women were permitted to approach it. Auguries were drawn from his eating or rejecting the food offered him: the former case being regarded as a favourable omen, and the latter as one of evil. Germanicus, when he visited Egypt, consulted the sacred bull of Memphis in this manner. The festival of Apis was being celebrated when Cambyses invaded Egypt, and the conqueror ordered the priests to appear before him, and bring the god with them. On seeing the sacred bull, he was so enraged at their idolatrous and superstitious practice, that he wounded it with his sword, ordered the priests to be flogged, and forbade the continuance of the festival under the penalty of death. On account of the tradition respecting Osiris, oxen generally were regarded with a feeling of veneration by the Egyptians; but their superstitious reverence for the crocodile, the serpent, the cat, the ibis, and the beetle, for onions and for the lotus-flower, was probably a relic of the Fetichism of their ancestors. The festival of Adonis was introduced into Egypt from Phœnicia, in which country it lasted two days; but the Egyptians prolonged its celebration during eight days. During the first half of the period, the death of Adonis was mourned with a frightful howling and wild lamentations; but during the latter days of the festival, no sounds save those of the most extravagant joy were heard. Men and women ran about the streets, wearing garlands of flowers, crying: 'Our Adonis lives! Adonis is

returned to us!' and all the young women who neglected to join in the general rejoicing were compelled to submit to an odious alternative during one day. No business was transacted during the celebration of this festival, from a belief that it was unlucky to do so; and the disasters which attended the expedition of Nicias to Sicily were ascribed to the circumstance of the fleet having sailed from Athens while the people were mourning for Adonis.

II.

The mythology of the Greeks was a work of the same gradual construction as that of the Hindoos and the Egyptians; but being less ancient, its divinities were not entirely indigenous to the country. The gods of Greece were probably more numerous than those of India, though the lapse of time has since swelled the number of the Eastern deities to such a degree that they now exceed in number those of the ancient Greeks. They may be classed in four divisions, according to the manner of their introduction into the national pantheon: the first including those which arose from the early Fetichism; the second, those which personified certain passions and emotions of the mind; the third, those whose worship was introduced from Egypt; and the fourth, those supernumerary deities who appear to have been adopted at a later period, to make out a complete genealogy and history of the divine personages whom the national imagination had enthroned upon Olympus. To the first class belong Apollo, Diana, Neptune, and Vulcan, among the primary divinities, and a number of secondary ones, personifications of the winds, the stars, rivers, fountains, &c., but among these there is evidently an order of time, and Apollo and Diana must be considered as the earliest personifications of the Greek mythology. Though it has been disputed whether Helios, *the sun*, Apollo, and Phœbus, were the same, the point has not been satisfactorily determined, and from the manner in which they are confounded by the ancients themselves, it seems evident that they were regarded as the same in the popular belief. At the same time it may be fairly admitted that the worship of the sun preceded that of the imaginary deity in whose person it was represented, as we know that the sun was the object of adoration among the Persians long before that luminary was personified in the god Mithra. The sun was among the first objects of religious veneration in all parts of the world—in Mexico and Peru as well as in the East—and hence we may reasonably conclude that it was the first object of Fetichist worship personified by the Greeks as well as by other nations. When it is considered that the Greek mythology was not the growth of one epoch, but required centuries for its progressive development, and that even the Apollo of one time differs in many respects from the Apollo of an earlier or later date, it is easy to understand how doubts should at length have arisen respecting his original deification. The worship of this deity was the most ancient in Greece, and the most widely diffused through all the Grecian states and colonies. He was represented as a handsome young man, with a glory of rays, like the beams of the sun, round his head; in later times the Grecian sculptors represented him with a bow in one hand and a lyre in the other, and a crown of laurel upon his head. Diana personified the moon, and was

represented in the garb of a huntress, with a crescent upon her forehead and a quiver of arrows at her back. She was said by the poets to be the twin-sister of Apollo; and from the similarity of their characters, and the mythical traditions respecting them to those of Osiris and Isis, their worship has been supposed by some to have been introduced from Egypt. A common origin is sufficient to account for the resemblance, and in reference to this Apollo is as identical with Belus, Mithra, and Crishna, as with Osiris. The other divinities of the first division were the creations of the same emotions which led the ancestors of those by whom they were personified as divine beings first to fall down in wonder and awe before the stars, the elements, the fountains, and every object in nature that excited their admiration or surpassed their comprehension. Polytheism is the natural growth of Fetichism, and when Olympus came to be peopled by the active imaginations of the Greeks, the personification of the sun and moon was doubtless soon followed by that of the elements—the winds, the rivers, and the fountains. In this manner arose a number of divinities, which imagination depicted in different forms, and invested with appropriate attributes—as Neptune, god of the ocean; Vulcan, god of fire; Æolus, god of the winds; Boreas and Eurus, gods respectively of the north and south winds; and the Nereides, Naiads, and Dryads, nymphs, or female divinities of an inferior grade, not possessed of immortality, and presiding respectively over the ocean, the rivers and fountains, and the woods.

The second compartment into which we have divided the Greek pantheon comprised the deities who personified human passions and emotions—as Venus, the goddess of love; Mars, the god of war; Ate, the goddess of revenge, &c. The Greeks were a peculiarly imaginative people, prone to enthusiasm, and restless when in ignorance or doubt of the cause of any one of the vast collection of material and moral phenomena of which philosophy afterwards came to take cognisance. Unable to account for them in a natural and scientific manner, they imagined everything—trees, rocks, fountains, rivers—to act in the same manner as themselves—by personal volition; and when these Fetichistic conceptions had at length given place to the idea of personal deities presiding over these natural objects, there was nothing strange or unnatural to the mind of an ancient Greek in the supposition of deities presiding over the emotions of the mind. In the same manner as Neptune was supposed to rule the ocean, and Æolus the winds, Venus moved the heart to the soft and tender passion of love, Mars inspired it with courage, and Ate incited to hatred and revenge.

The third division is occupied by the divinities whom the Greeks imported from Egypt, in which category must be placed Jupiter and his sister-wife Juno, Ceres and her daughter Proserpine, Bacchus, &c. The fourth division comprised the deities who were afterwards introduced to perfect the genealogy of the gods, and to fill up the gaps in the first or mythical period of Grecian history, and who, from the relationship to the divinities of longer standing, were honoured with a share of the national veneration and worship. Among the more prominent divinities of this class were Minerva, Mercury, Vesta Saturn, Pan, and Hercules; but the demigods and imaginary heroes thrown up in the effervescence of the national intellect in this period are almost innumerable. The strange reveries and crude speculations of the pre-Socratic philosophers—the

most enlightened of the Greeks at a period much later—a period, indeed, when time had long since fused the wondrous mass of Hellenic myths and legends into a regular narrative of events, which every Greek regarded as the early history of his country, may be taken as an index to that restlessness and activity of the national mind, which, in the exuberant fertility of its imaginative powers, had conferred personality on the stars, the winds, the elements, the rivers, and even the passions and emotions by which the heart of man is swayed, and invented a thousand myths and legends to connect these ideal personifications together by human ties. With the accomplishment of this last step the Greek mythology became complete, and assumed the form in which it has been handed down to modern times.

Though the Greeks, in the mythopæic era, made Jupiter king of heaven, he does not appear to have been so generally popular as his sister-wife Juno, who was worshipped with great solemnity not only throughout Greece, particularly at Argos and Samos, but also at Carthage, and afterwards at Rome. A ewe lamb and a sow were offered upon her altars on the first day of each month, and the peacock, the hawk, and the goose were considered sacred to her. At Rome no woman of immoral character was permitted to enter her temples; and the consuls, when they entered upon their office, were accustomed to offer sacrifices to her in a very solemn manner. The chief festival of the goddess was the *Heræa*, observed at Argos, Samos, and Egina, in which the inhabitants went in solemn procession to the temple, which, at the first named place, stood in a grove without the walls, in the direction of Mycenæ. The procession was a double one: the men went first, arrayed in their war panoply; and the women formed a second procession, accompanying the priestess, who was always a woman of the first quality, and was drawn in a chariot by milk-white oxen. When the temple was reached a hundred oxen were sacrificed at the altar, the flesh of which was afterwards distributed among the indigent citizens; and at Argos the procession and sacrifice were followed by public games, in which the prize was a crown of myrtle and a brazen shield. At Elis there was another festival in honour of this goddess, presided over by sixteen matrons and the same number of virgins, in which races were run by young girls, divided into classes according to age. The fair competitors were attired uniformly in garments reaching only to the knees; their hair flowed loose upon their shoulders, streaming in the breeze as they sped over the course; and the right shoulder of each was bared as low as the bosom. The youngest maidens contended first, and the victor in each race received a crown of olive, a portion of the ox that had been previously sacrificed to Juno, and permission to dedicate her portrait to the goddess.

The worship of Apollo was universal in Greece, and the festivals in honour of him were numerous, and celebrated with much solemnity and magnificence. The island of Delos, from being the reputed birthplace of this deity and his sister-goddess Diana, was considered sacred ground, and their principal festivals were accordingly celebrated there. No dogs were permitted in this island: the dead were not allowed to be interred there, and the sick were removed on the first symptoms of disease to the adjacent islet of Rhane. The altar of Apollo at Delos, which was religiously kept pure from the stain of blood, was made of the horns of goats,

and was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. The Delians celebrated a festival every fifth year, when they went in procession to the temple, crowned the statue of the deity with a garland of flowers, and sang hymns in his praise; on retiring from the temple, they diverted themselves with horse-races and dancing. The Athenians also celebrated an annual festival at Delos, the institution of which was attributed to their mythic hero Theseus, who, when about to make a voyage to Crete, is said to have vowed to sacrifice annually at Delos, in the event of his returning safe. The ship which bore the official worshippers to the island was reputed to be the same in which Theseus had sailed to Crete, and when about to proceed on its voyage to Delos, was decorated with garlands by the hand of the Athenian priest of Apollo. On the arrival of the ship at the sacred island, the official worshippers, called Theori, went in procession to the temple, crowned with laurel, and preceded by men bearing axes. After sacrificing to Apollo with much solemnity, they returned to their vessel, and sailed back to Athens, when they were received with every demonstration of joy. The people ran in crowds to meet them, prostrating themselves before the Theori as they walked in procession from the port, and the greatest festivity prevailed throughout the city. During the absence of the vessel it was unlawful to put any criminal to death; and it was owing to his condemnation on the eve of its departure from Athens that the philosopher Socrates obtained a respite of thirty days. The Boeotians celebrated every ninth year a festival called the Daphnephoria in honour of this god, in which an olive bough, adorned with wreaths of laurel, garlands of flowers, and brazen globes of various sizes, emblematical of the sun, moon, and stars, was borne in a solemn procession by a handsome youth of illustrious parentage, clad in rich saffron-coloured robes trailing upon the ground, and wearing above his flowing locks a crown of gold. He was preceded in the procession by one of his nearest relations, bearing a rod, to which were attached garlands of flowers, and followed by a numerous train of young virgins, carrying branches of palm in their hands. In this order the procession wound through the streets of Thebes to the temple of Apollo, the tutelary divinity of the country, where supplicatory hymns were sung by the choir of virgins. At Amyclæ, in Laconia, Apollo and Hyacinthus—the latter a youth represented by the mythologists as having been accidentally slain by the god with a quoit—were jointly honoured with an annual solemnity which lasted three days. The first day was one of fasting and mourning for the death of Hyacinthus, but on the second the youths of the town appeared in the streets, some singing hymns in honour of Apollo, while others accompanied their voices with the strains of the flute and the lyre. Young girls appeared in richly-decorated chariots, attended by youths mounted on gaily-caparisoned steeds, and followed by others on foot, singing and dancing. On the third day wolves and hawks were sacrificed, after which the worshippers sumptuously entertained their friends, their slaves were allowed a holiday, chariot-races were run, and the city became a scene of general rejoicing and festivity.

The worship of Diana was almost as universal as that of her twin-brother Apollo. Her temple at Ephesus was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, and the festivals in honour of her were numerous. The inhabitants of Taunæa were accustomed to sacrifice upon her altars all the

strangers who were cast away upon their shores; and the Lacedæmonians likewise offered human victims to her, until Lycurgus substituted for these horrid sacrifices the ceremony of flogging boys before her altars—the sufferers being originally the sons of free Spartans, but in latter times those of their helots. The Athenians generally offered a white goat upon her altars. There was a festival called the Artemisia celebrated in her honour throughout Greece, but with the greatest solemnity and magnificence at Delphi; and in Attica another festival was held every fifth year, called the Brauronia, from a town in which the goddess had a temple. A goat was sacrificed; hymns were sung; and all the female children between the ages of five and ten years attended, attired in yellow garments, to be consecrated to Diana—a ceremony to which much importance was attached by their sex.

The worship of Minerva came in time to be almost as universal as that of her sister-goddess, and she had magnificent temples in all parts of Greece and the Greek colonies. Her worship was performed with much solemnity and splendour, particularly at Athens, which, as the seat of learning and the sciences, could not refuse its adoration to the blue-eyed divinity who presided over wisdom, reason, and intellectual taste. The grand quinquennial festival of the Panathenæ which was there celebrated having, however, been described in another Paper ('Religion of the Greeks'), we shall pass on to the rites of Venus, who, as the goddess of love and beauty, could not fail of receiving homage and adoration from a people so sensuous and so enthusiastic in their worship of ideal beauty as the ancient Greeks. A passion which exercises so great an influence over the hearts and minds of both sexes as that of love, we may easily conceive to have been among the first emotions personified by the wondrous mythopæic propensity of the old Greeks; and the polytheistic nations of antiquity being accustomed to derive their divinities from each other, it ought not to surprise us to find the personification as a deity of a passion so powerful obtaining adoration in other countries. The Syrians had their Astarte, the Armenians their Anaitis, and the Scandinavians their Freya. The priestesses of Anaitis were courtesans, and the most illustrious females of the country did not scruple to become so in honour of the divinity on the occasion of her festivals, during the continuance of which the greatest licentiousness prevailed. The rites of the Scandinavian Venus were attended with the same immoralities; and in all parts of Greece the festivals of this goddess were similarly characterised. The dove, the swan, and the sparrow, were sacred to her; as also the myrtle, the rose, and the apple; but no victims were offered upon her altars. Vulcan, as the husband of Venus and god of fire, received a share of the national worship—particularly at Athens, where a calf and a boar were the sacrifices offered to him. His festival was celebrated in the month of August, when the streets were illuminated and bonfires kindled, into which calves and pigs were thrown as a sacrifice. At Athens there was another festival, on which occasion three young men successively ran a course, holding a lighted torch, which each delivered to his successor in turn, and a prize was given to him who succeeded in carrying it to the end of the course without its being extinguished. In the works of ancient authors there are many allusions to this torch-race, comparing the vicissitudes of human life

to the fluctuations of the flame as it was borne rapidly over the course, and its frequent extinction in the midst of the competitor's career.

Ceres, the goddess of corn and the harvest, as the patroness of agriculture, was as universally worshipped by the Greeks and Italians as Isis was for the same reason in Egypt. Nearly every city in Greece observed the annual rites called *Thesmophoria* in her honour; but nowhere were they celebrated with so much solemnity as in Athens. With the exception of the priest, who wore a crown on his head, only the wives of freeborn Athenians were admitted to her worship; and the expenses of the solemnity were borne by their husbands. The fair votaries wore white robes, as emblematical of purity, and were required strictly to observe the dictates of chastity during three days before the solemnity, and the four days of its continuance. The third day was observed as a solemn fast, and the worshippers sat on the ground in sign of mourning and humiliation; prayers were addressed to the goddess, to her fair daughter Proserpine, to the grim Pluto, and to Calligenia, the favourite attendant of Ceres; and all the rites were performed with the utmost gravity and decorum. The office of high priest was hereditary, and the virgins who assisted in the ceremonies of the temple were maintained at the public expense.

The rites of Bacchus were of an entirely different character, and his festivals were numerous, but as the procession and orgies of the *Dionysia* have been elsewhere described, it will be sufficient here to give a brief account of the *Anthesteria*. This festival was celebrated in the month of February (*Anthesterion*)—whence its name—and lasted three days. The Greeks were accustomed to broach their wine on the first day, and on the second the votaries rode through the streets in chariots, with garlands of ivy on their heads, ridiculing those whom they passed, like the modern charioteers of the Carnival. He who was able to drink the most wine without exhibiting its insubriating effects in unseemly behaviour, received a cask of wine, and was crowned with a chaplet of gold leaves. The *Anthesteria* was the holiday of the slaves, who indulged freely in the festivity of the occasion; but at the close of the third day a herald went through the streets proclaiming the end of the festival, and admonishing the slaves to return to the houses of their masters. The Athenians celebrated another festival, called the *Alcoa*, in honour of Bacchus and Ceres conjointly, when bunches of grapes and ears of corn were offered upon their altars. The husbandmen of Attica celebrated a festival, called the *Ascolia*, in honour of Bacchus, when a goat was sacrificed, and a bottle made of the skin, which, being filled with wine, they jumped upon, and he who could first stand upon it was rewarded with it.

Vesta and Mercury, among the superior gods of Greece, and Saturn and Pan, among those of the second grade, received a smaller share of the public worship in that country than among the Romans, by whom they were adopted, as were likewise Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Ceres, Bacchus, Hercules, &c. The worship of Vesta, the goddess who presided over fire, was introduced at Rome by Numa, who appointed four priestesses to tend the sacred fire, which was kept constantly burning upon her altar. Tarquin increased the number of priestesses to six, who were required to be of illustrious family, and without personal blemish. They were chosen between the ages of six

and ten, and the period of their office was thirty years, during which they were required strictly to observe the dictates of chastity. The first ten years were passed in learning their sacred duties, the ten following in performing them, and the latter years in instructing the vestal virgins who were in their novitiate. At the expiration of the thirty years they were permitted to marry, and leave the service of the temple; but incontinence during that term was severely punished. Under Numa they were stoned to death; but the elder Tarquin substituted for this punishment the horrible one of immurement in a vault, to which the wretched victim was dragged in a solemn procession, and where she perished miserably by starvation. It was seldom, however, that the vestals violated their vow of chastity; for it appears that, from the time of Numa to that of Theodosius, by whom the order was abolished, and the sacred fire extinguished—a period of a thousand years—only eighteen incurred the dreadful penalty described. Their costume was a white vest bordered with purple, a surplice of white linen, a flowing purple mantle, and a peculiar close cap, with hanging ribbons. Their principal duty was to watch in turn the sacred fire, the extinction of which was held to forbode some dire calamity to the Roman state; and the vestal who permitted it to expire was severely scourged by the high priest. When this happened, the sacred fire was rekindled from the sun by means of a burning lens. The vestals were maintained at the public expense, fared sumptuously, and enjoyed great privileges; they rode in chariots when they appeared in public, a lictor preceding them with the fasces; they had the first seats in the circus; they had the power of pardoning criminals on their way to execution, if the meeting was accidental; their evidence was received in the courts of law without the preliminary formality of an oath; and even the consuls made way for them, and the fasces were lowered as they passed by. Any offence against them was punished with death, and they were among the few to whom was accorded the privilege of being buried within the walls of the city. On the annual festival of Vesta, which was observed on the 9th June, the Roman ladies walked in procession barefooted to the temple of the goddess; millstones were decked with garlands, and the asses that turned them were led through the streets ornamented with flowers.

Saturn, though reputed to be the son of Cælus and Terra, and the father of the gods, was less worshipped in Greece than by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Italians. By the two former nations human victims were sacrificed upon his altars, and Apollodorus and others assert that the same horrid custom prevailed in Greece until abolished by Hercules, who is said to have substituted figures of clay. At Carthage children of the first families in the state were the victims, which hideous sacrifice probably originated in the myth of Saturn devouring the male children which Rhea bore him prior to the birth of Jupiter. The worship of the god, but without the sanguinary rites with which it was celebrated by the Carthaginians, was introduced very early into Italy; and his festivals, called the Saturnalia, were held, according to some writers, long before the founding of Rome, in commemoration of the Golden Age—a period of peace and plenty supposed to have existed under his rule. The Saturnalia was originally celebrated on one day only, but its duration was gradually extended to seven days, during which the schools were closed, the slaves

enjoyed a holiday, and mirth and jollity prevailed without restraint, frequently growing into riot and licentiousness. The worship of Mars and Mercury was also adopted by the Romans: to the former they sacrificed horses; and in honour of the latter they held an annual festival on the 15th May, when tongues were offered, because he was supposed to preside over eloquence, and sometimes a sow or a calf. In honour of the god Pan they celebrated yearly the festival called Lupercalia, held on the 15th February, when two goats and a dog were sacrificed, and the ensanguined knife of the officiating priest was first applied to the foreheads of two noble youths, who were always obliged to smile on the occasion, and then wiped with wool dipped in milk. The skins of the animals sacrificed were afterwards cut into thongs, and given to boys, who ran through the streets in a state of semi-nudity, applying the whips to all whom they met. It was accounted fortunate to receive their stripes, particularly by married women, from a belief that they were efficacious in removing sterility, and alleviating the pangs of parturition. This custom was abolished by Augustus.

In addition to the deities whose worship was derived from Greece, the Romans had several others—as Flora, Janus, Anna, Vertumnus, Autumnus, Fortuna, &c. Flora, supposed by some to have been a beautiful courtesan, deified after death for her generosity and patriotism, was reputed to preside over flowers and gardens, and received adoration among the Sabines long before the era of Romulus. Her annual festival was the occasion of much licentiousness, women appearing in the circus almost in a state of nudity, and reproducing in Rome the scenes which characterised the rites of Anaitis in Armenia, and of Venus at Cyprus and Corinth. In honour of Janus, who presided over the year, the Romans sacrificed a ram three times in the year; and in memory of Anna, the deified sister of Dido, sometimes called Maia, they celebrated an annual festival on the 15th March, the rejoicings on which occasion too often degenerated into licentiousness.

III.

We have reserved for particular consideration the secret mysteries of the ancient worship of the Egyptians and Greeks, and of the nations of the south-west of Asia, both because less is generally known concerning them than of the public rites, and because many important and highly-interesting questions are involved in their consideration. Owing to the inviolable secrecy required to be observed by those who were initiated into these mysteries, and the loss of the works of the ancient writers who treated of them, as Melancthius, Menander, Helicinus, Sotades, and others, all that we know concerning them has had to be searched for in detached passages of classic historians, and brief and often obscure allusions in classic poetry and fiction; and the information which has thus been laboriously gathered has never yet been presented to the public in a generally accessible form. The elaborate work of St Croix upon the subject has not yet been honoured with an English translation; the more condensed but very valuable article of Dr Doig is inaccessible to the mass of readers on account of the bulk and high price of the work—‘The Encyclopædia Britan-

nica'—in which it appeared; and even second-hand copies of those works of Warburton, Cudworth, and Leland, in which some account is given of the mysteries, are not to be procured cheaply, in the sense in which cheapness is understood by the mechanic and the artisan. We shall, therefore, endeavour to condense within the compass of the following pages all that is known upon the subject, and thus supply a desideratum, as well to those who have not the leisure or inclination to peruse larger works, as to those whose limited pecuniary means place such works beyond their reach.

Most of the pagan divinities had their secret rites in addition to those which were performed commonly and in public, and these were called Mysteries, because none were admitted to participation in them without a previous initiation and an engagement to secrecy, and also on account of the garb of mystery in which the secrets of religion were presented by the presiding hierophant. The secret rites were not performed in all places, but only in such as were especially sacred to the god of whose worship they appeared to form a part; and when the divinities of one nation were adopted by the people of another, according to that intercommunity of worship which prevailed among most nations in the middle and latter ages of polytheism, the mysteries were not always adopted along with the public rites. Thus the public worship of Bacchus prevailed in Rome long before the introduction of his mysteries; but in the case of Isis, the public rites seem to have been introduced only for the sake of those which were celebrated in secret. The first mysteries of which any account has been preserved were those of Isis, which were first celebrated in Egypt, in the holy city of Memphis; and it is probable that they had their origin in that country, and were invented by the priesthood, as a means of preserving their mystic doctrines, at the time when polytheism and philosophy began to rise side by side as the old Fetichist worship faded out. Hence the secrecy required among a people so deeply imbued with ignorance and superstition, and the solemnities and allusions so well calculated to make a deep impression upon the minds of the initiated. Hence also the circumspection exercised in the admission of aspirants, and the exclusion of all who were not freeborn citizens of the state, and of irreproachable character. Those who, like the writer, have been engaged in the study of the secret societies that have prevailed in Europe from the middle ages down to our own time, will be able to trace a resemblance in the initiated of Memphis and Eleusis to the Rosicrucians and the Illuminists; and it is remarkable that a discourse found upon one of the Carbonaro conspirators of Macerata, and printed in the official report of their trial, connects the secret societies with the pagan mysteries: 'The mysteries of Mithra in Persia, of Isis in Egypt, of Eleusis in Greece, and of the temples yet to be rebuilt, and the light that is yet to be spread,' says the discourse, 'are all so many rays proceeding from the same centre, moving in an orbit whose field is the immensity of wisdom.' It is easy to understand that the Magi of Persia and the Egyptian hierophants should desire to preserve and transmit to posterity their philosophic doctrines, and our knowledge of the origin of the Rosicrucians prepares us for the course which they adopted in order to do so. 'A few wise and good men,' says the discourse just quoted, 'who still cherished in their hearts that morality whose principles are unalterable, either by change of time or

the succession of generations, while they wept in secret, ruminated on the means of preserving untainted some sentiment of sound morality. They secretly imparted their knowledge and their views to a few persons worthy of the distinction. Thus transmitted from generation to generation, their maxims became the fountain of that true philosophy which can never be corrupted nor altered in its appearance.'

Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Plutarch, are unanimous in ascribing the origin of the mysteries to the Egyptian priests; and the disputes of the Greeks as to their origin are an additional support to that opinion. The Cretans, the Athenians, and the Thracians contended that their respective countries had the honour of introducing them; and when their introduction from Egypt had long been forgotten, it was natural for each of these states, knowing that it had not derived the mysteries from its neighbours, to conclude, from the similitude between the secret rites of the various divinities, that they had borrowed them from it. The hypothesis of a common origin in Egypt explains the difficulty which the different states of Greece had in determining this point. The mysteries are said to have been introduced into Persia by Zoroaster, into Cyprus by Cinyras, into Crete by Minos, into Boeotia by Trophonius, into Argos by Melampus, and into Thrace by Orpheus: but as many of the characters mentioned are now believed to be mythical, this account, which is derived from the poets, is not to be depended on. In each state the institutor placed them under the protection of the tutelary divinity which best suited his purpose, as giving them a greater importance and sanctity: thus, in Persia they were grafted upon the worship of Mithra; in Cyprus, upon that of Venus; in Crete, of Jupiter; in Lemnos, of Vulcan; in Phœnicia, of the Cabiri; in Samothracia, of Cybele; in Boeotia, of Bacchus; in Delphi, of Semele; and in Athens, of Ceres. Those of Egypt were the most celebrated until they were eclipsed by those of Eleusis; and so similar do all the pagan mysteries appear to have been, as well in the secrets revealed as in the manner of their revelation, that it will be sufficient to glance cursorily at those of Isis, Serapis, Mithra, the Cabiri, and Semele, and then give a particular account of those of Ceres, concerning which we possess the greatest amount of knowledge.

Concerning the mysteries of Isis much may be gathered from the 'Metamorphosis' of Apuleius, a Platonist philosopher of Madaura in Africa, who lived in the reign of Severus, and who states in his apology before the proconsul of Africa, that he had been initiated into almost all the pagan mysteries, and in the celebration of some of them had borne the most distinguished offices. The mysteries had in his time become much perverted and corrupted from their original foundation and intention; and they were growing into discredit in proportion as the Christian doctrines became more widely diffused. The initiated were accused of the practice of magic, and the perpetration of the grossest immorality in their nocturnal assemblies for the purpose of celebrating the mysteries; and Apuleius in particular had been charged with sorcery before the proconsul of Africa. Whether the 'Metamorphosis' was written after or before the 'Apology' is not certainly known; but the hypothesis that it was written afterwards requires no strong support from the circumstance that his accusers never

once alluded to it, which, from the many passages they might have quoted from it in support of their charges, they would scarcely have failed to have done had it then been written. The 'Metamorphosis' appears to have been written for the vindication of his character and the support of paganism, and particularly of the mysteries; and with this view the author represents the hero of his fiction as a young man addicted to sensual excesses and the practice of magic, and led on by them to the perpetration of crimes, the enormity of which caused his transformation into an ass. In relating this change the author displays great ingenuity and art; for debauchery and magic, which had produced the metamorphosis, were the corruptions charged against those initiated into the pagan mysteries, which Apuleius wished to defend; and while he drew attention to the degrading and brutalising tendencies of vice, he conformed to the vulgar belief in punishing his hero by actual transformation. In the subsequent adventures of his hero he shews the miseries which attend a career of vice and depravity; and his account of the enormities of the mendicant priests of Cybele, seen designed for after contrast with the mysteries of Isis. His hero falls deeper and deeper into vice; but assailed at length by the stings of remorse, he flies to the sea-shore, and addresses himself in solitude to the moon; then he falls asleep, and has a dream, in which Isis appears to him in the resplendent form under which she was represented in her grand temple at Memphis. The goddess acquaints him with the means by which he may be restored to the human form: on the following day there is to be a procession in her honour, and the priest who leads it will carry a garland of roses, which possesses the power to retransform him. On eating the roses as the priest of Isis passes him, he becomes a man again: the priest throws a linen cloth over him as a garment, and invites him to become initiated in the mysteries of the goddess; and he is initiated accordingly. That a virtuous life was imperatively required from the aspirant as a condition of admission, is shewn by the doubts and fears which beset him at the moment of presenting himself for admission; and this is one of the many points in which the pagan mysteries agree with each other. Having been initiated with much ceremony and solemnity, he is afterwards counselled by Isis to obtain admission to the secret rites of Osiris likewise, which he does; and concludes with relating the prosperity and happiness which attended his future life.

The 'Epicurean' of Moore the poet contains a beautifully-written description of the mysteries of Isis, which may be perused with equal pleasure and advantage, as it appears to give a tolerably correct account of the matter, though not a complete one. Alciphron, a young Athenian of the school of Epicurus, penetrates into the subterranean of the temple of Isis at Memphis, in quest of a beautiful young priestess whom he has seen dancing in the temple, and feeding the sacred birds at the Isiac festival; and the Egyptian priests, being desirous of effecting his conversion, draw him onward by a series of illusions, wonders, and apparent dangers, which awe while they attract. He descends a well, involved in pitchy darkness, by means of an iron ladder; passes through gates inscribed with characters of fire; traverses a subterranean passage, in which he has to rush through a grove of flaming pine-trees, while fiery serpents pursue each other among the branches, and burning brands and myriads of sparks fall on every side;

swims a river, the waters of which are as dark as those of the fabled Styx, and over which he sees floating the disembodied spirits of the departed, whose mournful wailings reach his ears; ascends stairs, of which every step disappears as he mounts the next, rendering his return impossible; and, catching at something which he sees above his head as the last step disappears from beneath his feet, he is whirled round and round by the fury of a blast which resembles the combined force of Boreas and Eurus, until he nearly loses his senses, and is upon the point of falling from sheer exhaustion. The dangers of this preliminary passage through the elements were not wholly imaginary, for Pythagoras, who was initiated at the same place, is recorded to have nearly lost his life. When the young Athenian recovers, he finds himself in a comfortable bed, where he is served with wine by two boys clothed in white linen, and a venerable priest addresses a discourse to him upon the immortality of the soul. He is afterwards shewn a glimpse of the Elysian fields, where noble-looking youths and lovely female forms wander through groves of evergreens, and among the most gorgeous flowers; and in a luminous circle—suggesting the idea of the Memphian priests having availed themselves of some such apparatus as is used for the exhibition of dissolving views—he beholds the happy spirits soaring upward to the glorious throne of the Eternal and the mansions of the blest. These artistic contrivances for creating an impression upon the mind of the young philosopher are supported by discourses from the venerable hierophant upon the nature of the soul; and the aspirant, alternately awed and attracted, and led on by the hope of meeting the lovely priestess, is at last led at night into the sanctuary of the goddess, whose resplendent image is concealed by a veil reaching from the ceiling to the floor. The initiation of Alciphron is not completed, for the priestess of whom he is in search, and who is secretly a Christian, enters the sanctuary before the curtain rises, and guiding the young Athenian through the subterranean, they effect their escape together.

The mysteries of Osiris, alluded to by Apuleius, were probably identical with those of Serapis, which were introduced at Rome in the reign of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 146. They were celebrated annually on the 6th May; but so much licentiousness had by that time come to be mixed up with the mysteries, that they were shortly afterwards abolished by a decree of the senate. The Isiac mysteries were also introduced into Italy under the emperors, but those of Mithra were confined to the East. It appears from the eighth chapter of Ezekiel that both the Isiac and Mithraic mysteries, as well as the festival of Adonis, had been introduced at Jerusalem in the time of that prophet; and the description there given of them agrees with the accounts which have come down to us from the Greek writers. The Isiac rites are described as being performed in a secret subterranean within the temple; and Plutarch tells us of the Egyptian temples, that they 'in one place enlarge and extend into long wings and fair open aisles; in another, sink into dark and secret subterranean vestries, like the *abditæ* of the Thebans.' None but princes, generals, and the priests were admitted to them, save when an exception was made in favour of some distinguished foreign philosopher or legislator, as in the case of Pythagoras; and the Jewish prophet says, that they were celebrated in the temple at

Jerusalem by 'seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel.' His description of the figures portrayed upon the walls also agrees with what the Greek writers relate of the mystic cells of Isis and Osiris, and with the sculptures on the Bembe Table, supposed to have been used in these very rites. The Orphic mysteries, celebrated by the Thracians, were the same as those of Bacchus, subsequently introduced into Italy, but suppressed on account of their licentiousness. Of this corruption of the mysteries we shall presently have to speak. The mysteries of Semele, celebrated every ninth year at Delphi, contained a dramatic representation of the descent of Bacchus to Hades to bring back his mother Semele, who was destroyed, as every one acquainted with the Greek mythology knows, through the machinations of the jealous Juno. In all the pagan mysteries, indeed, something of this sort was included in the shows, as will presently be explained. The mysteries of the Cabiri were, according to Sanchoniatho, first celebrated by the Phœnicians, and introduced into Greece by the Pelasgi; they were performed with much solemnity at Thebes, and also in the islands of Lemnos, Samothracia, and Imbros. The Cabiri were subordinate divinities, sometimes confounded with the Corybantes; their parentage is ascribed by Herodotus to Vulcan, and their power in protecting their worshippers from storm and shipwreck was supposed to be very great. As in the mysteries of Isis, so in those of the Cabiri, none but princes, magistrates, generals, and the priests, were allowed to be initiated. The mysteries continued to be observed for many centuries, those of Ceres for a period of 1800 years; but some of them were more famous and more extensively celebrated than others, the chief being in Egypt those of Isis, and in Greece those of Ceres. The latter, commonly called the Eleusinian mysteries, from the name of the place where they were celebrated, came in time to absorb all the other Grecian mysteries, which were neglected for those of Ceres; and all the chief inhabitants of Greece and Asia Minor were initiated into them. Cicero says that the initiated were spread all over the Roman Empire, and even beyond its limits; and Zosimus says, that 'these most holy rites were then so extensive as to take in the whole race of mankind.' Warburton ascribes this superior eminence of the Eleusinian mysteries to the fact of Athens being regarded as the standard in matters of religion to the rest of the ancient world, and quotes Sophocles, who calls it 'the sacred building of the gods,' and Aristides; who describes the temple at Eleusis as 'the common temple of the earth;' but the similarity of the mysteries probably had some influence in leading to their absorption into those of Ceres, as well as the religious fame of the city near which the latter were celebrated.

The mysteries of Ceres were celebrated by the Athenians every fifth year, but by the Lacedæmonians and Cretans every fourth year. They are believed to have been introduced at Athens about the year B. C. 1356, but by whom is uncertain; and it was so even to the ancients themselves—some ascribing their introduction to Eumolpus, a Thracian; some to Eretheus, king of Athens; a third party to Musæus; and a fourth to the goddess herself. Diodorus Siculus attributes their institution to Erectheus; and this opinion was adopted by the learned Warburton, who thought that the Athenians in aftertimes confounded the introducer of the mysteries with

the priests who first officiated at their celebration—Eumolpus and Musæus—and the goddess upon whose worship they were ingrafted. Persons of both sexes were admitted to a participation in the mysteries; but in the first ages of the institution they were required to be citizens of Athens or their wives; at a later period, all persons who presented themselves for initiation, except slaves, and those whom the Greeks called barbarians, were freely admitted. It was believed that the initiated would be happier in a future state of existence than those who had not participated in these rites; and that the souls of the latter, clogged with the grossness of earth, wandered restlessly in Hades, while those of the former winged their way at once to the realms of eternal blessedness. Not that they believed that the ceremony of initiation in itself exercised this influence over the future destiny of the soul, but because it was the chief purpose of the mysteries to restore the soul to its primal purity, and fit it for its celestial habitation. Plato and Epictetus concur in this view of them. ‘Thus,’ says the latter, ‘the mysteries become useful: thus we seize the true spirit of them; for everything therein was instituted by the ancients for instruction and amendment of life.’ The beautiful episode of Psyche in the work of Apuleius, which has been described, supports this view of the mysteries; and indeed the author bears the same testimony to the moral purpose of the mysteries of Isis as the philosophers mentioned above do to that of the Eleusinian rites. Hence the aspirants were required to be of unblemished reputation, and free from even the suspicion of having committed any heinous crime; and we learn from Plutarch that they were rigidly interrogated by the presiding priest upon this matter. Suetonius relates that the execrable Nero, when he made a visit to Greece after the murder of his mother, wished to be initiated into the mysteries of Ceres, but was deterred by the voice of conscience telling him that he was a parricide; and Marcus Antoninus became initiated, to clear himself before the world of the blood of Avidius Cassius, because it was well known that none were admitted who were believed to have been guilty of any crime. ‘When you sacrifice or pray,’ says Epictetus, ‘go with a prepared purity of mind, and with dispositions so previously disposed as are required of you when you approach the ancient rites and mysteries.’ The longer any one had been initiated, the more respect and honour he was held in; and not to have been initiated was regarded as a mark of impiety, or a proof of secret guilt. It was one of the charges against Socrates, that he had not been initiated into the secret rites of Ceres; and among other philosophers who neglected them we may mention Epicurus and Democritus. Warburton concludes, from two lines of Sophocles, that initiation into these mysteries was considered as necessary by the pagans as baptism was by the Christians; and infers from a remark of Apuleius that children were initiated; but this may be doubted. The ancient writers sometimes spoke of persons as children who were twenty-five years of age; and the author in question merely says, that *men* and *women* of all ages were initiated. Generally speaking, no fee was charged for admission to the mysteries; but Aristogiton obtained a law, at a time when the public treasury was very low, that every one should pay a certain sum for his initiation.

IV.

In the celebration of these rites everything was veiled in mystery, and the most inviolable secrecy was required from those who were initiated. This mystery stimulated curiosity, and caused the rites to be regarded with religious awe and profound veneration by the uninitiated. 'Ignorance of the mysteries,' says Synesius, 'preserves their veneration ; for which reason they are intrusted to the cover of night.' Euripides, in the second act of his '*Bacchantes*,' makes Bacchus say that the rites were celebrated by night, because there is in darkness a peculiar solemnity which fills the mind with religious awe. Any one discovered in the temple during the celebration of the mysteries without having been admitted with the usual inquiries and preliminary ceremonies, whether through ignorance or from profane curiosity, was put to death ; and the same fate awaited him who, having been initiated, afterwards revealed the secrets that were set forth in mystery. Diagoras divulged the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, and dissuaded his friends from being initiated, which swelled the clamour his atheistic opinions had already raised against him into a cry for vengeance ; and a reward being offered for his head by the Areopagus, he was forced to fly from the state. Æschylus narrowly escaped the same fate, from a suspicion that he had dimly shadowed forth something represented in the mysteries in a scene of one of his tragedies.

The mysteries were divided into the greater and lesser, the latter being celebrated at Agræ, near the Ilissus : these were said to have been originally instituted for the purpose of admitting Hercules, but it is probable that it was the aim of the founder to make them, what they afterwards became, a kind of preparation for the greater rites. The aspirants for initiation into the lesser mysteries were required to observe nine days of strict purity, during which they sojourned at Agræ, and bathed in the Ilissus ; at the end of that period they repaired to the temple of Ceres, wearing garlands of flowers upon their heads, and offered prayers and sacrifices, standing before the altar upon the skin of some victim which had been offered to Jupiter. The initiation followed, consisting of certain mystical rites, the sole design of which appears to have been to excite the curiosity of the people, and prepare them for the secrets to be afterwards disclosed in the greater mysteries. According to some of the ancient writers, the period between the initiation of the aspirant into the lesser mysteries and his admission to the greater was one year, at the end of which those who had been initiated at Agræ sacrificed a sow to Ceres ; but Tertullian says that the period of probation was five years.

The greater mysteries were celebrated in September, and lasted nine days, commencing on the 15th and concluding on the 23d. During this period it was unlawful to arrest any person or present any petition, the penalty being the forfeiture of a thousand drachmas, or, according to other accounts, death. At Sparta, those who rode to the temple of Ceres in chariots at this time were fined six hundred drachmas, in accordance with an edict of Lycurgus, designed to level the barriers which artificial distinctions raised between the richer and poorer orders of the citizens. On

the first day of this festival, the most important in the Pagan calendar, the candidates for initiation into the higher mysteries first met together at Athens, where, on the following day, they bathed in the sea. On the third day barley and other things were offered to Ceres; and these oblations were considered so sacred, that even the priests, though they were accustomed to partake of the offerings, were not permitted to do so in this instance. On the fourth day there was a solemn procession through the streets of Athens, when the holy basket of Ceres was carried in a consecrated chariot, followed by women bearing baskets of carded wool, salt, pomegranates, certain cakes, boughs of ivy, &c., and greeted everywhere with joyful shouts of 'Hail, Ceres!' The next day of the festival was called the 'torch day,' because the votaries of the goddess ran about the streets with flaming torches in their hands, in commemoration of her lighting a torch at the crater of Mount Etna, when searching for her daughter Proserpine, carried off by Pluto, the grim king of Tartarus. The pomegranates borne in the procession on the preceding day were likewise an allusion to this adventure of the fair Proserpine, who was said to have partaken of that fruit while in the infernal regions. There was much competition on the torch day, as to who should carry the largest torch, which was consecrated to Ceres. The sixth day was a grand one, and was called after Iacchus, the son of Jupiter and Ceres, who was fabled to have accompanied his mother with a torch in her search after her lost daughter; the statue of Iacchus, with a torch in the right hand, was carried in procession from the Ceramicus to Eleusis, the statue and those who bore and accompanied it being crowned with myrtle, and preceded by choristers and musicians, playing all kinds of noisy instruments of brass. The road from Athens to Eleusis, which on this occasion was crowded with persons of both sexes and all conditions, was called the Sacred Way, and between the two places there were two resting-spots, at which the procession halted—the first being near a remarkable fig-tree, and the second on the bridge over the Cephissus. Eleusis was entered by an avenue called the Mystical Way, and from this time till the conclusion of the festivities and rites, became thronged with strangers from all parts of Greece. On the seventh day various gymnastic sports were celebrated, the victor in each being rewarded with a measure of barley, from a tradition that that grain had been first sown in the neighbourhood of Eleusis. The next day was distinguished by the celebration of the lesser mysteries, which were repeated at that time in order that those who had not hitherto been initiated into them might be lawfully admitted to the greater; but the origin of this repetition was traditionally assigned to the circumstance that Æsculapius, returning on that day from Epidaurus to Athens, was then qualified for initiation into the higher mysteries by the repetition of the inferior ones. On the ninth day the solemnities commenced by the priests placing two earthen vessels, filled with wine, before the temple, one towards the east, the other towards the west, which, after the priests had pronounced over them certain mystical words, were thrown down, and the wine, being spilled, was offered as a libation to the gods.

At night the candidates, crowned with myrtle, were admitted into the vast temple of the mysteries, and were received by the hierophant and his three attendants, the officer called Basileus, and ten inferior officers, who

assisted in these and all other religious ceremonies. The hierophant was always an Athenian citizen, and held his office for life; he was required to observe the dictates of pure chastity, and to dedicate himself entirely to the service of the gods. To this end he anointed his body with the juice of hemlock, the extreme coldness of which was supposed to extinguish in a great degree the natural heat of the body. The basileus (king) derived his title from the supposed institution of the mysteries of Erechthous, king of Athens: he was one of the archons of the city, and his duties were to offer prayers and sacrifices; to see that the mysteries were celebrated conformably to custom; and to repress every tendency to riot, indecency, or irregularity of any kind during the revelation of the mysteries and the representation of the peculiar scenic and dramatic shows which formed so striking a portion of the secret rites. The first thing required of the candidates for initiation, after entering the temple, was to wash their hands in holy water—a ceremony typical of the inward purification required as an essential preparation, the aspirants being admonished by the hierophant, that the cleanness of the body would not be accepted by the gods unless conjoined with the purity of the soul. They were then introduced into the mystic subterranean hall, where, while they stood absorbed in curiosity, wonder, and awe, strange and amazing objects were presented to their sight. The foundations of the temple seemed to quake, and the scene became suddenly illumined by flashes of light; then it would become involved in pitchy darkness, sometimes fitfully relieved by flashes of mimic lightning, followed by the imitation of thunder, and horrid howlings, as of a chorus of infernal demons. Then the spell-bound, and perhaps trembling spectators, were startled by sudden and terror-inspiring apparitions, concerning which Proclus says, that ‘the initiated meet many things of multi-form shapes and species, which prefigure the first generation of the gods.’ Apuleius states, that the celestial and infernal deities all passed in review before the spectators, and that a hymn was sung to each by the hierophant; which hymns have been generally attributed to Orpheus. Pausanias says, that these hymns were sung in the secret rites of Ceres in preference to those of Homer, though the latter were more elegant, because they were supposed to be the composition of Orpheus, to whom was ascribed the introduction of the mysteries into Greece. Warburton is of opinion that the popular reference of the institution to Orpheus, mentioned by Theodoretus, while the Athenians ascribed it to another, could only have arisen from the use of these hymns. Many allusions may be found in the works of ancient writers to the spectacles shewn to the aspirants in the mysteries, as in Dion Chrysostom, who says: ‘As when one leads a Greek or barbarian to be initiated in a certain mystic dome, excelling in beauty and magnificence, where he sees many mystic sights, and hears in the same manner a multitude of voices; where darkness and light alternately affect his senses, and a thousand other uncommon things present themselves before him.’ Claudian also alludes to them, and Pletho, speaking of the Mithraic mysteries, says: ‘It is the custom in the celebration of the mysteries to present before many of the initiated phantasms of a canine figure, and other monstrous shapes and appearances.’ Celsus gives a similar description of the shows introduced in the Bacchic mysteries, and allusions to these spectacles may also be found in Lucian and Themistius.

The scenes and phantasms represented were explained to the spectators by the hierophant, who, when they had all passed in review, sang the concluding hymn, supposed by Warburton to have been one of which a fragment has been preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus and Eusebius.

The erudite theologian bases his supposition on the several grounds that the hymn in question is one of those attributed to Orpheus; that the subjects of the Orphic hymns were the pagan mysteries; that this particular hymn is addressed to Musæus, who was supposed by some to have introduced the mysteries at Athens; that it begins with the formula used by the hierophant in opening the rites; and that it inculcates doctrines in accordance with the secrets then revealed to the aspirants. Clemens Alexandrinus, in introducing the portion of this hymn which he has preserved, says that Orpheus, 'after he had opened the mysteries, and sung the whole theology of idols'—by which he is supposed to mean the hymns sung by the hierophant to the phantasms in the spectacles—'recants all he had said, and introduceth truth.' The hymn, in the literal prose version, commences thus: 'I will declare a secret to the initiated; but let the doors be shut against the profane. But thou, Musæus, offspring of fair Selene, attend carefully to my song; for I shall speak of important truths. Suffer not, therefore, the former prepossessions of your mind to deprive you of that happy life which the knowledge of these mysterious truths will procure you. But look on the Divine Nature, incessantly contemplate it, and govern well the mind and heart. Go on in the right way, and see the Sole Governor of the world. He is One, and of himself alone; and to that One all things owe their being. He operates through all, and was never seen by mortal eyes, but does himself see everything.' The secrets were then read to the initiated by the hierophant from a large book, or rather tablet, made of two stones cemented together; and Apuleius states that a similar tablet, covered with hieroglyphics, was used for the same purpose in the mysteries of Isis. When this revelation had been made, the initiated were dismissed by the hierophant with two uncouth words which seem to prove the foreign origin of the mysteries, and which Le Clerc supposed to be a corruption or bad pronunciation of the Phœnician words, *kots* and *omphets*, which signify *watch and abstain from evil*. The garments which the initiated wore at the celebration of the mysteries were held sacred, and never left off until unfit for wear, when they were either dedicated to Ceres or adapted for children. It is probable that the former manner of disposing of them was generally followed by the more affluent citizens, and the latter by the poorer orders.

V.

What were the secrets revealed in the mysteries? This question naturally suggests itself at this stage of the inquiry, and in the answer are involved very important considerations. It has been shown that the mysteries had their origin in Egypt; and it must be borne in mind that in that country the priest and the philosopher were united in the same person, and that the esoteric doctrines which the hierophants retained to themselves included the unity of the divine nature and the immortality of the

soul. These are, therefore, the doctrines which we may naturally expect to find preserved and taught by them in the mysteries; and Cudworth expresses himself satisfied by the testimony of the ancients, that the first of them was actually taught by the Egyptian hierophants in the mysteries of Isis. Varro says, in a fragment of his 'Book of Religions,' preserved by St Augustine, that 'there were many truths which it was not advantageous to the state should be generally known, and many things which, though false, it was expedient that the people should believe; and therefore the Greeks shut up their mysteries in the silence of their sacred enclosures.' For this reason the legislators who introduced the mysteries into Europe took such precautions to veil these secret doctrines from the public eye, by forbidding the initiation of slaves, barbarians, and persons of disreputable character, and by punishing with death those who surreptitiously became possessed of them, or, being initiated, divulged them to the profane. They were revealed to those who were judged worthy of receiving them, because their cautious revelation to such proper persons was deemed a benefit to the state, by promoting the cause of morality, and giving vigour and elasticity to the mind; and the mystic veil of secrecy was thrown over them, to guard them from the eyes of those who were not deemed fitting custodians of secrets so important. It must have been evident to the Grecian legislators, that the effect of the licentious stories told of their mythic deities upon the minds of the people must be demoralising in the extreme; and we know from passages in the tragedies of Euripides, and the comedies of Terence, that the examples of the gods were urged whenever an excuse was wanted for an immoral action. It was therefore their object in the mysteries to overthrow the whole fabric of the vulgar creed, and strip the gods of Olympus of the tinsel with which the poets had decked them, as Euhemerus subsequently did in his 'Panchaia;' and hence those illusions and phantasms which have been described. That this was done in the mysteries is proved by the evidence of many of the ancients. Chrysippus says of them, that 'it is a great prerogative to be admitted to these lectures, wherein are delivered just and right notions concerning the gods, and which teach men to comprehend their natures;' and Pythagoras, who was initiated in the mysteries of Orpheus or Bacchus, as well as in those of Isis, says, as quoted by Jamblicus, that he was taught in them the unity of the First Cause. Cicero gives a similar account of the mysteries of Cybele and of Vulcan; and Plutarch, in condemning the immoral and absurd stories recorded of the gods by the Greek poets, says that 'they seemed to do it as if industriously to oppose what was taught and done in the most holy mysteries.' The purpose of the spectacles represented in them being to undeceive the initiated, and to expose the errors and absurdities of polytheism, it is easy to understand the actions recorded by Plutarch of the great Alcibiades, that he revealed the mysteries of Ceres to his friends at a banquet, and that he knocked the noses off the statues of the gods. The biographer does not connect these two actions, both deemed so irreligious in a city which was to Grecian paganism what Rome is to Catholicism; but nothing could be more likely than that Alcibiades, when he had learned in the mysteries of Eleusis the falsity of the national creed, should rush forth from the banquet, heated with wine, and deface

the statues, which had ceased to have any other claim to his respect and admiration than their beauty as works of art.

That the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state of rewards and punishments, was the second part of the secrets revealed by the hierophant in the mysteries, appears very evident; and that it was not the commonly-received tenets upon this subject which were taught, is equally so; because, as all the nations of antiquity held these doctrines in some form or other, there could have been no motive for veiling them in mystery and secrecy, and for revealing to some what was believed by all. Celsus, in replying to Origen, who had contrasted polytheism with Christianity, and pointed to the superiority of the latter in its doctrine of a future state, says: 'Just as you believe eternal punishments, so do the ministers of the sacred rites, and those who initiate into and preside in the mysteries.' We learn from Apuleius and others that these doctrines were taught in the mysteries of Isis; and both Cicero and Porphyry bear similar testimony concerning those of Mithra. Plato says that the initiated were taught that they would be happier after death, in the future life that was beyond the grave, than those to whom the mysteries had not been revealed; and that while the souls of the uninitiated were struggling in the mire and darkness of the heathen purgatory, those whose mental vision had been freed from the film of error and delusion in the mystic temple of Eleusis, would wing their flight at once to the happy islands of eternal beatitude, and behold the unshrouded glory of the Supreme Being. This doctrine, its revelation in the mysteries, the inward purity required of the aspirants, and the engagements into which they entered by their initiation to commence a new life of usefulness and virtue, led those to whom it had been disclosed to be regarded as happier, on that account, than any others. We may gather this from the dramatic poets of Greece, both tragic and comic, who may be supposed to express the sentiments of the people: Euripides making Hercules express his happiness at having been introduced to the mysteries; and Aristophanes, in one of his choruses, representing the people as exulting thus: 'On us only does the orb of day shine benignantly; we only receive pleasure from its beams—we who are initiated, and perform towards citizens and strangers all acts of piety and justice.' Isocrates calls the mysteries the thing that human nature stood most in need of; and in another passage, says that 'Ceres hath made the Athenians two presents of the greatest consequence: corn, which brought us out of a state of barbarism; and the mysteries, which teach the initiated to entertain the most agreeable expectations touching death and eternity.' And Cicero, in excepting the Eleusinian mysteries from the general condemnation which he pronounces upon secret and nocturnal rites in general, the causes of which condemnation will presently be adverted to, says still more emphatically: 'For as, in my opinion, Athens has produced many excellent and even divine inventions, and applied them to the uses of life, so has she given nothing better than those mysteries, by which we are drawn from an irrational and savage life, and tamed, as it were, and broken to humanity. They are truly called *Initia*, for they are indeed the beginnings of a life of reason and virtue; from whence we not only receive the benefits of a more comfortable and refined subsistence here, but are

taught to hope for and aspire to a better life hereafter.' These extracts shew not only that great importance was attached to the mysteries, particularly to those of Ceres, but also that the doctrine of the soul's immortality and its state after its separation from the body, which was taught in the mysteries, must have differed from that which was publicly and generally delivered to the people. Could the common doctrine have maintained any hold upon the minds of those before whose eyes all the *dramatis personæ* of Olympus, and all the scenery and properties of Tartarus and Elysium, had passed in review in the mystic temple of Eleusis, only that their true character might be seen, and all the errors and absurdities connected with them detected and exposed? Would so many of the most eminent philosophers of every sect, men eminent alike for virtue and learning, have given their countenance and support to the mysteries, if the secret doctrines taught in them were no other than those which were commonly believed, and which they scouted as idle tales? Could there, in short, have been anything to reveal if this had been the case?

It must be remembered, moreover, that the mysteries, except in Egypt (where the priests were philosophers, and taught doctrines in the former capacity different from those which they revealed in the latter, to those mentally capacitated to receive and appreciate them), were not under the direction and control of the priesthood, but of the state. The priests taught the people that to obtain admission into the Elysian fields, nothing was required but prayers, oblations, and sacrifices, but in the mysteries was inculcated the necessity of a virtuous and holy life. 'The priests,' says Locke, 'made it not their business to teach the people virtue; if they were diligent in their observances and ceremonies, punctual in their feasts and solemnities, and the tricks of religion, the holy tribe assured them that the gods were pleased, and they looked no further. Few went to the schools of philosophers to be instructed in their duty, and to know what was good and evil in their actions; the priests sold the better pennyworth, and therefore had all the custom; for lustrations and sacrifices were much easier than a clean conscience and a steady course of virtue, and an expiatory sacrifice, that atoned for the want of it, much more convenient than a strict and holy life.' The mysteries were designed for the support of a sounder and more elevated morality than could possibly be taught in connection with the mythological fables of Homer and Hesiod, and hence the legislators by whom they were introduced into Europe placed them under secular control. The state was represented in those of Eleusis by the basilæus, who presided over their celebration, and whose assistants were chosen by the people; the priests only filled offices subordinate to these, and had no share in the direction of the rites and spectacles. Political as well as moral considerations may have had some influence in leading legislators to establish, and rulers who came after them to maintain, the mysteries; it may have been that the initiated were regarded by them as a counterpoise to those who were excluded from participating in the mysteries by the national, social, and moral distinctions which disqualified for admission. The alien, the enslaved, and the vicious were excluded; and these must have formed a considerable portion of the population in states where so many were slaves, and where the tendencies of the religious teachings and public worship were so demoralising. These the laws kept

under the influence of the priesthood; the free and the virtuous they introduced to the mystic halls of Eleusis, which were to the many what the colonnades of the Stoa and the groves of Academus were to the few. If there were no political considerations involved in the introduction of the mysteries into Europe from their source on the banks of old Nile—a soil so fruitful in mysteries of all kinds—there seems no reason why they should not have been free to all who were desirous of being initiated, or, at anyrate, to all possessing the moral qualification required; but it was not so. At first only Athenian citizens were initiated; but when the liberties of Greece were menaced by Persia, and the necessity of uniting against the common enemy taught the Greeks to regard themselves as one people, the Eleusinian mysteries were opened to all who spoke the Greek language. Authors, ancient as well as modern, have been at a loss to account for the reason of even this restriction, and the learned Casaubon ridiculed it as implying that the institutors of the mysteries imagined that speaking Greek was a proof of piety, and contributed to its advancement. Lucian relates that his friend Devanax once inquired of the Athenians the reason of their exclusion of aliens from the mysteries of Eleusis, when they were instituted by Eumolpus, a Thracian; but he has not recorded the answer which the philosopher received, and advances no conjecture of his own upon the subject. We have, therefore, only such evidence as can be found in the nature of the mysteries themselves; and from the fact of their being introduced by legislators, from the circumstance of their being under the direction of the state, from the antagonism of the secrets revealed in them to the popular creed, and from the support which they received from philosophers who rejected that creed—the conclusion seems unavoidable that their founders had a political as well as a moral end in view, and that they contemplated, in their institution, the creation of a counterpoise to the priests, and the classes upon whom the state had the least hold.

VI.

The abuses and corruptions of the pagan mysteries, and the causes which led to their suppression, must now be described, and we shall then have placed before the reader the substance of all that is known upon the subject. We learn from Cicero that their nocturnal celebration had led to abuses so early as his time, and indirect evidence to the same effect may be found in the comedies of the same period, in which scenes of intrigue and illicit indulgence of the passions are frequently introduced in the celebration of the mysteries of Isis or Ceres. 'What it is that displeases me in nocturnal rites,' says the philosopher, 'the comic poets will shew you. Had such liberty of celebration been permitted at Rome, what wickedness might not have been attempted by him who came with a premeditated design to gratify his lasciviousness to a sacrifice where even the imprudent indulgence of the eye was highly criminal!' The individual here hinted at is supposed to have been his political opponent Clodius, of whom he speaks in similar terms in one of his orations. The mysteries of Ceres had been introduced at Rome very early, as appears from Cicero's oration for Balbus,

and from a passage in his second book on the 'Nature of the Gods;' and we learn from Suetonius, and other later Roman writers, that they were incorporated into the national worship, and regulated anew by a decree of the Emperor Adrian. The mysteries of Isis, and also those of Bacchus, had likewise been introduced into Italy from Egypt and Greece; and these appear to have become corrupted long before those of Ceres. Warburton was of opinion that, 'notwithstanding all occasions and opportunities of corruption, some of the mysteries, as particularly the Eleusinian, continued for very many ages pure and undefiled;' and that these were 'the last that submitted to the common fate of all human institutions.' Le Clerc contends that the mysteries were never corrupted at all; but the united testimonies of many writers of the early ages of our era, pagan as well as Christian, prove him to have been in error. The objection of Cicero does not apply to the mysteries themselves, but to their nocturnal celebration; and he expressly excepts those of Ceres from his general condemnation of rites performed by night. The means which had been adopted in the original institution of the mysteries to increase their efficiency to accomplish the end for which they were established, by throwing around them a veil of solemnity and awe, proved ultimately one of the most potent causes of their corruption and degeneracy. When, with the decay of Grecian independence the standard of morality became lowered, and less precaution was shewn in the admission of aspirants to the mysteries, men and women of immoral character availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by the periods of solemn darkness to give a loose to their passions; and the inviolable engagement to which all were bound, not to reveal aught that they saw or heard in the mysteries, not only allowed them to do so with impunity, but concealed those abuses from the magistrates until they became so enormous and extensive as to render reform impossible. Abuse of this kind appear to have been the first to creep into the mysteries both in Greece and Italy, 'the clearest proof of which is,' says Warburton, 'that their comic writers very frequently laid the scene of their subject, such as the violation of a young girl, and the like, at the celebration of a religious mystery; and from that mystery denominated the comedy.' That such immoralities should have occurred is not much to be wondered at if we reflect that, even in the first ages of Christianity, similar abuses existed in the church, and sprang from the same cause—the nocturnal celebration of religious rites. The early Christians introduced a custom of celebrating vigils in the night, perhaps in imitation of the secret rites of paganism; and though these nocturnal devotions were at first performed with the utmost decorum, they soon became occasions of licentious abuse, and it was found necessary to abolish the custom.

If such abuses could creep into the Christian church in the primitive ages, there is nothing that should surprise us in the fact of their coming at length to corrupt the mysteries under the assumed patronage of the pagan deities, who were supposed to inspire irregular passions, and whose public rites were occasions of the grossest indecency and profligacy. The mysteries of Venus, of Cupid, and of Bacchus, were among the first that became perverted; for it was not unnatural for their worshippers to introduce into them the indecencies that were enacted in the public rites of those deities,

and to suppose the deities pleased by them. The hidden doctrines conveyed in the spectacles and the secrets revealed by the hierophanti to the initiated came too late to remedy the evil. That inviolable secrecy which was deemed the safeguard of the mysteries then became the means of veiling the most dreadful enormities, and accelerating the ruin of an institution contrived for the wisest and best purposes, and which for so many centuries continued to serve in purity the end for which it was designed. The mysteries of Bacchus were abolished for their corruption long before those of Ceres, for their suppression in Greece by Diagondas is mentioned by Cicero, in whose time, and long afterwards, the Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated in their original purity. Another cause, in addition to those which have been noticed, operated in the case of the Bacchic mysteries to open the way to abuses and corruptions, and gradually to bring them into disrepute. They were introduced into Etruria by a Greek priest and soothsayer of lowly extraction, who, having borne a subordinate part in the celebration of these mysteries in his own country, established them clandestinely, uncommissioned by the civil authorities at Athens, and without the knowledge of those of Italy. The withdrawal of the mysteries from the secular administration prepared the way for every abuse. Livy says that the priest by whom they were thus introduced possessed no skill or wisdom in mystic rites; but it appears that they were brought pure into Italy, and received their corruption there. From the extraordinary confession of Hippala before the Roman consul, it seems that only women were at first admitted to these mysteries, as in Greece; but when Paculla became the presiding priestess, she initiated her sons, and introduced such other innovations in the manner of celebrating the mysteries as soon led to the most shocking enormities. The detection of the hidden scene of immoral indulgence which the veil of secrecy and the mantle of night had long covered, led to the abolition of the mysteries of Bacchus throughout Italy by a decree of the senate; but the other sacred rites remained much longer undisturbed.

All the pagan mysteries, with the exception of the Eleusinian, had become corrupt by the time of Severus, when Apuleius undertook the defence of them, as before noticed, with the view of vindicating paganism, as displayed in the mysteries and works of the Platonist philosophers, against the assaults of the Christian writers, who were increasing in numbers, influence, and boldness. The mysteries were falling into disrepute, and the zeal and ability with which Apuleius executed his task were ineffectual to restore them to their former influence and credit. To the abuses arising from the facilities which they afforded for the gratification of impure passions was now added the corruption of magic. Three kinds of the black art are mentioned as being practised in the mysteries in the days of their degeneracy: incantation or necromancy, transformation or metamorphosis, and theurgy or divine communion. The first sort probably had its origin in the invocation of the Olympian divinities in the spectacles, and the second was evidently an imposture in imitation of the metamorphoses of the gods, when they took refuge in Egypt from the wrath of Typhon, assuming the forms of various animals, or when they similarly transformed themselves on various after-occasions for the gratification of their depraved passions. 'The abomination of the two first sorts,' says Warburton, 'was seen and

frankly confessed by all ; but the espousal of the latter by the later Platonists and Pythagoreans kept it in some credit ; so that, as Heliodorus tells us, the Egyptian priests affected to distinguish between the magic of necromancy and the magic of theirurgy, accounting the first infamous and wicked, but the last very commendable.' Whether the mysteries had at this time degenerated so much from the end for which they were originally established, that those who presided in them made use of the jugglery which they were intended to expose, or were falsely charged with this corruption by their Christian opponents, is difficult of decision. There seems most grounds for the first supposition in the case of the Egyptian mysteries ; but the charge is by no means clearly established against the rest, particularly those of Eleusis, of which most is known. On the other hand, the testimony of the ancient philosophers and historians proves that the Christian fathers overstepped the limits of truth in representing the pagan mysteries as grossly corrupt and immoral in their original institution, some of them asserting that women conducted themselves in the mysteries as they did in the public rites of Anaitis and Venus. ' Be he accursed,' says Clemens Alexandrinus, ' who first infected the world with these impostures ! These I make no scruple to call wicked authors of impious fables ; the fathers of an execrable superstition, who, by this institution, sowed in humanity the seeds of vice and corruption.' Had this condemnation been pronounced by the zealous father upon the priests of the prevailing polytheistic worship, less violence would have been done to truth ; but levelled at the founders of an institution designed to counteract the arts of the priests and the demoralising tendencies of their teachings, it deserves the censure passed upon it by two of the most crude men of their time—Warburton and Le Clerc. ' The wisest and best men in the pagan world,' says the former, ' are unanimous in this—that the mysteries were instituted pure, and proposed the noblest ends by the worthiest means.' That they did ultimately become so corrupt as to render their suppression a public benefit is undoubtedly true, but what institution has not experienced the same fate, or deserved it ? And how few have endured for so long a period as eighteen centuries, as was the case with the mysteries of Eleusis ?

The Emperor Valentinian, when he set about reforming the Roman laws and institutions, determined upon forbidding the celebration of the mysteries, and of all nocturnal rites and sacrifices, with the view of preventing the immoralities which seemed to have become inseparable from them ; but when orders to that effect were sent to the proconsuls, Prætextatus, who then governed Greece in that capacity, and whom Zosimus describes as ' a man adorned with every virtue of public and private life,' represented to the emperor that the Eleusinian mysteries were then extended to all mankind, and that if they were included in the provisions of the edict the Greeks would be driven to despair, and great disorders would be the result. The abolition of an institution so ancient, so holy, and so comprehensive, he said, ' would cause the Greeks henceforth to lead 'a comfortless, lifeless life'—a remarkable expression, and tending greatly to support the view taken of the mysteries in this Paper. In consequence of these representations, the emperor excepted the mysteries of Ceres from his edict, on condition that those who regulated and presided over their celebration

should engage that the abuses and corruptions which had crept into them in the course of centuries should be reformed, and everything reduced to the purity and order with which they were originally celebrated. The Eleusinian mysteries were now the only secret rites, as they had always been the most important and most widely diffused; but the difficulty of preserving them from the abuses and corruptions to which they were liable caused the reprieve which they had obtained to be only temporary, and in the reign of the elder Theodosius they shared the fate which had long before overtaken all the rest, and were formally abolished by an imperial edict.

Having noticed the attacks of early Christian writers upon the pagan mysteries, it will not be out of place to notice the manner in which the fathers of the church subsequently sought to turn to their own advantage the veneration in which the secret rites of Eleusis were held by the people. The custom which was introduced of nocturnal vigils being celebrated by both sexes in the churches has been already noticed, and likewise the licentiousness which resulted from it; it is less generally known, perhaps, that very much was done by the fathers at this time to destroy the purity and simplicity of primitive Christianity by the introduction into the church of the language, formularies, rites, and practices of the secret mysteries of paganism. 'The fact,' says Warburton, 'is notorious, and the effects are but too visible.' A full account of this very remarkable corruption of our religion is given by the learned Casaubon, but it is too long for translation; for the satisfaction of those who may have an opportunity of consulting the original, it may be stated that the account will be found in the author's Sixteenth Exercise against the Annals of Baronius. In proportion as the pagan mythology lost its hold upon the minds of the people, Christianity became corrupted by the transference of pagan rites to the new creed, which was thus sought to be rendered more acceptable to the masses. Christianity lost by the converts who were made by these artifices, but the priests of the new creed were gainers.

It is a circumstance which goes far to support the view which has here been taken of the moral tendencies of the mysteries of Eleusis, and the superiority of the secret doctrines delivered in them, to the theology based upon the fables of Hesiod and Homer that, even when, after the lapse of so long a period as eighteen hundred years, these mysteries had much degenerated, they were not abolished, like those of Serapis, of Isis, and of Bacchus, because of the immoralities which they veiled, but because they were regarded as a part of the religious system which Theodosius had resolved to entirely abolish. The other mysteries were abolished in the name of morality and social order; these in the name of the new religion. It was paganism in general which, in this case, was condemned, and not, as in preceding cases, the secret rites in particular. Paganism, in its exoteric form, was dead; in its last struggle with Christianity it was in its exoteric phase, as seen in the mysteries, that the Platonist and other philosophers defended it. No one dreamed of vindicating the absurd fables of the poets; and when none but philosophers, opposed as much to the exploded mythology as to the new religion, could be found to engage in controversy with the professors of the latter, no prophet was required to predict the speedy extinction of the worn-out faith. Christianity had been

gaining ground during four centuries; and when Theodosius, in 390, made it the established religion of the empire, the exercise of all the rites and ceremonies of the abolished polytheism was forbidden, the temples of the pagan deities were destroyed, their statues were thrown down, and the Roman world beheld no more sacrifices, no more imposing processions, no more high festivals. It must be quite evident that the mysteries had performed their mission, and that, as part of a system which was fading out before the rising sun of Christianity, they must soon have become extinct, even had the imperial edict spared them. It may be doubted, we think, whether the Christian religion would not have continued longer in the purity and simplicity of the apostolic period if Constantine and Theodosius had not thrown over it the protection of the imperial purple, and paganism had been left to die a natural death. Zeal for the multiplication of converts led the ministers of the new religion to erect their churches on the sites of heathen temples, to convert the statues of the gods of Olympus into those of Christian saints and martyrs, to compromise with pagan prejudices by permitting the people to slaughter their cattle for the festivals near the churches, the spots where they had been wont to offer sacrifices, and to institute festivals for observance on the days when the people had been accustomed to celebrate those of paganism. From this source flowed all the corruptions of our religion in the dark period of the fourth and fifth centuries.

SIBERIA AND THE RUSSIAN PENAL SETTLEMENTS.

DRIVEN by that love of adventure and of a roving life which is characteristic of their race, a considerable tribe of the Cossacks of the Don, in the middle of the sixteenth century, left the abode of their people on the banks of the river from whence their name is derived, and moved eastward in quest of booty and of new possessions. Their depredatory inroads on the Russian territories on the banks of the Wolga, and their daring piracies on the Sea of Azov, soon rendered them formidable enemies in the eyes of the surrounding nations, and particularly of the Russian czar, Ivan II., the first among the predecessors of Peter the Great who attempted, though by the most cruel and despotic means, to assimilate his empire to the civilised states of Western Europe. Ivan, bent upon introducing order and security in the provinces which he had but recently reconquered from the Tatars, and upon establishing regular commercial intercourse with the neighbouring Asiatic nations, saw that these wandering Cossack hordes threatened his plans with destruction, and in consequence determined to take the most stringent measures for putting an end to their proceedings. The army and fleet which he assembled in 1577 for this purpose were, however, not brought into action; for the Cossacks, inspired with fear, dispersed in all directions. One horde, consisting of from 6000 to 7000 men, headed by their attaman (chief) Jermak Timofejen, moved along the banks of the rivers Kama and Tschnssowaja, towards the present government of Perm, and thence penetrated into the Ural Mountains. From the summit of these mountains Jermak beheld spread out before him the immeasurable plains, to which the name of Siberia was afterwards given, but which was an unknown land to the European nations of that period. Nothing daunted by the wild and desolate character of the country, or by fear of its unknown inhabitants, the Cossack chief conceived the bold project of founding a new empire in the regions thus opened up to his view. Upheld by that love of conquest which has achieved so many marvels, he descended the Asiatic declivities of the Ural with his handful of followers, overthrew and expelled the Tatar Khan Kutchum, penetrated beyond the rivers Tobol, Irtysh, and Ob, and subjugated, during his campaign through these widespread regions, the various populations

who inhabited them. But though Jermak's and his companions' invincible bravery and perseverance sufficed to win an empire, the small number of these enterprising men, still further diminished by war and dreadful hardships, was inadequate for maintaining in subjection a territory extending over many thousand square miles, and inhabited by various populations, distinct as to origin and mode of life, and unconnected by any political ties. But rather than that his newly-acquired empire should die, as it were, at its birth, and the tale of his heroic achievements find no place in history, Jermak determined to cede it to a hand strong enough to retain it, and in 1581 he, in consequence, made a formal cession of the conquered territory to the very prince whose hostile preparations on the banks of the Wolga had transformed him from a robber chief into the founder of an empire. In consideration of the great service thus rendered to the Russian empire, Ivan not only absolved Jermak from the consequences of his former misdeeds, but even rewarded him for the genius and valour he had evinced in the plains of Northern Asia. However, if tradition speak the truth, the monarch's favour brought Jermak evil fortune; for the death of the latter, which ensued in 1584, is attributed to a fall into the river Irtysh, where he was drowned, from the weight of the golden armour which the czar had bestowed on him as a mark of distinction, rendering him unable to save himself by swimming.

The possession of the country which Jermak in so great a measure contributed to bring under the dominion of the Russian crown, opened up for Russia a commercial route through her own dominions to China, and laid the foundation of Russian navigation in the Pacific, and eventually led to the acquisition of territories on the continent of America. Its metallic riches constitute a great item in the revenues of the state, and its products in general form the basis of an extensive and important branch of Russian commerce. This remarkable country had become partially known to the Russians in the beginning of the fifteenth century, during the military expeditions of Tzar Ivan I. against the barbarous inhabitants of the northern districts of the Ural Mountains. But the dangers which, during the reigns of Ivan and his immediate successor, beset the state on various points, soon obliterated from the mind of the czar and his followers the remembrance of countries which possessed no attractive features to recommend them. It was the curiosity and enterprise of a private individual which, during the reign of Ivan II., led to the rediscovery, and eventually to the subjugation, of Siberia. A Russian, by name Stroganow, who possessed lands situated on the river Wutschegda, on which he had established a salt-work, was often visited by people belonging to a nation which, as to feature, language, and costume, was quite unknown to him, and who brought with them the produce of their own country, among which were costly furs, to offer in exchange for the salt which they sought from him. Being curious to obtain further knowledge of the origin and dwelling-place of his unknown customers, Stroganow induced some of his people to accompany the strangers to their homes, and thus learned that they dwelt in the vicinity of the river Ob; he thenceforward entered into a regular commercial connection with the whole tribe, which he did not however divulge until, by the monopoly thus secured to himself, he had amassed a large fortune, when he informed the czar of his discovery. Ivan II., fully alive to the advan-

tages which might accrue to his country from this connection, acted upon the information given, and in 1556 the Siberian Khan Jediger became a tributary of the Russian empire. But subsequently Judiger was subjugated by the Tatar Khan Kutchum; and as Ivan preferred entertaining friendly relations with the latter, with whose subjects the Russians carried on a very profitable trade, to making war upon him for the sake of territories which were as yet but very imperfectly known, all idea of Siberian acquisitions was again abandoned, until Jermak made his peace with the offended monarch by placing a conquered empire at his feet.

Jermak's sacrifice of his sovereignty, with a view to securing the conquered territories, threatened at first to be of no avail, for Ivan sent him a reinforcement of five hundred men only; and this was neither sufficient to keep the subjugated populations in submission, nor to follow up the course of conquest; and the Russians having neglected to build fortresses, in which they might seek safety in case of need, they were, after Jermak's death, gradually but so effectually thrown back again towards the Ural, that to make Siberia a dependence of the Russian crown a second conquest became necessary. This was undertaken during the reign of Ivan's successor; and though the forces then despatched were numerically very weak, their undertakings were crowned with success, because their leader was wise enough not to penetrate far into the country before he had secured himself in the rear by the foundation of the town of Tiumen (1586.) From that moment their dominion over the neighbouring territories was secured, and thenceforward the progress of Russian power in Siberia may be traced in the dates of the foundations of the various towns in that country.*

Though we have used the word conquest in speaking of the extension of the Russian dominion in Siberia, this term is not quite appropriate, for the natural love and capacity of the Russian Slavonians for commerce, which has played so important a part even in the history of European Russia, contributed as much to the subjugation of the native tribes as the military prowess of the Cossacks. Among the Russian Siberians of the present day there is a word current which in a great measure comprises the history of the establishment of their forefathers in the land. This word is *Promuisk*, which, in the Siberian language, denotes every kind of industrial activity and enterprise, but particularly such undertakings as necessitate distant expeditions; and it was as *Promuischleneki*—that is, inventors or suggesters, a name which they themselves adopted—that the Russian subjugators of Siberia gradually won their way among the hostile populations, whom their pacific arts, more than their warlike enterprises, finally brought under their dominion. The *Promuischleneki* were, in the first instance, troops of adventurers from all parts of Russia, who, attracted by the fame of the costly furs which were said to abound among the natives, followed in the wake of the Cossacks, in the hope of gaining riches by commerce, where the latter gained lands by conquest; for the abundance of those wild animals in Siberia, whose skins were most highly valued among other

* Tobolsk was founded 1587; Polym, Berezow, and Surgut, 1592; Tara, 1594; Naryn, 1596; Werchoturie, 1598; Tarinsk and Mangasea, 1600; Tomsk, 1604; Turnchansk, 1609; Kusneyk, 1618; Jencscisk, 1619; Krasnojarsk, 1627; Jakutsk, 1632; Irbit, 1633; Ochlotsk, 1639; Nertschinsk, 1658; Irkutsk, 1669.

nations, is said to have awakened the same avidity among the Russians as the gold of Mexico and Peru excited among the Spaniards. Dangers and difficulties of the most appalling character were braved in the search for riches, and the avarice of the people would make them rush to encounter hazards before which even the military ardour of the Cossacks quailed. If a detachment of Cossacks found itself too weak for the subjugation of a newly-explored territory, it called to its aid a number of these adventurers; and with their assistance the object was soon accomplished. The Siberian populations, who were far from comprehending the ultimate views of the strangers who thus introduced themselves among them in the character of traders, rarely objected to acknowledge the supremacy of the sovereign of a people who proved themselves such excellent caterers for their necessities; but if resistance were attempted, violent means were resorted to, and the defenceless natives were obliged to submit. When a territory was at too great a distance from one of the existing towns to be held in subjugation by the latter, new fortifications, or *ostrogs*, as they are termed in the Russian language, were erected, and were garrisoned with Cossacks; and thus the whole territory, from the Ural to the Pacific, and from the Arctic Ocean to the confines of China, was brought into dependence on the Russian crown before the expiration of the seventeenth century. The Cossacks that accompanied Jermak into Siberia, as well as those that were subsequently despatched thither, remained in the country; and at first, as has been seen, formed a kind of militia, whose duty it was to keep the subjugated population to their allegiance. Many of them intermarried with the latter; others brought their families with them; and from these original conquerors of the land descends the race of Siberian Cossacks, the number of which now amounts to between 100,000 and 200,000. The great majority have abandoned their original warlike organisation, and have devoted themselves to industry and agriculture, while the smaller number still perform military duties.

The extensive regions, now comprised under the name of Siberia, and embracing an eighth part of the known world, which was conquered for the Russian crown in less than eighty years—not in wisely-planned campaigns by eminent military leaders, but by the perseverance and skill of an untutored race—was, at the period of the conquest as in the present day, inhabited by populations as different in their origin as in their modes of life. Of the Finnish race there are the *Surjanen* and the *Woguls* in the government of Tobolsk, the latter still in a nomade state, and both living chiefly by the produce of the chase; the *Tschuwasches*, who, though an agricultural population, never dwell in towns, and who live chiefly upon horse flesh; and the *Ostjacks* of the *Ob*, living in the vicinity of the river of that name and of the *Irtysch*, and forming one of the most numerous populations of Siberia. The name *Ostjack* or *Oschjack* is of Tatar origin, and denotes a stranger—one who knows nothing—and was at first applied indiscriminately to all the natives of Siberia. But since the difference of race and other distinctions between these populations have become better known, the name *Ostjack* has been retained only by the people just mentioned, and two other tribes dwelling on the rivers *Naryn* and *Jenissei*, who differ, however, from each other as well as from the *Ostjacks* of the *Ob* as to origin and language. Of the Tatar race, there are in Siberia the

Yakuts, who dwell in the government of Irkutsk, on both sides of the river Lena, up to its very efflux into the Arctic Ocean; the Bokharians in the governments of Tomsk and Tobolsk, who live chiefly by trade; and the Teleutes, who are also called White Kalmuks, because of their having dwelt a long while among that people. Besides these, there are twelve other Tatar tribes in Siberia, some dwelling in settled villages, but the greater number leading a nomade life, and subsisting by cattle-breeding and hunting. In addition to these there are tribes of Mongol race in the government of Irkutsk, who, in the seventeenth century, voluntarily transferred their allegiance from the emperor of China to the czar of Russia,* and who dwell in tents, and lead a nomade life; Tunguses, Lamuts, and Olenians, belonging to the Mandschu race—the former roving through the vast territories that extend from the river Jenissei, across the Lena, to the shores of the Pacific, the Lamuts dwelling on the shores of the sea of Okhotsk, which in their language is called Lama, and the Olenians in the government of Irkutsk, on the river Oleneka, which falls into the Arctic Ocean. Several Samoyedi tribes, also in a nomade and very barbarous state, live in the same localities as the above-mentioned races, and on friendly terms with them; and North-Eastern Siberia is inhabited by various tribes equally low in the scale of civilisation. But however imposing this long enumeration of distinct populations, the sum-total of the inhabitants of Siberia, in comparison to the extent of territory, is very small even in the present day, when Russian colonisation has added such considerable numbers to the original population. In 1834 the territorial extent and the population of Siberia was computed as follows:—

	Area in German Miles.	Inhabitants.	Amount of Population on Square Mile.
Government of Tobolsk, with the province of Omsk,	24,900	...	280,000
Government of Tomsk,	60,400	...	220,000
Government of Jenessisk and Irkutsk, with the provinces of Jakutsk, Okhotsk, and the peninsula of Kamtschatka,	123,300	...	300,000
The whole of Siberia,	260,600	...	800,000
			...

The climate of a country extending between 45° 30', and 77° 40' north latitude, and 60° and 190° east longitude, cannot of course be uniform; but excessive cold is predominant. The country may, however, be divided into three regions—namely, the arctic, the cold, and the temperate. In the first of these, which embraces all the lands farther north than 67° north latitude, the winter never lasts less than eight months of the year, and is so cold that quicksilver freezes, and the sea is generally covered with ice from the beginning of September till the end of June. In the northern parts of this region, vegetation, with the exception of some few mosses, entirely ceases, while in the most southern parts dwarfy bushes begin to

* Schubert; Handbuch der Allgemeinen Staatskunde von Europa. Mr Cottrell, in his 'Recollections of Siberia in 1840 and 1841,' page 81, mentions 2,000,000 or 1,500,000 as the relative census of Western and Eastern Siberia. Mr Cottrell does not name the source whence he has derived his information, but we cannot but doubt its correctness.

make their appearance; but the earth produces no vegetables fit for the food of man. Yet even here man maintains his sway, his chief nourishment being the fish in which the rivers abound, and his only property flocks of reindeer and dogs. The cold region embraces the territories between 67° and 57° north latitude. Here the winter is of shorter duration, being generally reckoned at six months of the year; and though the cold is still very great, Réaumur's thermometer marking frequently 36° , it has not so destructive an influence on vegetation. Large forests in some localities cover the face of the country, various shrubs bear berries which are much prized by the inhabitants, and garden vegetables are cultivated with success in the more southern parts; but corn, which in Europe yields a not unprofitable harvest in 65° north latitude, cannot in Siberia be cultivated with profit farther north than 55° , and in Kamtchatka, than 51° . In the region here described, the hot sun of summer precipitates vegetation; but the transition from heat to cold and from cold to heat is so abrupt, that the temperate seasons, spring and autumn, cannot be said to exist. In the temperate region, between 57° and 50° north latitude, the climate in a great measure resembles that of Denmark and Northern Russia, though the winter is longer and much more severe. Here corn yields an abundant harvest; but the country is too thinly populated, and agriculture, as a science, too little developed, to allow of any great production. The intensity of the cold is not, however, by any means equal in the same latitudes throughout the whole continent, the severity of the climate increasing considerably with the extension of the territories eastward. Sufficient observations have been made to establish this phenomenon as an incontestable fact; but as yet the causes of it have not been demonstrated, nor is it ascertained whether it be ascribable to a general law or to local circumstances. Eastern Siberia, where the cold in the same parallels is so much greater, and where the cold region extends so much farther south than in Western Siberia, is indeed intersected by mountains which exclude the sea-breezes, and prevent them from exercising their usual tempering influences on the air; but this circumstance alone is not sufficient to account for the existing differences of temperature; and the other features of this division of the country—such as the immense uncultivated and snow-covered plains, barren of all vegetation, and presenting none of those variations of surface which might impede the circulation of the cold currents of air—it has in common with West Siberia; and therefore, though this may, in a certain measure, account for the great severity of the climate of Siberia compared with that of European countries in the same latitudes,* it cannot explain the increase of cold in the eastern regions of this continent.

As familiar illustrations of the different effects of cold at the various degrees which it attains in Siberia, we may quote a passage from Mr Cottrell's work, '*Recollections of Siberia*,' giving the experiences of a gentleman who had resided many years in the country, and had devoted his time to meteorological observations:—'At 39° (of Réaumur, a not unusual degree of cold even at Irkutsk) the breath is heard to issue from the mouth with a sound like the crackling of very dry hay when crumpled in the hand, and the

* Irkutsk, the capital of East Siberia, and London, are within half a degree of latitude of each other, and the difference in their mean annual temperature is nearly 20° .

traineau (sledge) ceases to glide smoothly over the snow. At 45° (below which the thermometer not unfrequently falls in Yakutsk), in spitting, the saliva freezes before it reaches the ground, and you see it form a round solid ball on the snow.' At Holy Cape, in the Icy Sea, in passing through a gorge of the mountains, when the thermometer stood at only 30°, he felt a current of air which burned and pricked the skin like a needle. This wind the natives call *kious*; and in order to inure themselves to it, they expose their faces continually, till the skin becomes hardened and insensible to its effects. What is very singular, the *kious* is not felt when the wind is high. Mr Hedenström threw up a feather in the air when under its influence, and instead of being carried away, it fell perpendicularly to the ground. He considers this phenomenon as a sort of parallel, at the utmost distance, to the sirocco, and that it is not, properly speaking, a current, but a body of air, charged with the *ne plus ultra* of cold, which, having considerably greater density than the ordinary air, communicates itself to it gradually and almost imperceptibly. To this may be added, that Professor Ermann, when travelling in Siberia, experienced, on imprudently laying hold with his ungloved hand of a metal instrument which had been exposed to the influences of the atmosphere in the open air, the same sensation and effects as if he had come in contact with a red-hot iron, the skin of his fingers becoming immediately blistered, and adhering to the metal. In travelling, it is frequently necessary to stop on the road to have the congealed breath and blood cleared out of the horses' nostrils, the excessive cold making the animals bleed violently at the nose. The earth in Siberia, even in summer, is frozen, the ground ice beginning a very few feet below the surface, and in some localities it has been found to extend to a surprising depth. The agent of the Russian American Company in Yakutsk (62° north latitude), not content with the usual means of obtaining a supply of water—namely, by drawing it from the river Lena in summer, and by melting snow in winter—undertook to have a well bored in his yard. When Ermann visited Yakutsk in April 1829, a depth of fifty English feet had been attained, and at this depth Réaumur's thermometer marked 6°. Subsequently the boring was continued to a depth of 380 feet, the ground being still frozen. In one locality, near the river Birusa, which forms the boundary between the governments of Irkutsk and Jeniseisk, and in the 55th parallel of north latitude, where attempts at gold-washing were made at one time, the soil was frozen so hard, even during the summer months, that the workmen were obliged to use pickaxes instead of spades in digging. In Western Siberia the limit of perpetual ground ice is at Bereзов, in Eastern Siberia, as far south as Nertchynsk. During the heat of summer, which is as excessive as the cold of winter, the inhabitants of Siberia make holes in the earth, in which they place their provisions to keep them fresh, as we do in artificial ice-houses. The bodies of the dead buried in the soil of that country are in many localities preserved in a state as perfect as could only in other countries be attained by a costly process of embalming.

The conquest of Siberia opened up a new world to the commerce and enterprise of the Russians; but many years elapsed before all the natural riches of the country were fully known and appreciated, and before the civil organisation introduced by the Russians was so fully established as to admit of a regular and permanent commercial system. The costly furs

above alluded to for a long while formed the basis of the commerce of the country. Many of the heathen and barbarous populations were not only clad in the skins of sables, which in Europe, and among many of the more civilised Asiatic nations, were worn only by persons of high rank and great wealth, but they even made use of these skins as soles to their snow-shoes. The first tribute exacted from them consisted, therefore, exclusively of the skins of these animals, and of black and gray foxes and beavers; the officials charged with gathering the tribute, or *yassak*, as it is termed in the language of the country, being forbidden to accept of any other furs. However, the insatiable rapacity of the Promuischleneki, which had contributed so greatly to the subjugation of the country, soon began to exercise a baneful influence on this its richest produce. Their impatience of wealth led them to pursue the chase of the animals whose costly furs were the great object of their desires, with so much imprudence and intemperance, that even in those regions where they most abounded, and where they might have continued for ever to exist in the same abundance, their number was greatly reduced, not only by the havoc committed among them by the fur-hunters, but by the instinct of the animals, which taught them to shun localities fraught with so much danger, and led them to seek safety elsewhere. Unfortunately for the Russians, the chase having begun in the north, the animals of course fled southwards; and finding no obstacles to impede their progress, they sought refuge on the banks of the Amur, and in the Mongolian mountains, where to this day they are found in greater numbers than in the north of Siberia. Had the chase, on the contrary, begun in the south, the progress of the fugitives northward would have been arrested on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and they would not have been lost to their pursuers.

The diminution in the amount of tribute collected* was greatly felt by the Russian exchequer; for the trade in furs being almost exclusively in the hands of the government, the advantages derived from it flowed immediately into its coffers; and at that period the gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and quicksilver mines, the salt-springs and lakes, and the precious stones of that highly-gifted country, which now form so rich a source of revenue, were either quite unknown, or very partially worked. On the other hand, the agricultural produce of the earth was too insignificant to form a branch of commerce; for, as we have seen, by far the greater number of populations inhabiting the country, at the period of the Russian conquest, were nomade tribes, subsisting by fishing and hunting, and entirely unacquainted with the art of cultivating the soil. It is the Russians who have introduced this art in the various localities in Siberia where the rigour of the climate does not preclude it. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, already villages for the promotion of agriculture were founded, in addition to those towns and fortresses which had been erected with a view to the subjugation of the country and the collecting of tribute. The gradual increase in the number of Cossacks required to garrison these last-mentioned places,

* In 1608 the tribute paid by the Wogula, in the district of Pelym, had already decreased from twelve sables per head, as it was originally, to seven sables per head. The same was the case in the government of Tobolsk; and it has been observed that very rarely, if ever, the number of wild animals augments anew in a neighbourhood where it has once greatly decreased.

rendered it exceedingly difficult and expensive to transport the supplies necessary for their subsistence from Russia; and the government was thus in a measure obliged to endeavour to raise in the country itself as much corn and other fruits of the earth as would suffice for the provisioning of the troops. Encouraged by the government, which gave permission to all peasants of the crown to emigrate to Siberia, agriculturists soon poured in, particularly from the northern provinces on the rivers Dwina, Wutschegda, Iug, and Sochona, the climate and soil of which are such as to render the change a most desirable one for its inhabitants; and from these descend the greater number of the present Russian inhabitants of Siberia. So little were the metallic riches of that country then known, that these first agricultural immigrants were obliged to carry with them all their implements of husbandry, even trade with these articles being interdicted by the government, who feared that if the natives should gain possession of them the peaceful instruments of industry would be transformed into warlike weapons, and used for the purpose of regaining their independence. In the sequel, however, this prohibition was discontinued, as, on nearer acquaintance, several of the native tribes were found to be in possession of iron, and of the art of smelting and working it. But though agriculture was thus early introduced it has never attained any high degree of development; and this not so much owing to the severity of the climate, as to that dread of innovation seemingly inherent in all nations or individuals holding a low place in the scale of enlightenment, which makes them so much averse to the introduction of improvements, the advantages of which they can with difficulty be made to understand. The length and severity of the winters in Siberia are; as has already been observed, compensated by a corresponding rapidity in the progress of vegetation, the intensity and power of the sun being proportionate to the shortness of the summer. But these very circumstances cause difficulties as regards the raising of grain crops, with which the Russian Siberians, in their ignorance, have not hitherto been able to cope; while, in other instances, the extreme richness of the soil stands in their way. In some parts of the country where manuring would be beneficial, the process is quite unknown; in other parts, where it acts injuriously, by causing the grain to grow to so great a height that it has not time to ripen, it is applied; and nowhere is it customary to allow fields once brought under tillage to lie fallow. In the south-eastern part of the country, particularly in the vicinity of Nertchynsk, the soil is naturally so rich as to cause the excessive growth just mentioned; but though experiencing the detrimental consequences of it, the Siberians laugh at those who would teach them to mix up sand or clay with this mould, or to introduce any other improvements in their mode of culture. Rye, wheat, buckwheat, oats, hemp, and tobacco are principally cultivated; but rye being the least liable to suffer from the white frosts which frequently occur in the middle of summer, affords the most profitable crop. European vegetables are likewise grown in considerable quantities in the central and southern parts of the country.

In the mild regions of Siberia cattle-breeding formed the chief means of support of the nomade tribes; but in the northern, and by far the greater part of the country, very few domestic animals were known. A disease which raged among the cattle in the district of Tiïmen, from 1603 to 1605,

caused the government not only to order the distribution of a great number of heads of cattle among the agriculturists of Siberia, but also to abolish the duties, which had until then impeded the importation; and in this manner cattle-breeding was encouraged in several districts in which it had not previously existed. In 1601 the salt springs of the country were first made available for the production of salt, and in a short time yielded not only a sufficient supply of this valuable article for home consumption, but also large quantities for exportation to Russia.

Thus already, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, Russian enterprise had wrought a great change in many of the inhospitable wilds of Siberia. The country produced the necessaries of life; the warm and fertile regions were able to supply the wants of the less-favoured districts; and by the reciprocal interchange of produce, a lively internal trade was created, and went on increasing. The external commerce being still limited to peltry, fossil ivory, castoreum, argaric, and some few more articles, was not, however, very extensive. In 1632 the first iron ore was discovered near the river Niza, and the forges which were soon afterwards erected in this locality proved a great benefit, for thenceforward it was no longer necessary to bring from Russia the iron required for the consumption of the colonists; but the most important mines of Siberia were not discovered until the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the mining operations were carried on with very little success until Peter the Great, with that energy which characterised all his proceedings, gave an immense impetus to this branch of industry. The explorations in the mountains of the Ural and the Altai were continued during the whole of the eighteenth century; but in consequence of the management and working of the mines being intrusted to unskilful hands, they gradually declined, until in 1706 the Scottish general, Gascoigne, who was invited by the Russian government to undertake the direction of them, re-established order and prosperity. Among other measures of Peter the Great which have been differently judged by his admirers and his detractors—the former attributing them to a wise and far-sighted policy, the latter to a cruel and vindictive spirit—was one which, whatever the motive, gave a very great impetus to industry in Siberia. This was the transplanting thither of a considerable number of the Swedish prisoners who, during his wars with Charles XII., had fallen into his hands. These unfortunate men, being left to their own resources, were obliged to exert themselves in every way to gain a livelihood; and as they were generally greatly superior to the populations among which they were thrown, their talents and acquirements soon opened up new fields of industry. According to the accounts of a contemporary writer* there were in the year 1714 no less than 9000 Swedish officers and non-commissioned officers in Siberia, who earned their bread by their labour; but as mere manual labour was very badly paid, those among the exiles who possessed mechanical or other practical knowledge endeavoured to turn it to account. The amelioration in their position which they thus obtained acted as a spur upon the others, and thus superior handicrafts, arts, manufactures, and schools, were established in the deserts of Siberia. Among the eight hundred Swedish exiles who

* Weber. Das Veränderte Russland.

were ordered to inhabit the town of Tobolsk, there were gold and silver smiths, turners, joiners, shoemakers, tailors, and card manufacturers, who all recommenced their former trades; while some founded manufactories of gold and silver tissues, and others endeavoured to gain a living as school-masters and musicians, and also by trade. The articles produced by the Swedes were in many cases of exquisite workmanship, and were soon distributed for sale and sought even throughout European Russia; and thus Siberia, which a few years previously received even the first necessities of life from Russia, then already exported articles of luxury to that country.

Being on one side bounded by unnavigable seas, on another by insurmountable mountain barriers, Siberia is, by its geographical position, in a great measure excluded from commercial intercourse with other nations except through the medium of the Russian territories; and by becoming a colonial dependency of Russia, she has obtained not only large markets for her raw produce, but also the many advantages which flow from the extensive transit-trade of Russia with China. In return, the trade and industry of Siberia, though subjected to the same restrictions as those of Russia, are not shackled by any of those extraordinary measures which sometimes impede the development of the resources of the colony for the supposed benefit of the mother country; and the inhabitants in every respect enjoy the same social and political rights as those of Russia Proper, with the additional blessing of being exempt from serfdom, the curse of the latter country. Indeed the whole of Northern Asia is the theatre of a bustling and happy commercial and industrial activity, of which those who never think of Siberia except as the great and dismal prison-house of Russia have very little conception.

The Siberian trade is chiefly in the hands of natives of Russian extraction, but is also carried on by Tatars and Bokharians, established in the larger cities on the Russian frontiers and in Siberia. The greater number of these merchants travel themselves with their goods through the country, visiting in succession all the great fairs, and generally exchanging goods for goods—disposing in one place of what they have obtained in another; and thus turning their capital perhaps ten times during an absence sometimes of several years spent in dangerous and difficult voyages. In many cases, however, the merchants of the various towns and provinces meet in some one of the great commercial marts of the country, there exchange their goods for others which they can dispose of at home, and then return thither direct.

The governments of Perm and Orenburg, both intersected by the Ural Mountains, which form the natural boundary between Europe and Asia, are as it were the fore-courts to Siberia Proper, their geographical position and natural features offering immense advantages for the transit-trade between Europe and Asia. The chief seat of the inland transit-trade is Irbit, in which place an annual fair is held in spring, which is visited by an immense concourse of Russian and Tatar merchants from all quarters of the empire. From the more northern parts of Siberia they bring peltry; from the smelting-works in the immediate vicinity, copper and iron; from Moscow, Archangel, and other places, European goods, principally cotton, woollen, and linen tissues, and coffee, sugar, wine, and spices; from Orenburg and Astrakhan they bring the produce of Bokhara, Persia, and India;

and from Kiakhta, the produce of China. To enable our readers to form an idea of the extent of business carried on at this fair, it will suffice to state that the value of the goods brought to Irbit in 1840 was calculated at 42,813,001 paper rubles.* It is indeed second in importance only to the fair of Nijni Novgorod, whither the merchants of Siberia also repair, bringing with them immense quantities of peltry and of the divers articles of trade obtained at Kiakhta, and where they likewise furnish themselves with many of the articles of European produce in demand in their country, and which they transport into the interior on sledges.

Besides Irbit, every town in Siberia has its yearly or half-yearly fair, between which the merchants are almost constantly in motion. In Tobolsk, the former capital of Western Siberia, they gather at different periods of the year, their arrival and departure being regulated by the nature of their goods, and the ultimate point of their destination. In spring arrive the merchants from Russia who have visited the fair of Irbit, and await in Tobolsk the breaking up of the ice, in order to continue, partly by river navigation, their journey to the more distant parts of the country. The merchants coming from the interior, and particularly those from Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and from the Chinese frontier, arrive, on the contrary, towards the close of summer; while the merchant-caravans from Bokhara and the land of the Kalmuks make their entry at the beginning of winter. In Berczov, Jeniseisk, and Yakutsk, the busy scene of the fair is diversified by the presence of Surjanas, Ostjacks, Woguls, Yakuts, Samoyedes, and other nomade or half-savage people, who repair to these cities to exchange the produce of the chase for flour, brandy, tobacco, tea, and other necessities of life. In Jeniseisk, situated in the centre of the country, the merchants from the four quarters of Siberia meet, and frequently make an exchange of their goods, each party being thus enabled to return direct homewards. But in most cases these intrepid men carry their goods from one extremity of this immense continent to another, braving in the pursuit of their vocation difficulties, dangers, and fatigues, of which persons living in more favoured climes can have but a slight conception. In Siberia, indeed, distances are measured by a very different standard from what we are accustomed to in Europe, even in the lands of railway and steam. The merchants travelling between Kiakhta and Irbit traverse twice a year a distance of 3800 wersts; and a village situated at a distance of 500 or 600 wersts of a town is spoken of as being in the vicinity of the latter. In Yakutsk the traders arrive in summer, and either spend the winter in the town, or disperse among the villages of the neighbouring nomade hordes. Hence the produce of Europe and China are distributed to the most eastern parts of Siberia. It is not, however, usual for the merchants to enter into direct transactions with the nomade hunting populations, almost the whole of the lucrative trade in furs being carried on by means of the Siberian Cossacks, who are intrusted with the levying of the government tribute, and who are better able to encounter the innumerable difficulties connected with this traffic, as they are acquainted with the language and habits of the divers races and tribes, and inured to the hardships and fatigues of journeys, during which they are sometimes

* Reden Das Kaiserreich Russland, &c.

obliged to traverse hundreds of wersts on foot, dragging after them small sledges, laden with their provisions and with their stock in trade. There are, however, instances of Russian merchants who have not feared to encounter the perils of such journeys, and who have penetrated as far as Anadurskoi Ostrog, the utmost north-eastern dwelling-place of the nomadic tribes.

In South-Eastern Siberia, the great centre of commercial activity is Irkutsk—in point of situation, number of inhabitants, and every social advantage, the first city of the country. Though Kiakhta, on the Chinese frontier, the place authorised by the Chinese government for the commerce between China and Russia, is the real seat of this trade, the fact of Irkutsk being the chief entrepôt for the goods exchanged there gives rise to a great amount of business, in addition to which the principal transactions of Kiakhta are effected by the merchants of Irkutsk. The non-resident merchants having business at Kiakhta generally arrive in Irkutsk in autumn by water, and await there the fall of the snow, which is to facilitate their further journey. Others arrive in the middle of winter by way of Tomsk and Krasnojarsk.

The modes of transport for men and goods in Siberia vary according to the different localities. The large rivers which intersect the country, and most of which are partially navigable in summer, would, it might be supposed, be eagerly resorted to as a most desirable means of communication on so vast a continent. But the natural capabilities of the country in this respect are but little cultivated; and the river navigation is at present in so primitive a state, that land-carriage is in general preferred, in spite of the immense distances to be traversed. In these cases the means of conveyance are either carriages or sledges, drawn in some localities by horses, in others by reindeer, and in others again by dogs. In some parts of the country camels are used as beasts of burden, and oxen for draught, while in others the goods are transported on the shoulders of men. It is the snow which in winter covers the country in its length and breadth that renders the land-communication, generally speaking, so excellent. But the snow is not everywhere present in equal quantities, and spread over the plains in that smooth and uniform manner which is necessary to enable the sledges to glide over the surface with that ease and swiftness which so peculiarly facilitate the transport of heavy goods. In some localities, where the natural features of the country give rise to powerful and constant currents of air, the snow is swept completely away from the open plains, and driven together in immense masses in the surrounding ravines, and up the rocky declivities enclosing the broad valleys. In these cases, if the road follows the course of a river, the sledges pass along on its ice-bound waters, and no inconvenience is experienced; but otherwise they have to be dragged along the frozen earth, to the great discomfort of men and horses. In other places it is the accumulation of snow, particularly in the early winter, before it has been frozen into so compact a mass as to offer a smooth and hard surface, which presents the chief difficulty. Some notion of the difficulties of travelling and transporting goods in Siberia may be formed from Mr Cottrell's description of the manner in which this impediment is got over on the route from Irkutsk to Kiakhta, along which the caravans are obliged to pass at those periods of

the year when the ice of the Baikal Sea is not yet sufficiently strong to bear the heavily-laden sledges, though passengers may pass in safety across its bosom :—

‘ From the beginning of November—that is, for two months—they (the caravans) are obliged to make this *détour*, and the expense is much more considerable, although by no means proportionate to the labour of the conductors. The snow in the mountains begins to fall in August, and by November it is generally six feet deep. The mode of clearing it away, it not being yet sufficiently frozen to make a solid surface to pass over, is troublesome enough. They first dig out a passage of a certain number of wersts, and turn their horses into it, and then make them gallop up and down, backwards and forwards, to consolidate and harden the snow, and then fasten large branches of fir to an empty sledge, of which they make a sort of harrow, and with this they clear away the snow from the sides. Having performed this preliminary operation, they harness a long string of horses to the machine, which from constantly passing and repassing, by degrees make a good road, wide enough for their sledges to go easily through. These, loaded with merchandise, follow in a line, one after the other, to the end of the road, which has thus been rendered passable. They then begin afresh with another such passage, and so on till the whole is got over. Each traineau at this season carries at most fifteen poods. The first of them does not accomplish more than ten wersts a day; those that follow, when the road is consolidated as much as in ordinary travelling, about forty wersts.

‘ The passage across the Baikal, which is preferred when practicable, has on the other side its peculiar difficulties, but which are surmounted with the same intrepidity and perseverance. The passage in sledges on the ice is agreeable and rapid, the point where it is crossed is not quite sixty wersts, which is sometimes performed in two hours and a half, and the view of the surrounding mountains is imposing and majestic. There are occasionally fissures in the ice, and particularly in the spring, when the season approaches for its dissolution, which must be formidable to an unhabituated traveller; but as the horses and their drivers are thoroughly practised in getting over them, there is no real danger. When the cracks are small, the horses jump over them without stopping; when they are large, planks are laid across, so as to form a bridge, which is made and unmade in an instant—the planks being carried for the purpose, and dragged behind the sledge. If the fissures are too large even for this, a bridge is made of large blocks of ice, which they cut off on the side of the opening, and the driver, with a sort of leaping pole, jumps over the chasm. He then fastens on other similar blocks from the opposite side. The bridge is clearly none of the most secure; but the horses are unharnessed, and passed over first, and then the carriage is pulled over as rapidly as possible by ropes. Sometimes it occurs that a horse, going at full speed, is all of a sudden *enfonce* in the ice, which, instead of cracking, has become soft and porous; the driver in that case jumps on his back with great quickness, crawls over him, disengages him in an instant from the sledge, and as he is blown, pulls him out by main force before he has time to struggle and sink deeper in the icy bog. In order to blow him more effectually, he throws a slip-knot round his neck, and draws it as tight as possible, so as to deprive

him of the little breath he had remaining. Having lugged him out, he harnesses him again as quick as lightning, and the whole operation does not take more time than it does to relate the manner of extracting him.'

The manner in which the corn, brandy, marine stores, &c. for the yearly provisioning of Okhotsk is conveyed from Yakutsk to this place, is another striking instance of the indefatigable perseverance with which the difficulties of intercommunication are overcome. The provisions and goods of all kinds are conveyed in leather sacks, each containing a certain fixed weight, and slung pannier-wise across the backs of the hardy Yakut horses, which are qualified for the journey they have to perform by their strength of bone and muscle, and by their sagacity in discovering their own provender in winter, when they scrape away with their hoofs the snow which covers the ground, and feed upon the grass that grows beneath. Eleven of these animals, with their burdens, are generally confided to the care of one man, who mounts the first horse, and drags after him the others marching in a line, they being attached to one another by a horse-hair rope fastened round the neck of the leader, and passed under the belly and tied to the tail of each of the others. In this way the procession moves on very well as long as it encounters no quagmires; but these are of very frequent occurrence on the road, and each time one of the horses sinks in the marshy ground, the conductor is obliged to dismount, to unload all the horses, to seek for them a path which affords a surer footing, then to fetch the baggage, generally weighing together 25 hundredweights, and to reload the horses, in order to repeat, perhaps a few hundred yards off, the same operation; and so on to the end of a journey, which it takes him a month to perform.

In the cities of Siberia it is not only customary to concentrate the commercial transactions of the year within the short period of time during which the yearly or half-yearly fairs take place, but the great business of traffic and barter is further limited to an allotted space: it being usual for all the merchants of a city to have their shops and warehouses under one and the same roof. The great annual fairs here, like those of Europe, have originated in church festivals, which, being held in honour of the patron saints of the localities, caused great concourses of people, and were taken advantage of by traders for the easy and speedy disposal of their goods. The custom of concentrating all the traffic within a given space is, however, of Eastern origin, and was by Russia adopted at a very early period, together with many other Oriental usages. In the cities of Siberia, as in those of European Russia, the *gostinoi-dvor*, as they term what among the Easterns is called a bazaar or caravanserai, is generally located in the centre of the town, and formed of four wings, enclosing a large square area within. On the side facing the street are the shops, opening into a covered arcade, which runs along the four sides of the building, and protects the purchasers from rain and sun, while it affords an agreeable lounge for idlers. Opening into the courtyards are the warehouses for the storing of such goods as cannot find room in the shops; and perhaps nothing in Siberia makes a more striking impression on the European traveller than to meet in these bazaars, in the regions of snow and ice, in so close contact as to be embraced in one glance of the eye, the natural and industrial produce of all the varied climes of the globe.

To the great commercial activity of which we have caught a glimpse,

there are added in Siberia industrial enterprises of still greater interest, because indicative of a higher and improving state of civilisation. The number of manufactories throughout the country, exclusively of the governments of Perin and Orenburg, is calculated at 143, of which fifty-three are in the government of Tobolsk, fifty in that of Irkutsk, and forty in the province of Tomsk. These do not, however, represent the whole of the manufacturing industry of the country; for here, as in other countries in a similar stage of development, domestic manufacture is to a considerable extent practised in the houses of the villagers. No isolated farmsteads, or habitations of other kinds, dot the country in Siberia: the whole of the population not residing in the cities is gathered in villages, and the inhabitants of these devote their time and skill to the various branches of industry cultivated in the country; for agriculture being so greatly limited by the nature of the climate, it is far from absorbing the labour of the whole peasantry. In the neighbourhood of the mines and of the smelting ovens, the villagers who are not directly employed in these are nevertheless indirectly engaged in promoting the operations by woodcutting, charcoal-burning, the transport of ore from the mouth of the mines to the furnaces, and other occupations. In some villages the inhabitants occupy themselves with the manufacture of sledges and wagons, and of various household and agricultural implements of wood. In others, in the neighbourhood of the linen factories, the women spin great part of the thread used in these. In the villages on the banks of the rivers the inhabitants live by fishing, and the various processes connected with the salting and drying of fish; in others they carry on a kind of peddling trade. Some are inhabited by the people employed in the salt-boiling establishments; others by the Cossacks, who are exempt from all contributions to the crown, on condition of their performing certain military duties; and others, again, by Yemtschiki, or Jamscluki, who are, like the others, crown peasants, but who, instead of paying the usual *obrok* or tribute in money, are bound to furnish the horses required for the service of the post, and for the transport of goods and travellers, throughout the empire, as also to serve in the character of postilions and drivers.* Among the Yemtschiki are included several Tatar populations; and though their dwellings and whole mode of living are miserable in the extreme, they pride themselves much on their ancient and noble descent. The Yemtschiki of Russian extraction are a lively and good-natured race, who follow their vocation as drivers with a gusto that renders it to them more a pleasure than a labour. With their horses they live on the most amicable terms, directing them by means of affectionate and endearing expressions and rhymed sentences instead of by the whip, which is never used. Even the loud cracking of the whip,

* In Western Siberia, as in Russia Proper, a government or crown posthouse is generally attached to every station; and here the traveller will always find the horses and drivers required, ready for his service, the whole being under the superintendence of a government *employé*. In Eastern Siberia, however, the crown posthouses, which are generally buildings of superior pretensions, are of rarer occurrence, being only established in the towns. The village posthouses differ little from ordinary peasant houses; and as the government *employés* are only attached to the crown posthouses on those stations where none such exist, the *starostas*, or village elders, are intrusted with the direction of the Yemtschiki, and of all matters connected with the conveyance of letters, goods, and passengers.

which in the north of Europe invariably accompanies sledge-driving, is not usual in Siberia; but the merry tinkling bells are here, as in the former countries, attached to the horses, persons of rank and importance being distinguished by the size of these bells.

Besides being the centres of the commerce and industry of the country, the cities of Siberia are of course likewise the centres of all the other *arts* of civilisation; and European refinement and mental cultivation are here frequently found in connection with primitive simplicity of manner and open-hearted hospitality. European luxury reigns in the houses of the highest and wealthiest officials, and their balls and literary evening parties are by some travellers described as recalling to the mind the elegance and animation of Parisian society. But in the dwellings of the citizens in general the simplicity of the old Russian manners and customs prevails. Here common wooden chairs and tables, and large presses containing the household linen, &c. ranged around the room, form the whole *ameublement*; while the pictures of saints stuck on the walls, and the shining brass *samarwar** placed on a shelf, form the sole ornaments.

The houses of the wealthier among the Russo-Siberian merchants sometimes consist of one storey, sometimes of two, the lower being raised on a foundation about eight feet from the ground. The steps on the outside of the house, leading to the first and also to the second storey, if there be one, are generally covered over; and under these steps is sometimes a door leading into a rather dark and partly subterranean chamber, which, being the warmest in the house, is appropriated by the head of the family. Here the *samarwar* is steaming away on the table the whole day long—for tea-drinking is the constant solace of the Siberians of all classes and all nations; and here other merchants—generally men of much intelligence and varied knowledge—drop in through the day, to talk over with the host the commercial topics of the moment, or to while away their leisure hours with relating or listening to the accounts of experiences made and adventures encountered on the long and perilous journeys so frequently undertaken by their class. It has been observed by travellers that the unfavourable conditions of existence against which the Siberians have to contend, far from rendering them dull and indifferent, on the contrary serve as stimulants to their intellect; and the men of science who have of late years visited Siberia have been surprised to find, even in the most desolate regions, a lively interest in the theoretical objects of their mission, and intelligent habits of observation, which proved very useful to them. It has indeed been suggested, that the intellectual superiority of many of the Russian Siberians, even in humble life, is perhaps not only owing to the constant struggles in which they are engaged against the powers of nature, but may also in some measure be attributed to the blood which flows in their veins; for among the progenitors of this people may be counted many of the most distinguished statesmen and generals of Russia, who have expiated in these dreary regions the short dream of a too-adventurous ambition, or the crime of having displeased a capricious and all-powerful sovereign, or of having over-topped rivals of equal pretensions. Such men cannot have remained without some influence on the populations among which they were thrown;

* A kind of urn, in which the water for the tea is boiled on the table.

and though, whatever the previous rank of the exile, his offspring born in Siberia belong to the inferior classes, the superior cultivation of the fathers must, nevertheless, in some measure influence the minds of the children, even in spite of the mother being in many instances not only of inferior rank but of inferior race; for in these regions the blood of the most ancient nobility of Russia has probably been frequently intermixed with that of the aborigines.

Towards nightfall the upper rooms in the Siberian houses are heated to what is by Europeans considered an excessive degree, particularly for sleeping apartments, and the whole family lie down for their night's rest on mattresses spread on the floor, having for covering light woollen blankets only. In the better houses, one bedstead may sometimes be found, which is then generally reserved for the guest, invited or uninvited. The latter are in Siberia not of unfrequent occurrence, for the country is still in so primitive a state that inns do not exist, and the stranger who means to sojourn for any time in town or village is, if he have no previous connections on the spot, quartered by the authorities on some one of the inhabitants. He is not, however, the less hospitably treated, nor is he looked upon otherwise than in the honoured and sacred character of a guest; for even the poorest among the Siberian hosts would be ashamed to demand payment, though they do look forward to some small present as compensation for the expenses they incur. The fact of a stranger having once been hospitably received by a family gives him a claim upon the hospitality of that family at any future period. For a mere night's lodging it is not usual to disturb the inmates of private dwellings, and travellers therefore frequently spend the nights in their kибитkas, or covered sledges, in which a comfortable bed is spread. But if the stranger present himself at the hut of the poorest peasant, even in the middle of the night, he is pretty sure of meeting with a hearty welcome, of being invited to warm himself upon the large oven, and of being regaled with the best cheer the house contains. Good-humour, great friendliness of disposition, and much courtesy of demeanour, seem indeed to be prevalent characteristics among the Siberians, even of the poorest classes; and these qualities have exercised an influence on the language of the country, in which peculiar terms of politeness and endearment abound.

The houses in the towns of Siberia are generally, and those in the villages universally, of wood—wooden walls being considered best calculated to keep out the cold. In the towns the timber beams are clothed on the outside with planks, and painted some light and cheerful colour; in the peasant houses, on the contrary, no pains are taken to disguise the roughly-hewn blocks of which they are constructed. In the towns also, several of which are noted for the width and regularity of their streets, and the stateliness of their public buildings, glass of native manufacture is generally used for the windows; but in the villages the transparent mica or talc, known by the name of Russian glass, and which is principally obtained from the mines in the government of Jeniseisk, is in general use: in those farthest north, however, even this is an unusual luxury, and is frequently superseded by the transparent skins of various fishes, and in some localities even by blocks of ice. The Russian villages (by which we mean those inhabited by natives of Russian extraction), and particularly those in the

Barabinski Steppes, the best cultivated part of Siberia, in many instances present an appearance of wellbeing most gratifying to the beholder—the well-built houses, with balconies running round them, and standing in the midst of enclosed courtyards, affording a picture of much comfort. In the villages, the inhabitants of which are occupied with mining or charcoal burning, or other non-agricultural avocations, there are small enclosed patches of ground attached to the houses, in which vegetables are cultivated for the use of the family.

The interior of a Siberian peasant's dwelling rarely contains more than two rooms, and very frequently only one, divided into two compartments, an upper and a lower, the former being reached by a kind of primitive ladder, made of small blocks of wood, placed one above another against the wall in one corner of the room. The upper compartment, as the warmest, serves as sleeping apartment for the whole family, who, like those of the higher classes, lie upon the floor on sheepskins, or on their own fur or sheepskin pelisses. The lower room is in a great measure occupied by the huge brick stove or oven, called *palati*, which serves to heat the house, and also for cooking, and on which the oldest male inhabitants of the dwelling are generally, during the hours of rest, found stretched at full length, enjoying the genial heat. Such a stove and a samawar are always found even in the poorest hovel. Wooden benches placed along the walls, together with a kind of stand for the torches of lighted pine or birch wood, with which these humble dwellings are illuminated at night, constitute the rest of the furniture, and a bathroom, for the usual Russian steam-bath, is frequently attached to the dwelling. There are villages, notwithstanding, which convey the idea of extreme misery and degradation; while the *yurtas* or huts of the aborigines of various denominations afford an insight into the habits of populations but little removed from the savage state. Some of the villages, particularly such as are situated on the banks of rivers or brooks, are rendered peculiarly disgusting by heaps of manure, which, instead of being used to fertilise the fields, is driven together to form a kind of dike between the village and the river, and in summer breeds such quantities of vermin, that one must be a Siberian to be able to live under their attacks. Cleanliness does not indeed belong to the virtues of the Siberian peasant, and his ideas of the uses of manure seem peculiarly perverse, it being customary throughout the country to burn manure in order to *purify* the air, whenever a locality is threatened with an outbreak of the epidemic called the Siberian Plague, by which great havoc is made, particularly in the Barabinski Steppes, the malady attacking alike men and animals. The Tatar villages, though generally very miserable, are distinguished by a more attractive feature, there being invariably in the immediate vicinity of each a small grove, forming the cemetery of the population.

However low in the scale of civilisation the population may be, yet the cheerful bustle in the streets of a Siberian village, particularly when the Yemtschiki are busy with a long train of arriving or departing sledges, and the songs and dances with which time is wiled away in the sociable evening meetings, which are always taking place in some house or other, even in the poorest village, prove that the amount of more animal gratification sufficient for the happiness of man in his uncultivated state is not wanting

there. As regards the Slavonic population of Siberia, their manners and customs are those of Russia Proper, with this difference only, that in Siberia they appear more in their primitive purity, having been preserved unmixed, as a legacy from the earliest colonists, while in Russia many of the ancient customs have been partially superseded, or mixed up with others of foreign importation. Among the evidences which prove the tenacity with which the Russian race clings to the past, may be instanced the fact that the Danish goods sold in the *gastinoidcor* at Tobolsk, are still designated by the name of Variengian wares—the very name which they bore in the markets of Russia at the time of Rurik; while the same is also testified by the strange mixture of ancient heathen and primitive Christian customs which still prevail among the population. Foremost in importance among the customs are those connected with the marriage ceremonies, which are here always preceded by four distinct stages of courtship, if it may so be termed, in which the *svouchi*—a kind of female deputy suitors, who, throughout the Russian empire, are employed as matrimonial agents—play a prominent part. The first ceremony is called *svidanie*, or the first meeting, and on this occasion the elected maiden, led by the *swacha*, is shewn to the suitor from afar. The next stage is the *smotrienie*, or nearer beholding, for which purpose the suitor is introduced by the *swacha* to the family of the maiden, by accepting which introduction he does not, however, bind himself to continue his suit. But if the maiden stand the test of the two interviews, then follows the *rukobotie*—literally, the folding of hands, what we would term the betrothal—and which being performed in the presence of witnesses, is considered binding. After this comes the *dievischnik*, or maiden festival, in which the young friends of the bride are the actors. Having been regaled with tea, cedar-nuts, and wine, the maidens, under the leadership of the *swacha*, sing in chorus certain ancient wedding-songs, in which the bride is compared to a swan, a goose, a duck, or some other aquatic bird, about to be torn away from its beloved element, and much wailing and lamentation at her fate is expressed. The whole day having been spent in this manner, towards evening ensues the important ceremony of the loosening of the tresses, which takes place in the presence of the bridegroom, and by which the cessation of the bride's state of independence is symbolised; for married women never appear without some kind of head-gear which entirely conceals their hair, while unmarried women wear theirs hanging in tresses down the back. During the marriage ceremony, which takes place in church, the bride and bridegroom each place one foot upon a piece of carpet spread out between them, while two relatives, chosen for the occasion, hold over their heads metal crowns. The ceremony is concluded by the whole party walking in procession round the altar, the crowns being still held above the heads of bride and bridegroom. When the newly-married pair have returned to the paternal roof, then follows what is termed 'the blessing with the image of the saint,' which consists in the parents placing on the head and shoulders of the newly-wedded pair the image of the saint which is to be installed in their new home. After this the same ceremony is gone through with a dish of salt and a loaf of bread.

In general society young maidens are expected to maintain a respectful silence, because of being in the presence of their elders. Seated demurely round the room—their young and pretty faces being looked upon as forming

part of its decorations—they are, however, allowed to amuse themselves with cracking nuts, and for this reason nuts are in some parts of Siberia jocosely called ‘conversations’ (*rosgowarki*.) There are, however, many occasions besides the one mentioned above when the maidens are the chief actors in the entertainments. Such are the *posedienki*, or evening meetings, particularly much prized among the poorer classes. When the shades of evening have interrupted all out-door labours, the men repair to their homes, and having taken up their station on the brick stove, there give themselves up to the pleasures of rest and idleness, and can very rarely be induced to stir abroad until midnight, when they are to go out to look after the horses. In the meanwhile the maidens, with a view to economising their torches, and also from a love of sociability, assemble in the house of some wealthy neighbour, and there spend the evening with working and singing. The songs which are sung on these and many other occasions are highly descriptive of the manners and customs of the country. In one of the *posedienki* songs, for instance, the maidens complain of the torches giving so little light that their meeting must come to an end, and express their suspicions that their inhospitable host has on purpose moistened the friendly torches; until one of their companions confesses that she is the guilty one, being impatient to go and meet her lover, who is waiting for her. There are other evening assemblies called *Wetscherinki*, which are more exclusively devoted to pleasure, and which, in winter in particular, are often substituted for the *posedienki*. In these the choral songs serve as accompaniments to pantomimic dances, in which the young men of the village also take places, while the elders look on from the top of the stove. On these occasions the maidens, seated on the wooden benches ranged round the room, sing in chorus, while some of their number standing up, form a ring round a couple placed in the middle of the room. The maidens forming the ring first move with slower or quicker steps, according to the rhythm of the music, around the pair; and then standing still, join in the chorus, while the maiden and the young man placed in the middle, commence performing in representing, in a pantomimic dance, the subject treated of in the song. Thus in one song a postilion is introduced, who having been repeatedly in the next town, each time brings back with him rich presents, in the hope of winning by them the heart of his beloved. The dancer then shews how he has presented each gift on a silver dish, and his partner how the proud maiden rejects it, and throws it at his feet. The gifts are in the song named as shoes, rings, ribbons, and other articles of female apparel; but in the dance a coloured handkerchief, deposited by the young man on the shoulder of his partner, and by her carried back and thrown on the ground at his feet, represents them all. Between each act of the performance the chorus expresses the sympathy of all ‘wellmeaning people’ with the sufferings of the rejected lover. At length the young postilion returns from a last visit to the city, and brings with him a silken whip, which he presents to his beloved, and which, being the symbol of an honourable matrimonial proposal, is accepted by her and rewarded with a kiss, which is by the dancing maiden conscientiously bestowed upon her partner. Sometimes the *balalaika*, a kind of cithar, much in use among the Russian peasantry, is also played by some young men, as an accompaniment to the dancing and singing.

In Siberia, as elsewhere, it is Christmas in particular that is a time of rejoicing and social merriment. Then the snow facilitates the meeting of friends dwelling at a distance from each other (people coming sometimes two hundred and fifty wersts to a party), and is made to contribute in various ways to the enjoyment of the inhabitants. During the twelve days from Christmas-day to Twelfth Night, town and village are in a turmoil of amusement. In the morning races in sledges take place, either on the ice of the river, if there be one in the vicinity, or on the snow-covered streets of the village—a smooth pathway, bordered by branches of evergreen, being in each case prepared for the sledges. Within the open sledges are seated the maidens, clad in their bright-coloured holiday dresses, and singing in chorus appropriate songs, in which the young men on horseback join while galloping their horses alongside the sledges, and urging the drivers to excite theirs to the utmost speed. Down the village street the procession moves, with a swiftness which would keep pace with a steam locomotive, the bells on the horses tinkling merrily, the dogs barking and scampering after it, the old men and women in the doors cheering and laughing, and the whole presenting a picture of simple-hearted enjoyment most pleasing to behold. Another of these winterly amusements are the so-called Russian mountains, which it is customary to imitate at the fairs and other holiday makings in Western Europe, but which here bear but a slight resemblance to the originals. These ice mountains are in preference erected on the frozen waters of the rivers or streams, and are constructed of boards made to form an inclined plane, the perpendicular height of which, at the highest point, is sometimes thirty feet. Upon these boards are then laid blocks of ice, which, water having been thrown over them, freeze over night into a smooth and compact mass, inclining gradually till it meets the frozen surface of the river. The ice-mountain thus erected is hedged in with evergreens, which, in those parts of the country whither Chinese influences have penetrated, are further decorated with lamps of coloured paper. The small sledges used for the purpose of gliding down the plain, and which are so low as to permit of the persons seated in them touching the ice with their hands, are carried up to the top of the mountain by steps constructed at the back. The person who is to descend then seats himself in his vehicle; and the impetus being given, he endeavours, with his arms thrown, and his hands cased in thick skin gloves, and pressed against the ice, to keep the sledge in the middle of the path, so as not to be impeded in his descent. Many a trial is required before proficiency is attained; but the failures contribute as much to the amusement as the successful descents, and men and women—for both sexes take part in the sport—bear their mishaps with equal good-humour. When great dexterity has been attained in descending in a sledge, then, to render the matter more difficult, a simple piece of wood or a fox skin is substituted, and the very ambitious even undertake the descent standing upright.

The evenings at Christmas time are spent in dancing, singing, and with games of various kinds, among which such as are believed to prognosticate of the future are particularly in favour. In the villages it is generally in the house of the richest inhabitant that the party assembles; for here a large barrel of a beverage, to which the name of beer is given, is broached on Christmas-day, and placed in the middle of the floor, for each guest who enters to serve himself. This so-called beer is made expressly for festive

occasions, and consists of an opaque brown oily fluid, which is rendered still thicker by a quantity of oat husks swimming about in it. Uninviting and unpalatable as this beverage seems to Europeans, it is in high repute among the Siberian peasants, whose potatoes of this, as well as of the corn spirit, which they likewise prepare themselves, are deep and long. Substantial food is not either wanting at these evening meetings, the women having prepared beforehand cabbage-soup, with balls of force-meat, and a kind of jelly made partly of the small gristly vertebræ of animals, and eaten cold, with vinegar and mustard, which are always to be found in a Siberian *ménage*. The dessert consisted of ginger-bread and cedar-nuts.

Among the prophesying games, those called *Podobludnie piesni*, or dish-songs, are in particular favour among all classes. The maidens who desire to question fate deposit rings or other articles of jewellery in a dish, which is then covered over; the maidens next commence chanting a song consisting of short strophes, each of which expresses in symbolical terms some prophecy bearing upon matrimony. While the prophecies are being chanted, the matrons of the party extract from the dish the articles deposited therein, and the strophe which accompanies the extraction of each article foretells the fate of her to whom it belongs. Some of these games bear a greater resemblance to such as are known in Europe. Such are those in which the oracles consulted are drops of melted wax allowed to drop into a vessel with water, or empty earthenware vessels allowed to swim in a large tub of water, the direction taken by them indicating the union or separation of the interested parties. Other means taken to penetrate into the secrets of the future have a stronger local colouring. Such is the *podsluchivati* or listening, which consists in the interpretation of certain detached words caught up while listening in darkness and solitude under the windows of some house. Upon the whole, solitude and stillness are in many cases considered indispensable, if the voice of fate is to be heard; and it is therefore not unusual for the peasant maidens to creep at midnight stealthily into the bathroom, which is considered the favourite place of resort of the house-sprites, in the hope of seeing the shadowy form of their future husband pass by them. The maidens also sometimes throw themselves backwards down upon the snow, and their fate in the coming year is prognosticated from the greater or less depth of the impression they make upon the yielding substance.

So great are the sociable propensities of the Siberians, that the twelve days at the beginning and end of the year particularly devoted to social meetings are far from satisfying them; and every other church festival—of which there are a great number in the Greek church—serves as a pretext for feasting in company; and it is even customary in some of the towns on each Sunday to escort from church the highest personage in the place, who, in return for the compliment, treats his guests to an excellent luncheon. On days of particular importance in the calendar of the church or the state, it is usual in Tobolsk to pay one's respects, after service, first to the archbishop, and then to all the civil functionaries consecutively according to their rank. It is on the thrifty Siberian housewives that falls the greatest burden of these festivals, because for each the church or custom prescribes a peculiar diet; and in order that it may be perfectly orthodox, the making of each dish must be superintended by the mistress

of the house. But then she expects her guests to do justice to the cheer; and her modes of persuasion to those whose appetites begin to fail sound to European ears most ludicrous. Having passed through all minor forms, she at last implores her guests to 'make an effort,' 'to conquer their disgust;' expressions which indeed sometimes seem quite appropriate, the delicacy offered being a bit of raw meat. It is, however, but fair to add, that this meat is prepared in a peculiar manner, which is said to render it really very palatable. Large slices of beef are in autumn hung in rows on a wooden machine made for the purpose, and are during the whole winter left thus exposed in an airy place to the joint influence of the frost and the sun. At the beginning of spring the meat is considered in a proper state for eating, and being cut in very thin slices, is handed round after tea. The beef thus prepared keeps fresh during the whole summer, and is said to be much superior to the meats in California and in the Brazils, which are dried by the summer heat.

From the sketch given it will be seen that though but thinly populated and partially cultivated, Siberia is not devoid of attractions even to the traveller traversing its extensive plains with no scientific object in view, but merely for the gratification of an intelligent curiosity. To the few natives of Western Europe who have visited the country, life in Tobolsk, Berezov, Omsk, Krasnojarsk, Barnoul, and Irkutsk, in particular, has indeed seemed to present no hardships either in the way of physical or intellectual privations; but the Russians feel so differently on this subject, that in order to induce its *employés* to accept office in these distant parts of the empire, the government is obliged to have recourse to a peculiar system of rewards. The moment a Russian official oversteps the river Irtysh, he ascends one step in rank; and if he dwell three years in the land of exile, he retains his higher grade on returning to the mother country. However puerile this inducement may seem in the eyes of others, on the Russians it acts as a sufficient bribe; for to each grade in the scale of rank are attached peculiar immunities, which in the higher grades even become hereditary. The cupidity, venality, and general want of conscientiousness of Russian officials, have become almost proverbial; and that these vices most characterise them in Siberia, even more than in European Russia, cannot be doubted, when we reflect what are their motives in seeking or accepting office here, and that they rarely, if ever, extend their period of office beyond the time prescribed for the attainment of the good desired. Fortunately for Siberia, however, the real business of these servants of the crown, who, with some honourable exceptions, look upon their sojourn in the land but as a temporary penance submitted to for the sake of future advantages, is very limited, the primitive state of society calling for but little administrative interference; and thus, though deficient in the desire of effecting any good, they are unable to do much mischief.

Independently of the regular system of convict colonisation which has been introduced, it was always, and still is, customary in Russia not only to banish to Siberia such individuals as prove troublesome in any way to those in high office or influence, but to transplant thither, by an arbitrary exercise of power, and without consulting the wishes of those concerned, whole masses of innocent and peaceful subjects. Under a system like that of Russia, there are few means of tracing the history of such government measures as

it may be deemed expedient to conceal; but the traditions of the colonists in various parts of Siberia afford glimpses of the truth. One part of the Barabinski Steppe was redeemed from its original desert state by a colony of crown peasants, transplanted thither from the government of Kasan. Another part of the same steppe was converted from a desolate wilderness into a fertile corn-producing country by the bright idea of a governor-general of Siberia, who persuaded the Empress Catherine to allow him the recruits of one conscription for this purpose. To work the mines of Nertshijnsk, the Emperor Alexander despatched 10,000 peasants from the interior of Russia; and all these labourers, and many more in like manner forced to change their domicile, belong, we must remember, to a people proverbial for their attachment to the place of their birth, and whom all the advantages offered could not induce to emigrate voluntarily. The suffering and injustice inflicted in this way does not, however, extend beyond one generation, and the Siberians are not, as we have seen, a melancholy and morose, but, on the contrary, a cheerful and sociable race. Among the compulsory settlers in Siberia, who can neither be reckoned among the political exiles nor the convict colonists, are also various sectarian communities, whose religious opinions being at variance with the state religion, have caused them to be transplanted to this receptacle for all the divergent minds of the Russian empire, and who rank among the most respectable individuals in the heterogeneous population.

From the reign of Peter the Great to the present moment, exile to Siberia as a punishment for political offences has been of constant recurrence, and most of the romance of Russian history is connected with the frozen steppes of that country. To enumerate all the illustrious names that have swelled the list of exiles up to the reign of Alexander, would be to write the history of the innumerable conspiracies which at various periods have shaken the throne of Russia, of the cruel caprices of a race of absolute and unscrupulous despots, and of the various individual passions which, under governments such as that of Russia, can always find means of making the public authorities the avengers of private hatreds. From the reign of Alexander up to the present time, sentence of exile to Siberia for political offences has perhaps been more frequently pronounced than before; and as within this period the victims have mostly suffered for opinions, not for criminal deeds, and in many instances for opinions which, judged from the point of view of absolute right, must be pronounced to be noble and generous, though, in opposition to the reigning system in the country, the fate of these exiles has elicited the sympathy of Europe in a far higher degree than was ever called forth by the fall of court favourites, whose change of fortune was generally caused by an inordinate and selfish ambition. That to the latter, life in Siberia was but a succession of hardships, privations, and humiliations, history affirms; but what may be the fate of the exiles in the present day there are no more authentic means of ascertaining than the narratives of the few west Europeans who have visited Siberia, and the inferences which may be drawn from the general system of convict colonisation followed in the country, and from the spirit which pervades society there.

A regular system of convict colonisation was commenced in 1754, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, who was too tender-hearted to sign the

death-warrant even of the most atrocious criminal, though she tolerated and countenanced the most barbarous cruelties; but it was carried on without any attention to the necessities of the various localities, and was found not to work as favourably as might be desired. The existing irregularities having been brought to light by the census taken in Siberia in 1819, new regulations were issued in 1822; and these were further improved upon in 1840, and brought into harmony with the improved penal code of the country. Notwithstanding the energetic endeavours of Peter the Great to force European civilisation upon his people, he took little pains with regard to the necessary preliminary process of humanising the penal laws of the country, and the most barbarous and degrading punishments continued, during his and several subsequent reigns, to be inflicted on persons of all ranks and both sexes. Torture in its most cruel forms was frequently applied, and the bodies of the criminals mutilated in the most inhuman manner, their noses and ears being cut off, and their tongues torn out by the root. Under the reign of Catherine II., mitigations were, however, introduced: torture was abolished, and the nobles, as also the burghers of the two first guilds, were exempted from corporeal punishment. The cruel and capricious Paul I., however, again gave to the world the sad and degrading spectacle of individuals of high social position and refined education wincing under the lash of the executioner; and to this day the knout and the cat-o'-nine-tails are reckoned among the instruments of correction in Russia. The punishments, as regulated by law at present, consist, according to the nature of the offence committed, in money fines, restitution, church penitence, loss of office, forfeiture of privileges and of honour, and in corporeal punishments of various kinds and degrees—regarding which it is, however, expressly stipulated that the sentence must not contain a recommendation 'to flog without mercy,' as was formerly the case—and in banishment to Siberia, which, in cases of heinous offences, is further sharpened by forced labour in the mines and manufactories. Capital punishment is reintroduced, but for crimes of high treason only, and is even in such cases but very rarely applied. From the execution of the Cossack rebel Pugatscher, which took place in Moscow in 1775, fifty years elapsed before sentence of death was again pronounced in Russia, when five of the leaders of the insurrection of 1826, which had nearly deprived the Emperor Nicholas of the throne to which he had just succeeded, were sentenced to lose their life at the hands of the hangman. The knout, in addition to hard labour for life in the mines of Siberia, is the general substitute for capital punishment; and up to 1822, all criminals under this last sentence were branded on the forehead, though the practice of slitting up the ears and nostrils, which continued in force until the reign of Alexander, was discontinued. In cases when the criminals are condemned to banishment for life, the sentence may be rendered still more rigorous by condemnation to *civil death*, in which cases alone the families of the convicts are not allowed to follow them into exile, and they are neither allowed to receive nor to write letters.

Kasan, in which city there is a bureau of dispatch for exiles, is the starting-point of the detachments of convicts and exiles which periodically leave Russia for Siberia—their halting-places being indicated along the line of route by large four-winged wooden buildings, with yellow walls

and red roofs, and surrounded by a stout palisade, erected at every post-station opposite the crown post-house. According to the improved regulations of 1840, the convicts condemned to forced labour are not allowed to travel in company with the criminals of lesser degree destined for immediate colonisation, as was previously the case, but are sent in separate detachments, care being also taken that several days shall elapse between the departures of the successive detachments, so as to preclude all possibility of contact on the road. As far as can be judged from the very imperfect records which are available, the number of convicts transported to Siberia up to the year 1818 averaged 2500 yearly; but among these it may be presumed were not numbered the political exiles. In the year 1819, 3141 persons were transported; in 1820, the number swelled to 4051; and from that period until 1823, the annual number was from 4000 to 5000. In 1823 a ukase was issued, ordering that all vagrants who had until then been subjected to forced labour in the fortresses should in future be sent to Siberia as colonists. This of course greatly augmented the number transported; and during the period of six years which elapsed from the date of this ukase to 1829, 64,035 persons, or 10,067 individuals annually, were sent to people these uncultivated wilds. Among these, persons convicted of vagrancy only were, however, in a great majority, the number of criminal offenders condemned to hard labour, amounting only to one-seventh of the whole number. The number of women in proportion to that of the men was one to ten. The convicts travel on foot, all being, on starting, supplied with clothing at the public expense. The men walk in pairs; but, except in cases of extreme criminality, are rarely burdened with fetters during the journey. When passing through towns, however, irons are generally attached to their ankles, and every attempt at escape is punished with corporeal chastisement, without any reference to the cause of exile or the former social position of the individual. To each detachment are generally attached some wagons or sledges for the women, the aged, and the infirm; and these usually lead the van, the younger men following, and the whole party, commonly numbering from fifty to sixty individuals, being escorted from station to station by a detachment of the Cossacks stationed in the villages. That a journey of several thousand wersts on foot, and through such a country as Siberia, must cause much suffering, cannot be doubted; but the stations are not at very great distances from each other, and travellers agree in asserting that the ostrogs—that is, fortified places—in which the convicts rest from their fatigues, afford as comfortable accommodation as any post-house throughout Siberia; besides which the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they pass, either from that perverse sympathy which so frequently leads the unthinking masses to look upon a doomed felon as upon a victim of oppression, or from a knowledge of how many sufferers for mere opinion may be mixed up with the really guilty individuals in the troop, contribute in every way in their power to mitigate the hardships of their position. The officer commanding the escort is intrusted with the sum stipulated by law for the daily subsistence of each convict, and this must never, under any pretence, pass into the hands of the latter. Many tales are told of the barbarous treatment to which the exiles are subjected during their passage to their various places of destination; but this, it would seem, must be

attributed to the general brutality of the men forming the escort, and not to any desire in the government to render in an indirect way the punishment of the condemned more severe than expressed in the terms of the sentence; though in these cases, as in all others, it is of course the despotic character of the government in Russia which prevents the complaints of the oppressed from being heard, and thus perpetuates all abuses.

The convicts who have committed heinous offences, such as murder, burglary, highway robbery, or who have been judged guilty of high treason, and are banished for life and condemned to forced labour, are chiefly under the superintendence of the governor of Irkutsk, who determines whether they are to be employed in the mines and salt-works, or in the distilleries or other manufactories of the crown. For each of these convicts government allows thirty-six paper rubles yearly; but the price of the necessaries of life being in Siberia so very low that the half of this suffices for the support of the convict, the other half goes to form a fund which, in case, after a lapse of four or six years, he gives proofs of reform, is given to him to begin life with in some part of the wide-spread steppes which admits of cultivation, and where a certain portion of land and materials for building a house are assigned to him. The house must, however, be erected by his own labour, and the money laid by for him be applied to the purchasing of the necessary utensils and implements for commencing housekeeping and agricultural pursuits. From this moment the convicts become *glebne adscripti* in the strictest sense of the term, as they are, under no pretence whatsoever, allowed to quit the lands assigned to them, or to change their condition; thenceforward also they pay the capitation tax and other imposts in like manner as the other crown peasants of Siberia, and enjoy in return the same rights, such as they are. The children of these convicts, born during the parents' period of punishment, are bound to the soil; but their names are not enrolled among those of the exiles, and the law orders that they shall be treated in the same manner as the overseers of the works.

The second class of convicts is subdivided into five classes—namely, 1. Exiles sentenced to labour in the manufactories; 2. Those sentenced to form part of the labour companies engaged on the public works; 3. Those allowed to work at their respective trades; 4. Those hired out as domestic servants; and, 5. Those destined to become colonists. The last-mentioned of these are at once established on the waste lands allotted to them, each person obtaining an area of not less than thirty acres, and being besides furnished with materials for building a house, with a cow, some sheep, agricultural implements, and seed corn. During the first three years these settlers are exempted from all imposts; during the next seven years they pay half the usual amount of taxes, and in addition to this, fifteen silver copeks annually towards an economical fund erected for their benefit. After the lapse of these ten years they take their rank among the other crown peasants, and are subjected to the same burdens. Except when especially pardoned, these colonists are not either allowed to change their condition, or arbitrarily to quit the lands allotted to them. Colonisation, according to this system, being found excessively expensive, and at the same time very precarious, on account of the frequent desertion of the colonists, who, living without families, were bound by no ties, was given up in

1822, but has since been resumed. In order to promote the speedy amalgamation of the convict population with the free population, the government bestows on every free woman who marries one of these colonists a donation of fifty silver rubles; while the free man who takes to wife a female convict receives a donation of fifteen rubles. Persons enjoying the privilege of collecting gold from the sands of the government of Tomsk, and who employ convicts for the washings, are bound to pay, in addition to the daily wages, one ruble and fifteen copeks in silver towards the economical fund. The convicts employed as domestic servants are fed by their employers, and receive in wages one silver ruble and a half per month. After eight years of such compulsory service, these exiles may also become colonists, and be enrolled among the peasants of the crown. Convict colonists may, should the authorities deem it expedient, be allowed to work at trades in the towns, but they must not become members of corporations or guilds, and must never be considered as being withdrawn from their condition of colonists.

The convicts condemned to forced labour, and employed in the manufactories, are the most leniently dealt with of this class, their position being, indeed, such as to render the sentence a reward rather than a punishment. In the manufactories of Telma more than eight hundred convicts are employed, who receive in wages, according to the work executed by them, from six to fifty rubles per month, besides bread flour; and their wives, who dwell in the village, earn from two and a half to five rubles per month by spinning and weaving hemp. The convicts employed in manufactories, and receiving wages, are, however, generally such as have previously been under stricter discipline, and are in a state of transition towards the position of liberated colonists. In several of the towns of Siberia there are establishments for them during the first stage of their punishment. In these establishments, called *Remeslennui Dom*, or the House of Trades, the convicts are employed as joiners, turners, saddlers, wheelwrights, smiths, &c. and are housed, clothed, and fed at the public expense, but do not receive wages, their wives and children finding employment in other ways. All orders must be addressed to the officers intrusted with the superintendence of the establishments; but persons having work executed there are at liberty to enter the workshops, and to communicate directly with the different craftsmen, who are not chained, but are guarded by military. In winter the hours of labour are eight, in summer, twelve. The proceeds of the labour of the convicts go to pay the expenses of the establishment, and the surplus is applied to charitable purposes, such as the building and maintenance of hospitals. The convict labourers in the mines of the Ural, as well as those of Nertchynsk, dwell together in large barrack-like buildings, the worst criminals among them being alone chained; but owing to the unhealthy nature of the mines, particularly those of Nertchynsk, their existence is a very miserable one. The usual term of compulsory labour in the mines is twenty years, at the expiration of which the convicts are generally established as colonists in the vicinity of the mines, and continue to labour in them, but as free labourers, receiving wages. In case there be at any time a scarcity of mining labourers, the authorities are at liberty to apply to this purpose exiles who have not been especially sentenced to this punishment; but in such cases the exiles are paid for their

labour, and are not confined to the mines for more than one year, which counts, besides, for two years of exile. Upon the whole, great latitude is allowed the central and local authorities in Siberia with regard to the employment and allocation of the convicts and exiles, it being merely laid down as a general rule that agricultural settlements shall always be made in the least populous districts of the localities capable of cultivation. It seems also to be the plan, as far as possible, to put each man to the work which he is most competent to execute; and the exiles belonging to the labouring-classes are therefore, in preference, established as agricultural colonists, while those belonging to the higher classes, who are unaccustomed to manual labour, are generally located in the towns, where it is easier for them to find some means of subsistence, which may relieve the government from the burden of their support. Even independently of the political exiles, the number of the latter is great, for exile is the punishment which usually follows the detection of those peculations and abuses of power of which the Russian officials are so frequently guilty. On their first arrival, it seems, the exiles of this class are made to do penance in the churches, under the guardianship of the police, but after a time they are allowed to go about unguarded; and it is said that, when exiled for life, the Russians even of high birth bear the change of fortune with extraordinary equanimity, assimilating in a very short time, and without any apparent struggle, to the Cossacks and peasants among whom they are thrown. When, as is frequently the case, they marry Siberian women, their children in no way differ from the people among whom they live. In the city of Tobolsk, in particular, there are a great many exiles belonging to the class of unfaithful *employés*, the sentence being considered less rigorous the nearer the place of exile to the frontiers of Russia Proper. Political exiles are, on the contrary, sent farther north and east, where the nature of the surrounding country is such as to make an attempt at flight impossible, or at least very difficult. The hardships to which these exiles are subjected seem, in by far the greater number of cases, to be exclusively such as are necessarily connected with their being torn away from all they hold dear, and transplanted from the luxurious life of European society (for these exiles mostly belong to the higher classes) to the uncultivated wilds and rigorous climate of a country but very partially redeemed from the state of nature; but the tenderest sympathies of the natives of all races seem, by all accounts, to be readily bestowed upon the exiles, who, whatever be the nature of the offence of which they have been guilty, are never named by a harsher term than that of 'unfortunates.' In many cases the lot of the political exiles is also mitigated by the kindness of the local authorities, who allow them the use of books and other indulgences, and even receive them as friends in their houses, when this can be done without risk of giving offence at St Petersburg.

As in Russia nothing with which the government is concerned can be commented on by the press without especial permission, it is difficult to ascertain correctly how far the system followed in Siberia works beneficially as regards the moral reformation of the criminals, and their relations to society in general. The accounts of travellers are very conflicting—some extolling the extreme leniency with which even the worst offenders are treated, as the *ne plus ultra* of social policy, and dwelling with delight

on its happy results; while others consider it disastrous in its consequences, and relate instances of the most atrocious crimes committed by the convicts, and of whole tracts of country in which life and property have been rendered insecure by their presence. The statistics of Siberia, however, prove the country to be improving; and all travellers agree as to the freedom from molestation which they have experienced while traversing its immeasurable steppes; and it is therefore but fair to conclude, that though the attempt at moral reformation may be unsuccessful in many instances, in general convict colonisation has here borne good fruits. That great severity in the chastisement of new transgressions has been found necessary, is on the other side proved by the penal laws bearing exclusively on Siberia. According to these laws, drunkenness, fighting, idleness, theft of articles of small value, unallowed absence from the place of detention, are considered venial offences, and are punished with from ten to forty lashes with the cat-o'-ninc-tails; while desertion among the colonists is punished, the first time with simple flogging, the second and third time with the cat-o'-ninc-tails. If the offence be persisted in after this, sentence is to be pronounced by the local tribunals, and often consists in temporary removal to some distant and thinly-populated district, or incorporation in one of the penal labour companies. Convicts condemned to hard labour who attempt to escape are punished with the knout, and are branded on the forehead, in case this mark of ignominy have not previously been inflicted on them. Repeated thefts, robberies, and other like offences, are punished in the same way as desertion; but in these cases the value of the objects stolen is not so much taken into consideration as the motives by which the criminals are actuated, and the number of times the offence has been repeated. A fourth repetition by an exile of a crime previously punished renders him liable to forty lashes with the knout, and to being placed in the category of the convicts condemned to forced labour. Murder, highway robbery, and incendiarism are, if the offender be a simple exile, punished with from thirty-five to fifty lashes with the knout, in addition to branding on the forehead, and forced labour in irons for a period of not less than three years—the term beyond this being left to the judgment of the local tribunals. The convict condemned to forced labour who renders himself guilty of similar crimes receives fifty-five lashes of the knout, is branded on the forehead, and is chained to the wall of a prison for five years, after which period he is allowed to move about, but must continue to wear fetters during his life. Criminals of this class are never to be employed beyond the prison walls, and are not even in illness to be taken into the open air beyond the prison-yard, or to be relieved from their chains, except by especial permission of the superior authorities, which can only be granted in consequence of a medical certificate.

The river Irtysh is the Styx of the Siberian Hades: from the moment they cross the ferry in the neighbourhood of the city of Tobolsk, the Russian *employés* appointed to offices in Siberia are placed in the enjoyment of the higher grade of rank which they so much covet; and from the moment they cross this same ferry commences the extinction of the political life of the exiles. Here they exchange the name by which, until then, they have been known in the world, for one bestowed upon them by the authorities, and any change of the latter is punished with five years'

compulsory labour over and above the original sentence. At Tobolsk sits the board which decides the final destination of each culprit or each martyr. It consists of a president and assessors, having under them a chancellerie divided into two sections; and has offices of dispatch in several of the towns of Siberia. Before their arrival at Tobolsk the convicts are, however, liable to be detained by the authorities of Kasan or Perm, for the public works in their respective governments.

It is as the land of political exile that Siberia is generally known, and that it has gained so unenviable a reputation among the liberty-loving nations of Europe, whose imagination pictures it to them as a vast unredeemable desert, whose icy atmosphere chills the breath of life, and petrifies the soul. Yet the truly benevolent should rejoice in circumstances which have led a government that punishes a dissentient word as severely as the direst crime, to select exile as the extreme penalty of the law. Siberia is, it is true, the great prison-house of Russia; but it is a prison-house through which the blessed light of the sun shines, through which the free air of plain and mountain plays, and in which the prisoner, though he may not labour in a self-elected field, may still devote his faculties to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and continue the great task of moral and intellectual progress. How different his lot from that of the Austrian prisoner of state, doomed to drag on long years of a miserable existence in the dungeons of Spielberg, or some other fortress, severed from all intercourse with the world beyond his prison-walls, deprived even of the light of day, and left in solitude and forced idleness to brood over his dark and despairing thoughts!

H A R R I E T T E ;

OR THE RASH REPLY.

I.

GEORGE WILLIAM BERTRAM, Esq., of Fernielee, was the representative of an old family in one of the southern counties of Scotland. The Bertrams had never occupied a distinguished place among the gentry of the country: they had never done anything to benefit others or to aggrandise themselves; they had never been heard of beyond the limits of their own district; their name was unknown to history alike for deeds of honour and infamy; but they could count I cannot tell how many generations, and they possessed a landed property which, thanks to the entail, had never passed out of the family. They were thus undeniably respectable, and were known and visited by everybody, although not much sought after by any—at least of the class to which they belonged; for though perfectly unexceptionable, their society could convey little distinction.

The present laird of Fernielee was placed in peculiarly trying circumstances. While fortune had denied him a son and heir, she had lavishly bestowed upon him six daughters, all grown up, and all unmarried. This was a compound evil; for the property being entailed in the male line, passed to a distant branch of the family, and the income it yielded not being large, there seemed no possibility of providing suitably for the girls save by marriage; and though the eldest was now twenty-seven, no eligible admirer had yet presented himself to any of them. True, Miss Susan, the second daughter, had, when at the age of nineteen, imprudently contracted an engagement with a young man she had met when on a visit from home; but as this youth was neither rich nor wellborn, the engagement was summarily broken off by Mr Bertram, and poor Susan, from a laughing girl with rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes, became pale, and silent, and fretful, and almost as uncomfortably anxious to be well-married as her plain and commonplace elder sister. At one time great hopes had been entertained that a neighbouring laird would propose to the third daughter, Harriette; but after a time the flattering prospect seemed to vanish, and the gentleman in question, after a sojourn of six months at

Cheltenham, returned home with an English bride. The laird and his family in general were much chagrined. Harriette, indeed, bore it wonderfully well. The world believed her to be disappointed, but gave her credit for being a girl of spirit, who would not wear the willow. The world, however, gave Miss Harriette Bertram more credit than she deserved; for she was not a slighted maiden, but, on the contrary, Mr Johnstone of the Grange was her rejected suitor. As little, however, as the world did her own family guess the real state of the matter. She knew that it would have been in vain to plead to her father that Mr Johnstone was vulgar in manners and person, and mean and illiterate in mind, and she therefore studiously concealed her rejection of his suit—a rejection which he himself took good care not to publish, and which he had never forgiven. As for Jane, Ellen, and Anne, the three younger Miss Bertrams, they belonged to the everyday class of young ladies. They did worsted work and crochet; doted on sentimental verses, the more meaningless the better; were devoted to waltzes and polkas; conversed chiefly about beaux and dress; always spoke in the hyperbolic vein; were perpetually imagining themselves in love, and were occasionally slightly jealous of each other, though more frequently on perfectly amicable terms. Their eldest sister, Marianne, they considered 'a downright old maid, and far too plain to be married;' Susan they thought might still have a chance; while Harriette's establishment was certain, if she would only give a little more encouragement to her admirers. But I must now make my readers acquainted with Mr and Mrs Bertram.

The former was a little, foolish, fussy, important-looking man, with dark features, a long nose, and quick black eyes, which seemed to bespeak restlessness of disposition rather than activity of mind. As to the rest, he had a querulous, jealous temper, an insatiable craving after personal and social consequence, was fond of gossip, and totally devoid of anything resembling dignity of character. His wife had been a beauty in her youth, but her tall elegant figure was prematurely bent from ill health, the light of her glancing eyes dimmed with care, and her once gay spirit broken by the incessant worry of her daily life. Originally possessed of a fair share of abilities, her mind, ever since her marriage, had lain fallow, for she had neither aim nor hope in cultivating it. Poor Mrs Bertram! gentle, quiet, and subdued, she lived alone in the world, and endeavoured to find, in the hope of a better, consolation for her cheerless lot in the present. Even in her children's love, though passionately fond of them, she found but little sympathy. She shrank from their mirth and their gaiety, haunted by a feeling that her presence must be a check to their joy; while they, accustomed to see her all their lives plodding silently and uncomplainingly on amid her household cares, guessed not that it had ever been different with her, or that their confidence would have added to her happiness. She, too, wished her daughters were married, as she saw no other prospect of their being provided for, having endeavoured in vain to persuade her husband to insure his life. It was her proposal, her idea, and therefore could not be entertained. Was he not capable of judging for himself? Did he not know that these rascally offices made money by their transactions? Where, then, could be the economy in having anything to do with them? Mrs Bertram shrank, however, from the idea of her daughters

marrying from mercenary motives, and looked forward to their future with that melancholy resignation which characterised all her anticipations of a temporal nature.

Fernielee was an old-fashioned place, sweetly situated in one of the wilder districts in the south of Scotland. When I say old-fashioned, I do not mean, however, that the mansion was rendered picturesque by gable-ends and turrets, and innumerable stacks of quaint chimneys; nor do I mean that it was covered with ivy, or had a hall, with 'storied windows richly dight.' There are few such mansions in Scotland, and Fernielee assuredly was not one of them. On the contrary, it was one of the very plainest edifices one could imagine. It was built of rough gray stone, with a long plain front, and long rows of small windows, with a very steep roof of gray slates, or rather slabs, in many places overgrown with moss and lichens. The door, which was in the middle of the house, was approached by a long flight of moss-grown steps, with long thin gray iron railings, round which some creeping plants made an ineffectual attempt to climb. The house was situated at the top of a gentle acclivity, which might have been made a pretty lawn but for the grass-covering, which was generally rough and unshaven. At the foot of this bank flowed a stream, here and there overhung by low alders and birches, and dwarf-trees of various descriptions. Behind the house rose a green hill, used as pasture-ground for sheep; while on the right and left stretched away to some little distance plantations of various kinds of wood, conspicuous among which at present was the mountain ash, with its clusters of coral berries. In front there was a view of some heathy hills, not high, but wild, interspersed with green knolls, and ferny or broomy glens, down which generally tumbled and sparkled a little streamlet. Although a very pretty place, there was about it a certain air of desolation. The trees wanted pruning, and the walks weeding. Within, though neat and tidy, and full of young and blooming girls, it was dull too: and to-day, when I am about to introduce you to its interior, it was unusually so. Mr Bertram and five of his daughters had gone to the races, which were to be held near a town a few miles from Fernielee; Mrs Bertram was busy at work in the breakfast parlour; and Harriette was reading in her own room—for Harriette did not care for races, and had remained at home.

Harriette Bertram was generally allowed to be a pretty girl, and not without some reason. Her well-proportioned figure was light, active, and graceful; her movements easy, quiet, and natural. Her complexion, though pale, was remarkably fresh and clear; her eyes large and beaming, and full of an ever-changeable expression; and her rich, dark hair singularly soft and luxuriant. What she wanted in regularity of feature and brilliancy of colour was amply atoned for by the vivacity and intelligence of her expression, the sweetness of her ready smile, and the spirit of her manner and bearing. There was nothing insipid in her appearance—it everywhere bespoke what we call *character*, and was, besides, pre-eminently ladylike. And in truth her appearance belied her not. A warm sensibility, generous, and even noble impulses, with a refined sensitiveness of disposition almost approaching to fastidiousness, and a spirited, though sweet, affectionate temper, were among her most distinguishing characteristics. The faults of her character grew, as it were, out of its beauties. The warmth of her feelings, and the glow of an imagination, ever, ere reflection came to her

aid, prone to paint in brighter or in darker colours, as the case might be, each incident which befell her, obscured the clearness of her judgment, and led her to act from the impulse of the moment rather than from the good sense she really possessed. In short, she needed the teaching of life, and a touch, perchance, of the discipline of sorrow, to give regular beauty to a mind which was yet but a wilderness of flowers.

Harriette, I have said, was reading—one of those noble books which warm and elevate the heart while they expand the mind. She raised her eyes from time to time, and looked up in thought, her countenance full of a lofty gladness. At last her glance fell on a ball-dress, which, with its various accessories, lay spread out on a bed before her. 'Ah!' she thought, as the sight of it recalled her to everyday cares—'I wish I were not going. I may enjoy it perhaps, but not as I enjoy this quiet morning. Everybody seems so commonplace. I wonder if I shall ever meet any one different. There must surely be many, and yet I never met one. But now I must go down to mamma.'

At dinner, Mr Bertram and his daughters were full of the races; the former was in unusual glee. 'Had a bow from the marquis, Mrs Bertram! indeed his lordship was uncommonly gracious; said, when he passed me the second time: "A fine autumn day, Mr Bertram; but rather windy." The marchioness, too, shook hands with Marianne on the stand, and bowed to the rest of the girls. There was a Mr Hartley of Sandilands Hall in Hampshire there, who paid a good deal of attention to Susan, so I asked him here to dinner to-morrow after the races. It would be an excellent match for her. Be sure, Mrs Bertram, that you have everything in good style.'

'What sort of person is Mr Hartley?' faintly inquired Mrs Bertram.

'Person! Mrs Bertram? Of course he is a proper person, otherwise I should not think of encouraging him to address one of my daughters. Really, Mrs Bertram, you surprise me. You might have a little dependence on my judgment, I think. No doubt it is vastly inferior to your own; still, madam, I would have you know I am not an absolute fool.' Mrs Bertram returned no answer, but bent her head over her plate.

Susan said in a kind tone to her mother: 'He is not very handsome, mamma, and not very young either; but so very agreeable, and scientific, and all that; and everybody speaks well of him.'

'But oh,' cried Ellen, 'there was such a charming young man there! a cousin of Mr Hartley's—and they are both staying at the Grange—a Mr Clavering, a London barrister, exquisitely good-looking, and amazingly clever, they say. I hope he may dance with me to-night; and, by the by, that reminds me I have the pink flowers to fasten in my dress.'

II.

The Bertrams were, as usual, among the first in the ball-room: they were all, with the exception of Marianne, who had a cold, looking uncommonly well to-night. Susan's complexion looked, by gaslight, dazzlingly fair, while excitement had lent a glow to her cheek and a light to her eyes. She danced the first dance with Mr Hartley. Harriette,

not having an interesting partner, and being a little tired, sat down as soon as the dance was over. The seat she had chosen was under the music-gallery, which was supported by pillars. Seated near one of those, she was completely concealed by it from the observation of two gentlemen on the other side, whose conversation she was thus unintentionally obliged to overhear. One of them inquired who her sister Susan was. The other, who was Harriette's rejected suitor, replied: 'One of the Bertrams of Fernielee—the greatest husband-hunters in the country.'

'Ah! I have heard of them since I came to the Grange. They are quite notorious, I suppose?'

'Oh, quite! So you had better take care of yourself. Your friend Hartley seems quite captivated.' The gentleman laughed.

'Oh, but I am not very easily caught.'

'I should recommend you, however, to beware of Mr Bertram's traps.' The speakers then walked away.

Harriette remained with flushed cheeks and a mortified spirit; for while she despised Mr Johnstone and the petty revenge to which he had condescended, she was deeply annoyed by what she had heard of the reputation of her family, and all the more that she felt it was not undeserved. She was yet brooding over the disagreeable idea, when a partner was introduced to her as Mr Clavering. The name she recognised as that of the London gentleman of whom her sisters had been speaking in the morning; while the tone of his voice, as he invited her to dance, convinced her at once that he was Mr Johnstone's companion behind the pillar. In the present state of her feelings she would have declined dancing with him, if it had been possible; but it was not. The dance was a quadrille, and Mr Clavering exerted himself to be agreeable, or rather he was agreeable without exertion. By degrees Harriette's uncomfortable feelings began to vanish under the influence of his conversation. It was evident, at all events, that he was not afraid of her society, for he danced several times with her, and engaged her as his partner at the supper-table. In her limited circle and secluded nook of the world, Harriette had certainly never before met so agreeable a person, and the time seemed to fly during their animated conversation.

Mr Clavering was a young man not much above thirty, whose talents had already opened for him at the bar a career full of promise. In person he was about the middle height, gentlemanly and unobtrusive, rather than strikingly elegant in manner. His features were good, though rather large, more especially the mouth, which was, however, well-shaped, and expressed at once firmness and good temper. His eyes were gray, but large, and full of thought and animation; while his light-brown hair was smoothly parted over a square, solid, open forehead. His countenance altogether was manly and intelligent; while his manner and bearing were characterised by that air of ease and decision which is bestowed by extensive intercourse with the world, mingled with an indescribable something which, without being conceit, yet seemed to denote the consciousness of superior abilities; and, in fact, such was Mr Clavering's real character. A younger son, he was the cleverest of his own family. He had been successful at school and college, and professional prosperity already seemed to smile upon him; consequently, he could hardly fail to be aware of his

own talents and attractions, while at the same time he had too much good sense and good feeling to be guilty of the folly and presumption of conceit. He was rather conscious of ability than vain of it: his manner, though bespeaking confidence in himself, was perfectly free from assumption, and possessed all that respect towards those whom he addressed without which no manner can be agreeable. He had been attracted by Harriette's beauty, which was of a style to charm a mind of an intellectual cast. On inquiring her name, he had been disappointed to find that she was one of the husband-hunting Miss Bertrams. Notwithstanding, however, he requested to be introduced to her, and was agreeably surprised to find her quite free from the manners of the class to which she was said to belong. He was surprised not only by the vivacity of her conversation, but by the uncommon amount of intellectual cultivation which, without any effort, any appearance of the littleness and vulgarity of shewing off, it displayed. In truth, Harriette had never before found herself in society so congenial. Never had she been more charming; never had she looked more beautiful. As Mr Clavering handed her to the carriage, she was mortified to hear her father, in obsequious terms, invite him to join their party at dinner the following day, adding as an inducement: 'And you shall hear my daughter Harriette sing. She is allowed to have a fine voice, and I am sure will be delighted to exert it for you.'

Mr Clavering turned towards Harriette, but the dimness of the light prevented him from seeing her look of annoyance. 'May I count on the pleasure Mr Bertram promises me?' he asked.

'By no means,' she replied. 'I am often too much fatigued after a ball to be able to sing, so pray do not count upon me.' She spoke with a smile on her lips but with inward vexation.

He then bade her good-night, saying to himself: 'If that girl be a husband-hunter, she is the most consummate adept that ever existed!'

As Harriette drove home, she mused over the evening. It had certainly been in one sense the most agreeable she had ever spent: at last she had obtained a glimpse of that mental superiority she had so longed to find; at last she had dared to be herself, with the pleasurable consciousness that she was understood, and was all the more agreeable for being so. But even this delightful evening had had its drawbacks, its moments of mortification—moments, too, which had left a sting behind. What would Mr Clavering think of her father? What might he not even suppose of herself? And again and again, with an interest which surprised her, would these tormenting questions intrude.

Susan meanwhile was in great delight. It was astonishing to perceive the change one day had made in her appearance and spirits. She had danced nearly all night with Mr Hartley, and he had testified very unequivocally his admiration for her. A source of interest had arisen for her. She was no longer without an aim. Susan had not the mental resources of her sister Harriette, neither had she the strength of character which distinguished the latter; and when her early love-affair was terminated by her father, she became the victim of *ennui*, and consequent low spirits. It was, however, the want of occupation for her thoughts, rather than disappointed affection, which was at the bottom of her melancholy; for though in truth a kind-hearted girl, Susan had not sufficient inten-

sity of character to be capable of feeling a deep or fervent affection. Thus she could very easily persuade herself she was in love, when in fact she was only flattered. In short, Susan belonged to that numerous class of women—a class, however, which is far from containing all, or the best part of the sex—to whom marriage is the sole aim of life. The reason for this over-anxiety respecting marriage—always so deteriorating to the female character—is, we think, to be found chiefly in two causes, both operating in poor Susan's case: the one we have already alluded to—want of mental occupation, and a necessity implanted in human nature for having an object in life to hope for and to strive after; the other, that marriage is often the sole alternative of a life of poverty and neglect. There can be nothing more cruel than to educate women so as to fit them only for a life of ease and luxury, and then leave them destitute of all means of indulging it. Can we wonder that girls thus educated, and seeing in single life only the pinching struggle and the cold neglect, or at best the patronising kindness which is too often the portion of the *poor* old maid, should eagerly endeavour to avert such a fate, even by rushing perchance into a worse? No: we cannot wonder, when we consider how dear to human beings is the respect and consideration of their kind, and how comparatively few there are who, through depression and exaltation, through good report and evil report, can alike preserve a calm possession of soul and an unruffled dignity of temper.

'What a charming evening we have had, Harry!—have we not?' cried Susan, when the two sisters had withdrawn to the apartment they shared between them.

'Delightful indeed, in some respects!'

'Oh! in every respect. Mr Hartley is an excessively clever man—so scientific, so fond of chemistry, and electricity, and geology, and all these things.'

'I thought you did not care for these things.'

'Neither I do; but still I like a man who does. How superior he is, after all, to poor George Maclaren. After all, I daresay papa was right, and George, poor fellow, would not have been a very suitable match for me. How much Mr Clavering seemed to admire you, Harriette! Mr Hartley says he is very clever; so I daresay he would be just the thing for you. How I should like it, my dear Harriette!'

'Like what, Susan?—that Mr Clavering should marry me, do you mean? I have no design on Mr Clavering's heart or hand. On further acquaintance he might turn out very different from what he appears. Oh! my dear sister Susan, let us not degrade ourselves in our own eyes or in the eyes of others by scheming for an establishment. It makes me feel miserable to think that any one should say we do.'

'Dear me, Harriette! I would be above minding what people say; and as to refusing a good offer on that account, it would be very foolish. Not that I would marry anybody that I did not like, I can assure you. You have such odd notions, Harry, that though you are the prettiest, and the cleverest, and the best too, I should not wonder if you were an old maid after all.'

'And if I were, it would not much signify. No: let me keep my self-respect, let me feel that I have acted with a single purpose, truthfully and uprightly, and I can bear any lot however lowly.'

'But I could not, Harriette. If I am ever married, I shall, I trust, try to do my duty; but I could not bear to be an old maid. Only fancy how dreadful it would be to be like Miss Margaret Watson, or even our own Marianne!'

'But we need not be like anybody but ourselves. Good people and sensible people will love and respect us all the same, whether we are married or single.'

'Perhaps; but still, as I said before, I could not bear it.'

Harriette sighed, but said no more.

At dinner the following day, besides the two strangers, there were a few of the neighbours, including Mr and Mrs Johnstone of the Grange, with whom the gentlemen in question were staying, being relations of the latter. Mr and Mrs Johnstone were a strangely-matched couple. The former was a tall, stupid-looking man, about forty, well-meaning enough within the limits of an understanding bounded to the consideration of crops and cattle. Nor had he any expansiveness of heart to atone for the narrowness of his mind. He was not bad hearted, he was not cruel; but his sympathies were not larger than his understanding. He would not really have injured Harriette, but he bore her a grudge for her rejection of his suit. He would probably have forgiven a man cordially enough who had attempted to murder him; but his nature was not sufficiently magnanimous to pardon what he had taken in the light of a personal affront. His wife was a woman about thirty, handsome, but formal-looking, acute, clever, and well-informed. But though often sensible, amusing, and even agreeable enough in conversation, she occasionally seemed to take a sort of pleasure in saying, in the kindest manner, things which she must have known her listeners could hardly like to hear. Thus if there had been a party at which one had happened not to be present, Mrs Johnstone was certain to inform him that she was 'so sorry:' it was the most agreeable party she had been at for an age; quite grievous to think you had missed it. Or if you were shewing her your greenhouse, she had seen Mrs ——'s the other day, and her geraniums were exquisite: she would have given the world to have been able to carry off some for you. She had had a long conversation that very morning with Mr Hartley and Mr Clavering, in which, having remarked the direction of their flirtations the preceding night, she had given them a sketch of the Bertram family, with anecdotes, many of them very amusing, and graphically told, of Mr Bertram's fruitless attempts to get matches for his daughters, and his various disappointments: they were, she said, the laughing-stock of the whole country round. The result of this conversation was, that Arthur Clavering thought his cousin a less agreeable woman than he had supposed; but at the same time he determined to be on his guard with Harriette Bertram. But Mr Hartley had known Mrs Johnstone longer, and what she said made little or no impression upon him; he had, in fact, nearly made up his mind to marry Susan Bertram. Mr Hartley was certainly rather a clever man, with a good share of common sense, and a will of his own, but good-tempered in the main. His notions with regard to marriage were much more commonplace than those of his cousin. Good-humour and good looks were all he sought for, and were indeed the sole qualities of which in a woman he had any appreciation. As it was not in his own nature to love with romantic ardour, he did

not care about inspiring such an attachment. He had been much pleased with Susan's manners and appearance: she was just the sort of pleasant, commonplace girl to take his fancy. Possibly she did wish to be married; but what then? It was very natural, and in her conduct there was nothing forward or indecorous. Her father certainly was a drawback; but as he lived at so great a distance from him, perhaps he was a drawback of little consequence. In short, Mr Hartley was a man who valued himself on thinking for himself. He would watch Susan during the six weeks he was to remain at the Grange, and if at the end of that period he should find her what she appeared, he would make her an offer of his hand.

At dinner, half to her annoyance, half to her satisfaction, Mr Clavering was assigned to Harriette. He had come to Fernielee with the intention of being very prudent; but he had not been there half an hour ere he completely lost sight of this wise resolution. He and his fair companion fell into an even more animated strain of discourse than on the preceding evening. Inspired by Harriette's approving glance and animated reciprocation, from music and poetry he was led to speak of the sentiments and qualities of which these are but the expression—of sympathy, of generosity, faith, constancy, magnanimity, of natural and moral beauty, till at last, as he drew a picture of happiness with the true, unforced eloquence of feeling, forgetting all the littleness and meanness of life, Harriette's heart echoed his sentiments, and her eyes shone with the enthusiasm his words had kindled. And once more Arthur Clavering said to himself: 'I am sure she is perfectly single-minded, and so beautiful, and so fresh in her ideas—so unlike the hackneyed, commonplace, stereotyped agreeableness even of intellectual women in London society. Meanwhile Harriette would have been perfectly happy had it not been for the fulsome attention her father paid to Mr Clavering. After dinner he led him up and down the drawing-room, exhibiting to him the family pictures with which this apartment, as well as the dining-room, was hung, descanting on the marriages and intermarriages of the family; and finally, telling him that his grandmother, 'a very handsome woman, and one of Lord ——'s family, was considered very like his daughter Harriette. Harriette is the belle of my family—indeed of the neighbourhood, it is generally allowed; and she is a very fine singer also. I am certain she will be delighted to sing for you, as you are quite a favourite of hers. Harriette, my dear, sing to Mr Clavering.' Harriette blushed scarlet.

'I am quite out of voice to-night,' she replied; 'I cannot sing. I trust our guests will excuse me.'

'Ask her to sing, Mr Clavering. I am sure,' continued Mr Bertram, with a frown at the recusant, 'she will not refuse you.'

'I cannot flatter myself that I am likely to prevail where you do not. I can only say, nothing would afford me so much pleasure as to hear Miss Harriette sing.'

Mr Clavering spoke gravely, for he saw that Harriette's feelings were wounded, and yet he could not help fancying that he was a favourite of hers—the extreme mortification she could not conceal only helping to confirm him in the flattering idea. She answered somewhat pointedly: 'I trust I am always happy to oblige any one.'

'Nonsense, Harriette!' cried her father; 'she shall sing to you to-night,

Mr Clavering. I have desired you to sing—are my wishes nothing? Am I nobody in my own family? I suppose you think my wishes of no consequence; but I beg you to understand they are not quite so insignificant as you suppose!

Harriette now hurriedly rose and approached the piano. She felt ready to sink into the earth with shame, and hastily opening a music-book, began to play and sing. Never had she sung so ill before; but, even hoarse and agitated though her voice was, there was in it a deep pathos—a perfect expression of the music such as Clavering had rarely heard. He was more and more charmed, but he forbore to say more than—‘Thank you!’ adding, loud enough to be heard by Mr Bertram—‘We must not trespass on your kindness again to-night. It would give me pain to hear you sing again, for I see it is quite an effort to you.’ He then led her from the piano, and seemed to endeavour, by every sort of soothing attention, and by the most sprightly conversation, to obliterate from her memory the annoyance she had suffered. At last his efforts were successful. Harriette became once more her natural, lively self. Arthur Clavering left Fernielee that night perfectly convinced that Harriette Bertram, whatever her father might be, was no schemer for a husband, but a creature possessed of more beauty, sensibility, and mind, than any woman he had ever known. He was not ignorant of the danger he ran. He felt that he was fast falling in love; but now he had begun to think, not so much whether he ought to fall in love with her, as whether there was a probability of her loving him. Of this, however, he did not quite despair. As for Harriette, she lay awake half the night thinking of Arthur Clavering. At last her imagination was excited; at last her feelings were touched; at last she had met a man who at once excited her sympathy and respect—one who, she felt, could draw out her better self; in whose company she seemed to become a superior being. But then came the recollection of Mr Johnstone’s speech: ‘The Bertrams of Fernielee—the greatest husband-hunters in the country!’ and the remembrance of all her father’s too-pointed attentions, to poison all the pleasure of her reflections. She felt that, though too polite to shew it, she was perchance an object of contempt to Arthur Clavering. In the feelings produced by this idea she was almost tempted to wish she might never see him again. The next minute, however, her heart reproached her, and she was forced to confess to herself the intense delight she experienced in his society.

III.

Thus days and weeks rolled on; and long ere the six weeks had passed Mr Hartley was Susan’s accepted lover. He was now a daily visitor at Fernielee, and he rarely came unaccompanied by Arthur Clavering. The latter had now become Harriette’s constant companion in her walks. Together they climbed the wild, heathery braes; together they admired the foxglove, the scarlet poppy, and the tiny blue harebell, growing among the long, wild grass on the top of rock or scaur, or peeping out amid the tangled growth which bordered the ‘wimpling burnie;’ together they moralised over the fading woods and the falling leaves; together they

thought and felt; and though no word of love had been spoken, there seemed to be a sort of tacit understanding between them that they were all to each other. Meanwhile the grand drawback to Harriette's felicity was the obsequious and unremitting attention her father paid to her lover. At times she felt certain that it was impossible he could believe her a party to her father's evident scheming; but often her heart was filled with apprehension lest such might be his belief. Refined, sensitive, and with even an exaggerated sense of the dignity of her sex, Harriette was wretched as she brooded over such thoughts. It was only in the presence of Arthur Clavering that she ever entirely forgot them: they were her constant companions during his absence. Her mind was distracted between love and doubt. Meanwhile it was within a few days of his departure, and if he felt love, he had not yet declared it. 'Could it be,' thought Harriette, 'that he imagined a husband-hunting girl was a fair subject for an idle flirtation?' Arthur Clavering was a man of the world, and in that great and gay world of which he was a denizen she had heard that such proceedings were not uncommon; and her cheek burned and her spirit rose as she thought of herself made the subject of such an indignity. But then came the image of Arthur Clavering; the recollection of his manly, honourable, and even noble sentiments; and her heart was soft towards him once more, and she felt that she had wronged him by her suspicions. Meanwhile Mr Bertram fretted and fumed that Mr Clavering did not propose. Not a day elapsed that he did not ask Harriette: 'Has he not made you an offer yet?' 'No, sir,' with a trembling lip, was Harriette's invariable reply.

At last one day, after the usual response, Mr Bertram remarked, with an air of wisdom: 'I have been thinking over the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that Mr Clavering is probably waiting till I break the affair to him. I shall therefore take the earliest opportunity of speaking to him on the subject, as he leaves the country in a few days.'

'I entreat, papa,' cried Harriette in an agony of distress, 'that you will not do so. It will be of no avail, I can assure you. Mr Clavering is not a man to be forced into marrying any one, nor should I accept him unless his offer were spontaneous.'

Almost for the first time Mrs Bertram ventured to oppose her husband. 'Oh, Mr Bertram!' she cried, suddenly roused from her gentle, apparently apathetic sadness, 'I beg and pray you will not so far compromise our daughter's dignity. I hope Harriette may marry Mr Clavering; but indeed you take the wrong way.'

'The wrong way, madam! Very pretty indeed, madam! Is this your respect for me? Is this the way you teach your daughters a proper deference for my opinion? Of course you and Miss Harriette know a great deal better than I do. Of course I am a fool, and have seen nothing of the usages of society. Of course I ought to allow myself to be governed by my wife and daughters; but I will not, Mrs Bertram! And allow me to tell you both, I intend to take my own way with regard to Mr Clavering, imagining myself quite competent to judge in the affair.' To such a speech mother and daughter alike felt that it would be useless to reply. After Mr Bertram's indignation had cooled a little, he inquired of Susan: 'Does Mr Hartley ever say anything to you about Mr Clavering?'

'Yes; he has said several times that he hoped Arthur would marry Harriette; that he was very fastidious, but that he had never seen him so much taken with any one before; and that he thought he would marry her.'

'He thought he would!' cried Harriette; 'and does he imagine that it depends solely upon Mr Clavering?' This speech was the signal of another from Mr Bertram, which sent poor Harriette to weep alone in her bedroom, where Susan followed her to comfort her, while Marianne agreed with her father that Harriette was a fool, and the three younger girls made up their minds that she was utterly incomprehensible. Mrs Bertram, according to her custom after such domestic scenes, took a religious book, and withdrew to the quiet of her own dressing-room, till she was summoned back by her husband. 'What was she always read, reading about?—a parcel of such canting nonsense too! She preferred her books to his society, that was very evident.'

The following morning brought Mrs Johnstone to call. She was received by Susan and Harriette, the rest being out. As she was an intelligent woman, half an hour passed away agreeably enough in conversation on general topics. She then began to allude to subjects of a more personal nature; hinted at the prospect of having Susan for a relative; and finding herself encouraged by the blushes and smiles of the latter, began to grow quite confidential. 'You will find Mr Hartley a very excellent man—a little peculiar in the temper perhaps, and with a will of his own; but, my dear Miss Susan, it is always the way. He is not worse than other men, and, take my word for it, matrimony is not the sort of heaven young ladies expect when they are in love. But I must not say any more on the subject, in case I should frighten your sister from following your example, which I should not wonder if she did ere long. Hey! Miss Harriette!' Harriette returned no answer; but Susan looked encouraging. Mrs Johnstone continued: 'Another cousin of mine is very often here; and I *know*'—

'What do you know, my dear Mrs Johnstone?'

'Oh, I know a certain person who thinks Miss Harriette Bertram has the finest voice he ever heard, &c. &c. In short, I wonder it has not been all settled before now; but I have always remarked that men like to be tantalising.'

'Tantalising!' cried Harriette.

'Of course it is very wrong,' continued Mrs Johnstone; 'if they read their Bibles they would see that it is not doing as they would be done by; but I fear there is little religion in the world.'

'Yes,' cried Harriette; 'but we are also told to think no evil; and'—

'Oh, my dear Miss Harriette, I really beg your pardon for interrupting you, but your simplicity, though very charming, quite amuses me. I really envy you your good opinion of mankind. I am sorry to say I know them better, and I could tell you a very different story even about my good Cousin Arthur himself; but perhaps I had better not.'

'As you please, Mrs Johnstone. It does not concern me at all.'

'Nay, but it does concern you; indeed, in one sense it is quite flattering to you, while at the same time it shows the conceit of the young man. And as it is much better that you should know what you are to expect, that you may not be disappointed, I shall tell you at once. As we were all sitting together over the fire the other afternoon, we began to talk of

your family, as one occasionally does of one's neighbours you know, my dear Miss Harriette, and canvassing the various charms of you young ladies, when Arthur said: "I think Miss Harriette the prettiest, as well as the pleasantest; and if I were to take one of them, I should take her." "That is, supposing she would have you," said I. Upon which he laughed, and said, he supposed "there could be little doubt on that point." Only fancy, the saucy creature!

Harriette answered not a word. She maintained a calm exterior, while her heart was ready to burst. This was the man she had so loved, so admired, who had been to her so full of respect, devotion, tenderness. And he would speak of her thus to a stranger! This was the style of the attachment he entertained for her; if indeed he entertained any at all. She was wounded beyond all expression; and no sooner had Mrs Johnstone, smilingly and almost affectionately, taken leave, than she hastened to her own room, to give relief to those feelings, all sign of which she had been able to repress in the presence of their visitor. But she had not been alone many minutes ere her door was opened by one of her younger sisters. 'Papa has come in, and wishes to see you immediately, Harriette, in the breakfast parlour.'

Wondering what could be coming next, Harriette ran down stairs, and in the above-mentioned apartment found the whole family assembled in conclave, with an air of expectation, while her father paced up and down the room with a more than ordinarily consequential bearing. 'Be seated, Miss Harriette Bertram,' he said with an ill-assumed air of dignity, which was far from concealing a sort of fussy, delighted excitement, expressed in every feature and gesture. Harriette took a seat on a sofa beside her mother, who looked nervous and anxious. 'In former times,' continued Mr Bertram, 'it was considered the duty of a father to provide suitable matches for his daughters. I am well aware that in the present degenerate days such wholesome and proper customs have fallen much into disuse, and that it is now too often the fashion to allow young persons to manage such affairs for themselves—a fashion which I cannot but consider derogatory to feminine delicacy and the dignity of an ancient family. But I always have made and always shall make it my practice to set my face against modern innovations. I consider it my duty as the representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and therefore I have followed the ancient practice with regard to the marriages of my children. Two or three weeks ago I had the satisfaction of concluding a treaty of alliance for my second daughter, Susan, with John Hartley, Esquire, of Sandilands Hall, in the county of Hants; and now I have had the further satisfaction of being able to arrange a matrimonial engagement for my third daughter, Harriette, with Arthur Clavering, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and third son of William Clavering, Esquire, of Somerton Park, in the county of Derby. I had an interview with Mr Clavering this morning, when I stated to him that I conceived it my duty not to allow him to quit the country without coming to some definite arrangement with regard to my daughter Harriette, whom it was clear to me, as well as to the rest of my family and the world in general, that he greatly admired. I then told him that although in some points of view, such as wealth, my daughter might probably have done better, I considered him, in point of birth and position,

quite unexceptionable, and that he had my permission to address her formally. To this he replied that he thanked me, and that he would take an early opportunity of assuring Miss Harriette personally of his attachment. And now, madam,' continued Mr Bertram, turning to his wife, 'I hope you are satisfied that I did not take the wrong way.'

'Poor Mrs Bertram only answered by a scarcely audible sigh, while her husband, content with the victory he had gained, strutted out of the room. He was at that moment in too good a humour with himself and his success to be very touchy, and therefore his wife's silence passed unnoticed. A minute or two afterwards he might have been seen in the garden, descanting volubly to the gardener on the marriages of his daughters, and collecting from that functionary the *on dits* of the neighbourhood on the subject. In Mr Bertram's opinion, it was a fine thing to be talked about.

As soon as he was gone, Harriette flew back to her own room in an agony of mind inconceivable. She was sunk in her own eyes, and felt that she must be degraded for ever in those of Arthur Clavering. He had been solicited to marry her: 'she had' been actually offered to him! True, he had consented—*consented!* And was she to submit to this? Never—never! Rather would she lose him for ever, even dearly as she loved him, than he should take—*take her*—his own words—as a thing he might accept or reject at his pleasure. And then the idea of seeing him! What would she not give to avoid being in his presence again, distracted as her mind was with mingled love, resentment, and shame! In the feverish restlessness caused by such emotions, and hardly knowing what she did, she hastily threw on a shawl and bonnet, and wandered out into the open air.

IV.

It was now late in the season—a stormy, cloudy, autumn day. The leaves were now thinner on the trees, and their tints less brilliant; and though the scarlet fruit of the mountain-ash still gleamed here and there beside some dark pine or shining holly, it was fast dropping from the boughs. The purple of the moorlands was fading away, and the ferny braes, so lately tinted like the woods, were becoming of one uniform brown. The stream seemed to have a hoarser murmur—a sadder fall, as it bore rapidly on its tiny waves many a sere leaf and withered stalk which the wind blew down in showers from the copse which lined its banks. The wild gale hurried the clouds over the face of the heavens, blew up the piles of withered leaves in rustling eddies, and roared sadly through the dying woods, as if it bemoaned itself its work of devastation.

Harriette ran hurriedly on. The melancholy excitement of the scene and day was in harmony with her feelings. There was no calm to mock her agitation—no joy to embitter her misery. She bounded over the fields and through the woods till she was exhausted, and then, seating herself on a rock half moss-grown, which overhung the stream, and was shaded by a few superannuated ivy-covered elms, she leaned upon her hand, and began to brood over her grievances. In such a frame of mind as hers, evils become magnified, the understanding yields her supremacy to the imagination, which, working on the feelings, seems for the time to deprive the former of the

power of discriminating the relative value of circumstances. A harshness and stubbornness foreign to her real nature seemed to grow round Harriette's heart. Her better angel seemed to have forsaken her. She had been thus seated for a brief space, when her attention was aroused by the sound of a voice close beside her, which whispered softly yet distinctly: 'Harriette.' Her heart gave a tremendous bound; she looked up and saw Arthur Clavering. Instantly the blood rushed over her cheeks and forehead. In the present state of her feelings it seemed that he had taken a liberty in calling her Harriette. It helped to steel her heart against him. Her confusion did not escape unnoticed by Clavering. He too was agitated; for though he hoped more than he feared, still, now that the decisive moment was come, he felt terribly nervous. But Harriette's blushes reassured him; and throwing himself on the turf beside her, he took her hand, while he said: 'Beloved Harriette! tell me, dearest, that I am not indifferent to you!'

But Harriette drew away her hand; and hastily rising, said, haughtily and with difficulty, for she felt as if the words would choke her: 'You mistake, Mr Clavering!'

For a second he felt quite confounded; but seeing her turn as if to leave him, he too sprang upon his feet, while he cried: 'Do not go! Wait but a moment, Miss Bertram, and hear me! Oh, Harriette, I love you!—I love you passionately!'

Her heart was fast melting; but still the stubborn, wounded spirit would not yield. 'Excuse me, Mr Clavering,' she said with a coldness she was obliged to feign to conceal her excessive agitation.

'Do you reject me then?' he asked, his voice faltering with disappointment and mortification, while with his eyes he made another appeal to her feelings.

But she saw it not, for hers were resolutely turned in an opposite direction; and in a low tone she answered: 'I do.'

And then Arthur Clavering, in all the bitterness of a wounded heart, replied: 'Oh, Harriette, I have not deserved—I did not expect such unkindness from you! But pardon me, madam, I will not longer intrude upon you. Farewell!' He had gone a step or two, when he turned again to say, in a softer tone: 'I wish you all happiness!' And in a minute he was out of sight.

The whole scene had passed so rapidly, that it seemed like some strange illusion; but no sooner was he gone than the spell seemed broken, and the resentment vanished which had supported Harriette throughout. She threw herself once more on the ground, and burst into tears. Yes, they were parted for ever! She wept as if her heart would break; and now that it was all over, doubts of the justice of her own motives, of the propriety of her conduct, would intrude. She remembered his parting glance, and she felt that he had loved her. Thoughts of her father's anger, her mother's sorrow, the disappointment of all her family, the storm which awaited her at home, all contributed to distract her. The excitement had completely passed away, and as she cast a glance on the life which lay before her, and thought what life might have been with Arthur Clavering, her spirit felt dreary indeed. She durst not return home, but sat cold, weary, and weeping; while the gray autumn twilight grew deeper and deeper, the blast wailed louder and more piteously,

blowing against her on every side the fallen leaves—emblems, she sadly thought, of her perished hopes, her cheerless destiny.

Here she was found at last by Susan, who had wandered out to search for her: but she could not communicate her sorrows to Susan; for, kind as her sister was, she knew that of such sorrows as hers she would have no appreciation; that it was only her compassion, not her sympathy, she could hope for; and it was for sympathy poor Harriette yearned. But we must now return to Clavering.

As has been already mentioned, Clavering's hopes had considerably outrun his fears. For the last few weeks he and Harriette had been almost constantly together, and it seemed to him that in her frank manners—in her ready sympathy—in the way in which she had received certain words and glances, meant to tell a tenderer tale than a mere passing desire to be agreeable, he had read feelings and wishes responsive to those he himself entertained. There was about Harriette altogether a freshness—a spontaneity—a sort of transparency—through which every feeling and emotion became visible, and which gave the idea that though hers was not a common character, it was one which might easily be understood. Arthur Clavering believed that he had read it thoroughly. Harriette would never have unfolded herself as she had done—would never have displayed such marked and conscious cordiality, after the unequivocal testimonies he had given her of his attachment, had she not returned it. The truthfulness and intelligence of her character alike forbade the supposition. Then, too, Clavering was conscious that his own claims were not inconsiderable. He felt that he was superior to all the other men by whom she was surrounded, and he knew that she would appreciate this superiority. Clavering was not conceited in the sense of being puffed up with a vast and disproportioned idea of his own merit and consequence; but his common sense, his practical clear-sightedness, and his experience, made him perfectly aware of the advantages he possessed over the mass; while the self-possession and energy of his character enabled him to act upon this knowledge. All his calculations were baffled, therefore, as well as his feelings cruelly wounded, by Harriette's rejection. He had rushed madly home to the Grange, hardly able to realise the misfortune which had befallen him. Shut up in his own room, he strove to be calm—to collect his thoughts; and summoning to his aid all his pride and all his self-command, he endeavoured to conquer the pain and the mortification which almost seemed as if it would drive him to distraction. When he recollected the warmth, the respect, the confiding tenderness with which he had addressed her, and the cold, haughty, unfeeling manner in which he had been repulsed, he felt angry and bitter; but when he remembered her as he had most frequently seen her—her lively softness, her artless cordiality, her ready susceptibility—his anger was lost in the remembrance. The conviction was strong upon him of the reality of these things. All that had passed within the last hour or two seemed some strange delusion—some impossible dream. And yet it was true—actually true. Oh, it was a bitter disappointment!

We are not to suppose, however, that Clavering's distress was perceptible to the family at the Grange. He possessed an even unusual share of self-control, and no one would have guessed that evening, from his self-possessed

manner and his easy conversation, the heart-burning within. But the effort was great; and when he was once more alone, he sat down, and, hiding his face on his folded arms, remained long wrestling with his grief. When he raised his head, one might have seen that his eye-lashes were heavy with a few briny drops, the first tears he had shed since childhood. He dashed them hastily away, saying half-aloud, and with a sort of melancholy determination: 'The worst is over now!'

V.

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the whole family at Fernielee when Mr Clavering left the country without appearing to claim Harriette as his bride—without even taking leave of any of them. Not one of them, however, except Susan, was aware of the real state of the case. She had learned it from Mr Hartley; but her own dread of the consequences of a disclosure, together with Harriette's entreaties, combined to secure her silence. Meanwhile Mr Bertram was wellnigh beside himself. His will was thwarted, his vanity wounded, his dignity offended. He chafed with rage, and kept the whole establishment in hot water for a fortnight. In his indignation he threatened to prosecute Mr Clavering for breach of promise; and it was only by dint of the most skilful humouring and management, together with a gentle representation from Susan—who, now that her own marriage was so near, had become the most important and influential member of the family—touching the detrimental effect so public an exposure might have on the chances of Harriette's future establishment, that he was prevented from carrying this threat into execution. Fortunate it was that Susan's wedding was to take place in December, for the arrangements and gossip attendant upon that event, together with the additional importance it reflected upon himself and his family, had the happy effect of enabling Mr Bertram to overcome his disappointment, and recover his ordinary frame of mind—certainly never the most complacent at any time. The business and the bustle now going forward had also a salutary effect upon poor Harriette, the constant occupation helping to engage her thoughts, while the prospect of losing her favourite sister in a measure diverted her feelings from the one subject which had at first engrossed them almost to madness. The perpetual whirl of the present prevented her from being able to dwell long on the past.

But at last it was all over. Mr Hartley and Susan were married: the wedding guests were gone: the congratulatory visits were paid: Fernielee was restored to its usual quiet monotony. It was the dead of winter: the days were at their briefest, the weather at its gloomiest. It was cold, but not cold enough for snow. From the sullen, lowering sky the rain descended in torrents, while the damp, chill blast swept over hill and moor, and through the naked woods, whose summer leaves now mouldered away on the dank soil beneath. The cheerless gloom, the unbroken stillness and sadness, the absence of all company, occupation, or necessity for exertion, either mental or bodily, had the natural effect on poor Harriette. Morning, noon, and night—the long, long night—she thought only of Arthur Clavering. It was in vain that she strove to banish his image.

Her mind was alternately filled with vain regrets and bitter self-reproaches, while a dull despondency or a restless misery by turns took possession of her. Her gay spirits were gone; her temper, formerly so sweet, had become almost irritable; she could not eat, she could not sleep; her youth and her beauty seemed vanishing away. Week by week she became worse; her health seemed ready to break down altogether; a low fever preyed upon her life. At last she became so very ill that she was unable to quit her bed.

It was a winter afternoon. Harriette lay in her own little bed. The shutters were shut, but the rain splashed upon the window-panes, and the wind blew loud and tempestuous, roaring in the chimney-top, while the large heavy drops fell hissing and bubbling on the small fire in the grate. There was no light in the room save that afforded by the red glow between the bars, which only served to throw a faint reddish lustre beyond the great shadow of the chimney-piece, and then faded again into total darkness. Harriette had been sleeping, but uneasily—her restless slumber disturbed by worrying dreams and images of pain. Suddenly she awoke with a start and a shiver. It was a second or two ere she could separate her waking from her sleeping impressions. Then she looked round on the darkness; then she listened to the wild turmoil of the outer world. A sense of profound sadness took possession of her; and believing herself alone, out of the fulness of a heart surcharged with sorrow she began to weep aloud.

'Tell me the cause of your distress, my darling,' said a gentle voice; and Harriette, in that moment of weakness, could reply only by another burst of tears as she flung her arms round her mother. 'My dearest,' said Mrs Bertram, 'if he could leave you as he did, he was not worthy of you.'

'Leave me! Oh, mother, he did not leave me!' and then Harriette poured into her mother's ear the story of the grief which filled her heart.

That interview made the mother and daughter better known to each other than they had ever been; and as they mingled their tears together, Harriette resolved to devote her life, if it was indeed spared, to that dear parent, and breathed a prayer to her Father in heaven that she might be given the power to perform her task, and that she might find her reward in her mother's added happiness.

Harriette recovered. A new impulse had been given to her feelings, a new motive to her life. The mother and daughter were now constant companions; and while the latter learned from the former the lesson of resignation, she in her turn opened to her mother a new source of interest in those mental occupations which had once been the charm of her own life, and now become its solace. Thus passed away months, years, in a sort of gentle serenity, which, if not positively happiness, had certainly in it nothing of misery. Not that Harriette had forgotten Arthur Clavering. She had never seen another to be compared with him; but she had learned to look back on the brief period of their intercourse as but a romantic episode in the sober tale of life.

Five years have elapsed since that eventful autumn morning on which Harriette Bertram had parted with Arthur Clavering. Harriette is changed since we saw her last. She looks more than five years older, yet she is beautiful still. She is thinner and paler: a more pensive grace sits on her

smooth brow—a more chastened spirit looks out from her clear, dark eyes. She is changed, too, in character. The sensitive, impulsive girl has become developed into the tender, thoughtful woman. If her early vivacity has in a measure forsaken her, she is as much alive as in former days to every object of interest; while her playful fancy sheds a grace around every subject it touches. With as much both of mind and heart as ever, her feelings and her thoughts are better regulated, while at the same time they are deepened and enlarged. While her mother bends meekly beneath her trials, Harriette seems to have risen above hers. What is resignation in the one is fortitude in the other. Harriette has discovered that

‘To bear is to conquer our fate.’

About this time Mrs Bertram’s health began to fail. She had no complaint; but an increasing debility, and a general decay of the bodily powers, afforded ample room for anxiety. She had been confined to her room the greater part of the winter and spring; but as the summer drew on, she seemed to rally, and her medical attendant was of opinion that a change to the milder air of the south of England might restore her to health, or at least enable her to get through the succeeding winter. It was determined, therefore, that, in company with Harriette, she should pay a visit to Susan at Sandilands Hall, on the Hampshire coast. Mr Bertram, who had throughout his wife’s illness shewn a good deal of concern, after a fussy, troublesome fashion, agreed to the measure at once.

‘No place so proper for your mother to go to, Harriette, as to her married daughter’s. I suggested it some time ago, and now the doctor and all of you have come round to my opinion. I am well aware that my opinions never meet with proper deference. Dr — is an insolent upstart; and if it had not been that your poor mother seemed to have some unaccountable whim in his favour, I should have dismissed him long ago. By the by, the marchioness sent to inquire for your mother to-day—very polite of her—very unlike the neglect of that upsetting woman, Lady King; but these Kings are nobodies. The idea of her fancying herself superior to the Bertrams of Fernielee! I shall let her see that I will not submit to such insolence.’

Mrs Bertram bore her long journey pretty well. The travellers were most affectionately received by Susan and her husband, and every accommodation prepared for the invalid. Sandilands Hall was a tolerably large modern mansion, built in imitation of the Elizabethan style of architecture. The grounds possessed little natural advantage of situation, except that in some places they commanded a view of the sea, but were nicely laid out and beautifully kept—a striking contrast, in their newness and trimness, with the slovenly wildness and old-fashioned dullness of Fernielee. All within the house looked the very quintessence of cheerfulness and comfort—as comfortable and cheerful as Susan herself. Susan was now fatter, fairer, and rosier than she had ever been before. An air of extreme satisfaction with herself and with everything that belonged to her was diffused over her whole face and person, and seemed to be expressed in every word and gesture. She and Mr Hartley were the most comfortable couple in the world. He was a clever man, tried experiments, and contributed to scientific journals: she spent her time in working ottoman

after ottoman, and chair after chair, in paying visits, playing with her children, and superintending the gardener. They had few ideas in common, and spent very little of their time together; still they had a strong mutual respect and regard, and an entire mutual confidence. Both were perfectly satisfied that they had drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery, and neither wished for more sympathy than the other gave. Susan had since her marriage become very sage and proper in all her notions. She had very decided opinions upon all the common affairs of life, and had at command an abundance of truisms and trite pieces of wisdom. She had a horror of flirting young men and women, and was constantly lecturing upon this subject to a ward of Mr Hartley's, a very pretty, lively girl, who was at present an inmate of Sandilands Hall. Harriette could not avoid occasionally smiling at these lectures, for she well remembered the time when no one enjoyed a flirtation more than Susan herself. But times were changed now. Secure in her own position, she seemed to possess an entire oblivion of her former actions and motives, and to have no sympathy with them. And yet Susan was a kind-hearted woman: nor is such forgetfulness in any situation a phenomenon of very rare occurrence.

Mrs Bertram's health seeming to improve with the change of air and scene, Harriette began to indulge in the hope that her life might be spared; and her spirits rising in consequence, she also found considerable amusement and enjoyment in the scenes by which she was surrounded. Some share of this amusement was contributed by Clara Norris, the young lady mentioned above. Clara was a young girl between eighteen and nineteen, with the prettiest, fairylike figure, the rosiest cheeks, the most roguish blue eyes, and the softest, most luxuriant gold-brown hair that ever was seen. She was an heiress and a spoiled child, wayward, whimsical, and capricious, and yet not without a certain fitful goodness of disposition, and some glimpses of right and truth. Without being either clever or intellectual, she was much too lively and amusing to be called either stupid or silly. She was excessively fond of flirting, and to Susan's horror, made no hesitation of declaring that she preferred the society of gentlemen to that of her own sex. At present she had no one to flirt with but a certain Mr Charles Crawford, the younger son of a neighbour, a young man about twenty-five, of a rather gentlemanly and agreeable appearance, but with nothing decidedly handsome either in face or person. Mr Charles Crawford had been educated for the bar, and had kept the necessary terms; but somehow or other he had got tired of the profession, and did not care to be 'called.' He was now doing nothing, and seemed to be quite contented with the occupation. He was quite a lady's man, and would spend whole forenoons in criticising work, and trying over polkas and songs; for he both played the piano and sung himself. He was also a tolerable draughtsman, and sometimes hit off a caricature very cleverly. He had an abundance of small talk, literary, theatrical, operatic, musical, complimentary, sentimental, and gossiping. He was a great favourite of Mrs Hartley, with whom he frequently passed the morning either at the greenhouse, or sitting upon a footstool (his favourite position), playing with the children, or telling her the news while she worked. She was more tolerant of Clara's flirtations with him than with any other person, for she considered him a 'very safe young man.' 'People who are so ready to pay attention to anybody

never fall in love. Charles Crawford will never marry anybody, but will go on being everybody's beau to the end of his life.' And so Susan was tolerably content that he should talk less to her, and play polkas and romp in the garden instead with Clara Norris, as 'it kept her out of greater mischief.' And now that Mrs Hartley had her mother and sister to occupy her, Clara Norris and Charles Crawford were more together than ever.

On the very night of Harriette's arrival, Clara, with her usual frankness, announced to her that she had taken a fancy to her.

'Why, may I ask?' said Harriette, a little amused.

'Oh, because you are so tall and graceful, and have such beautiful long dark ringlets, and you sing so sweetly. I like music, and I like a gentlewoman; and you are a gentlewoman all over, and you must let me call you Harriette, because I love you.'

'My dear Clara,' said Susan, 'there is nothing more foolish than to take sudden fancies. People often turn out very differently from what they appear. In the present instance, indeed, with my sister Harriette you are quite safe; but often it might be dangerous.'

'So you have often told me, and Arthur Clavering laughs at me for it; but I don't care whether it is sensible or not, for I cannot help it, and I am not going to give it up. By the by, I wonder when Arthur Clavering is coming.'

At the first mention of that long-unspoken name Harriette's heart beat violently, but she contrived to ask: 'Is Mr Clavering expected here?'

Ere Susan had time to reply, Clara exclaimed: 'Do you know Arthur Clavering? How odd he should never have spoken of you to me!'

'It is a long time since I met Mr Clavering.'

'Oh, but he could not have forgotten you! I wonder he did not fall in love with you! I shall attack him for his want of taste.'

'Indeed, Clara,' cried Susan, 'you shall do nothing so indelicate and improper! I can assure you Arthur Clavering will be much displeased!'

'I don't care if he is! I shall do what I please till we are married at any rate! And to do Arthur justice, he is not half so straitlaced as you are. If he only would not insist on lending me horrid histories and poems to read, and always asking me if I have read them, I should have no fault to find with him.'

Married! then Arthur Clavering was going to be married, and to Clara Norris! Harriette thought that she had quite overcome her love for him: but she could not hear of his marriage without unwonted perturbation. As soon as she and Susan were alone, the latter said: 'I have only waited, my dearest Harriette, till I knew whether it would be agreeable to you for us to have Arthur Clavering down. He and Clara are to be married next spring; but I would rather do anything, Harry, than make you uncomfortable.'

'You are ever kind, my dear Susan,' said Harriette, embracing her sister; 'but I can have no objection to meet the affianced husband of another woman.'

'Are you sure, Harriette?' said Susan, for she felt a hot drop upon her cheek.

'It is but the remembrance of past pain, dear Susan. Do not fear that I shall disgrace you.'

'Disgrace me! No, that I am sure you never will! All I mean is, do not try yourself too much.'

'I trust it will be no trial, my kind Susan. If it should, the sooner I school myself to bear it the better.'

VI.

It was a few mornings after this conversation, as Harriette hastily opened a door leading from a passage which conducted from the breakfast parlour into the entrance-hall, that in the most awkward manner she nearly ran against a gentleman who was entering. She looked up. It was Arthur Clavering. As their eyes met, an expression of some kind of emotion flitted rapidly over his face, but so rapidly, so instantaneously, that one could hardly have said it had been there; and in a calm tone, and with a manner perfectly self-possessed, he said: 'Miss Bertram! I beg your pardon;' and then, after a second's pause, 'I hope you are well.' His self-possession restored Harriette to hers, though it could not so instantly chase the bright flush from her usually pale cheek. She returned his salutation, and, as if by mutual consent, they shook hands, coldly and formally, like common acquaintance. In the same ceremonious style Mr Clavering inquired for her mother and the family at Ferniclee; and they passed on in opposite directions.

As their intercourse had begun, so it continued. Ever perfectly polite, yet never too polite, neither familiar nor distant, Arthur Clavering's manner convinced Harriette that he had not only forgiven, but in a sense forgotten their former intercourse. So perfect appeared his indifference, that as far as he was concerned the past seemed as if it had never been. She had ceased to interest him in any way; and thus it was best—far best. So she said to herself; and she strove to repress all regretful musings, and sought to divert her mind by busying herself in cares for her mother. To the latter Arthur Clavering shewed a gentle, unobtrusive attention. They often chatted together on general topics, while Susan and Harriette worked, and Clara rode with Charles Crawford; for Clavering was no equestrian, and Clara 'could not do without her ride on the downs.' In the evening Clavering was generally occupied with his betrothed at the piano, while after breakfast they strolled together in the grounds. It was on one of these latter occasions that Clara put in execution her threat of asking Arthur Clavering why he had not fallen in love with Harriette Bertram. They had been talking rather sensibly for a few minutes, Arthur having been making an endeavour to lead the volatile Clara into something like a sober train of thought. He had just begun to hope he had succeeded in arresting her attention, for she had asked one or two pertinent questions, when all at once she exclaimed: 'Oh, Arthur! I am tired of being wise. If you wanted a sensible wife, you should have married Harriette Bertram.'

As Clara spoke, a shade of displeasure stole over her companion's countenance. 'Really, Clara, you get more and more childish. It seems to me as if you could not fix your attention for five minutes.'

'I know I cannot. My thoughts are like those butterflies, wandering about from one pretty flower to another, and never resting upon anything disagreeable.'

'But, my dearest Clara, though this is all very well and very charming at present, yet as there are some scenes in every life where there are no flowers'——

'I beg your pardon, Arthur; but why did you never tell me that you knew Harriette Bertram? Why did you never describe her to me? You could not have had the bad taste not to think her beautiful.'

'You forget that it is five years since I saw Miss Bertram; and besides, my dearest Clara, it is not in the presence of one beautiful woman that one has the most vivid remembrance of the charms of another.'

'A very fine compliment, Mr Arthur; but don't suppose you are to get off in that way. I think Harriette the most beautiful woman I ever saw; and her singing is exquisite; and then she is good, and witty, and wise; and I cannot conceive why you did not fall in love with her; and I am determined to find out'——

'Come, Clara! do not talk any more nonsense. I am quite tired of it,' said Arthur almost angrily.

'What, Arthur, you are not really angry?' and Clara's bright, merry face was raised to his half roguishly, half deprecatingly.

He smiled, and stroked her bright hair.

'And so you will not tell me,' she whispered coaxingly, and with that pertinacity which frequently distinguished her in the pursuit of her whims.

'Yes, Clara, I will,' he answered gravely. 'Perhaps I ought to have told you before. I did love Harriette Bertram. She was my first love.'

'And why were you not married?' asked Clara, suddenly sobered.

'Because she did not return my love; at least, I suppose so, as she rejected me. And now, Clara, are you mortified that your betrothed is the rejected of another woman?'

'No; I don't care the least in the world about that. But I am surprised she rejected you.'

'Why so? Do you think that because you have been so good as to be pleased with me, every other woman must necessarily have been the same?'

'No; but I should have thought Harriette would. Indeed it seems even stranger to me that she should not have accepted you than that I should.'

'How, then?'

'Oh! I can never explain things; but it is. Do look at that butterfly. I *must* have a chase after it!' And with a merry, provoking laugh, she ran away.

'She is very pretty and very lively, certainly,' thought Arthur Clavering; 'but I wish, I wish she were not *quite* so frivolous. Harriette used to be lively; but her liveliness seemed to proceed from happy and ready thought, not from levity. She is grave now. Yet'—— And Arthur sighed; and then suddenly starting from the reverie into which he had fallen, he began with unusual ardour to gather a bouquet for Clara.

Some little time after this conversation, Charles Crawford dined one day at Sandilands Hall. After dinner, seated together on a tête-à-tête chair, a little apart from the rest of the party, he and Clara amused themselves with playing at cat's cradle, and at various tricks with a piece of cord. Clara was

as happy as a child, and laughed with delight at every new exhibition of Mr Crawford's dexterity. Mrs Bertram soon became tired, and withdrew to her own room. Susan accompanied her, saying she wished to have a private chat with her mother, and would take Harriette's place for one night. No sooner were they gone, than Mr Hartley betook himself to his study to write letters; and thus Harriette was left virtually tête-à-tête with Arthur Clavering.

Once or twice it had happened thus before, and they had always contrived to converse in a formal sort of way about the passing events of the day. To-night, however, it seemed as if they could not get on. Harriette made one or two remarks, but Arthur barely answered them. At last he said: 'I wish we had some music. Clara, I should be much obliged to you if you would give us a little.'

'Oh! I cannot sing now; we are in the midst of a delightful puzzle. My best, sweetest Harriette, do you sing for me! You sing so charmingly that no one can find fault with you as my substitute—your performance is a million times better than mine.'

'If you please, Miss Bertram,' said Mr Crawford. Arthur said nothing. Harriette knew not very well what to do; but the polite Mr Crawford saved her the trouble of a decision, for, rising, and with an 'Excuse me for a minute' to Clara, he opened the piano, and produced her music. 'Sing my favourite, like a darling, Harriette,' cried Clara. Now Clara's favourite chanced in former days to have been Arthur's favourite likewise. Harriette would much rather not have sung it; but she felt somehow or other that it was better not to refuse. She therefore looked out the music, and placed it before her on the piano. 'And now, Arthur!' cried Clara, 'turn over Harriette's leaves for her, and then we shall all be comfortable.' To refuse was impossible; and with a sort of grave politeness, yet without alacrity, he complied. It was a great trial to poor Harriette. As she sung, thoughts of other days, other scenes, other feelings, crowded fast upon her mind. She was transported back to the old-fashioned drawing-room at Fernielee, with its wainscoted walls and faded portraits. Again she seemed to see Mr Hartley and Susan seated together whispering on the old-fashioned sofa, while Marianne made signs to the younger girls to hold their tongues. Once more she beheld her father standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, keeping time to the music with a complacent shake of the head, and a self-gratulatory smile playing about the corners of his mouth, while her mother suspended her knitting, and raised her soft dark eyes as if absorbed by the music. Arthur Clavering had stood beside her then too; he had turned over the leaves for her then as now; and yet all else was changed. She was far away from Fernielee; Susan was now a happy wife and a happy mother; and her own beloved mother lay sick of a wasting disease, while Arthur and she were as strangers. Harriette had a brave spirit, and had moreover schooled herself to support moments like these; but though more under her control, her sensibility was as great as in former days; and the recollections, the associations of the moment lent a more impassioned tremulousness to her voice, and a deeper pathos to her expression. As the rich, soft melody, so sweet yet so sad, floated and quivered on the air, Charles Crawford and Clara dropped their play to listen; and when it was ended, the

latter rose, and throwing her arms round the musician, kissed her while she wept. Arthur meanwhile stood by with an unmoved countenance. Not a look, not a word betrayed that he had ever heard the song before. 'It is certainly very beautiful,' he said in a cold, composed tone, as if he admired the music rather than felt it; 'and we are all much obliged to Miss Bertram.' Charles Crawford, who, if he did not possess that poetry of mind without which none of the fine arts can be felt in their essential spirit and beauty, had a fine ear and a cultivated taste, now began to compliment Harriette in his own good-natured, graceful style. Ere he had finished his speech, Clavering had abruptly, almost unpolitely, quitted the room. Harriette's heart seemed suddenly to grow chill; she felt a choking sensation in her throat; her eyes filled with tears, and she leant over the music-stand as if in search of another piece, to conceal the emotion she could not repress. 'What a fool she was! What was it to her, or rather was it not far better, now that he had chosen a younger and fairer bride, that he should have lost all recollection of the days of his first love? And if her life seemed faded and sad in comparison with that of the young and blooming girl before her, was it not her own fault? Then away with these vain reminiscences, these worse than weak regrets. Had she not still her mother—*still*, but how long?' And with a feeling of self-reproach that this her best friend on earth should have been, even for a few minutes, so entirely absent from her thoughts, she rose, saying that she must now change places with Susan.

As she crossed the hall on her way to her mother's apartment, she perceived that the door was open, and the next instant she beheld, in the broad moonlight, Arthur Clavering, with folded arms, standing motionless on the lawn, as if in deep thought. What could this mean? Could he be jealous of Clara's flirtation with Charles Crawford?

VII.

Let us follow Arthur Clavering out into the light of the glorious harvest moon, which, undimmed by a vapour, hung out a perfect globe of light from the serene and fathomless blue of the sky. Dark masses of shadow from the shrubs and trees, interspersed with streams of silvery sheen, lay softly on the lawn. Every angle, and buttress, and coping of the mansion was strictly defined in light and shade, and the marble vases ranged along the margin of the greensward gleamed unearthly white in the pallid brightness. No sound smote the ear save the sound of the waves as they broke on the distant beach. Not a breath of wind stirred the dark motionless woods.

But the beauty of the scene seemed lost on Arthur Clavering. His thoughts appeared to be all concentrated within. No sooner had he quitted the drawing-room, than, changing his deliberate step to a rapid stride, he hurriedly left the house, audibly exclaiming: 'I can bear no more.' This was all he spoke aloud, for Arthur Clavering was not in the habit of soliloquising. But for the benefit of my readers, I shall explain his thoughts; and to enable me to do so, it will first be necessary to cast a retrospective glance upon his history, since we last saw him at the Grange, determined, even in the hour of anguish and disappointment, to

master the grief which pierced his soul, and to forget the woman whose heartless coquetry had caused it. Clavering was a man of resolution, he was, moreover, a man of industrious habits, and able from custom to concentrate his thoughts and faculties according to the determination of his will. And now that he had lost Harriette, he determined to direct all his energies to the pursuit of his profession, in which, for so young a man, he already stood high. Success, reputation, riches began to pour in upon him. In a year he believed he had ceased to regret Harriette Bertram. In another year he thought of marrying. With this end in view he went a good deal into society. He met many women whom he could not but acknowledge were pretty, and amiable, and sensible; but somehow, in spite of his own wishes and even endeavours, he could not fall in love. In every woman he saw there was wanting an indefinable charm, and this charm he could not but remember Harriette Bertram possessed. And yet, probably, if he were to see her now, he thought he should find himself disenchanted. Thus nearly five years had passed, when, during a visit to Sandilands Hall, he met Clara Norris. He was much struck by her beauty, grace, and extreme liveliness. Like Harriette, there was something uncommon, something fresh about her. He was amused, aroused, interested, and believed himself in love once more. He offered his heart and hand to the wild, volatile Clara, who, pleased and flattered at having made a conquest of a man so clever, so much esteemed, and so highly spoken of by everybody, and also influenced by the Hartleys, who both impressed upon her her extreme good fortune, accepted him at once. They had now been engaged for some time. A more intimate acquaintance had made Arthur Clavering aware of various mental deficiencies in his fair betrothed—such as an utter want of purpose, and a carelessness about everything but amusement. But to counterbalance these faults, she was, though excessively wilful, quite free from selfishness, kind-hearted, and without the smallest taint either of malice or deceit. 'When she is married,' thought Clavering, 'she will become steadier. I shall have her of my own educating.' Misgivings of his power to effect a change would however occasionally intrude. But he turned a deaf ear to them. The die was cast—Clara was to be his wife. He would cure her of her faults; but, like a wise man, he would not begin by drawing the reins too tight. Far, therefore, from rivalling what Clara denominated Mrs Hartley's 'prudishness,' or taking part in the lectures of the latter, he sometimes took Clara's part, and sought to win rather than to control the wayward girl. And in truth Clara was by no means insensible to his kindness; for while she delighted to tease Mrs Hartley, she would frequently suffer herself to be influenced by Arthur.

Such was the posture of affairs when Clavering found himself domesticated under the same roof with Harriette Bertram. At first sight he had thought her much changed both in appearance and manners. He said to himself that the charm was dissolved; that Harriette Bertram, though a fine-looking woman, was still but an ordinary mortal, and moreover *un peu passée*, and not nearly so lively as in former days. He had not been a week in the house, however, ere he became aware that the mental qualities he had attributed to her, the refined taste, the lively imagination, the ready apprehension of all that is lovely in nature or noble in conduct, were

no part of his delusion. Harriette was less vivacious, less demonstrative, less impassioned than in past times ; but in the tones of her flexible voice, in the light of her expressive eyes, might still be read, deepened, if subdued, the same earnestness and enthusiasm of character which had formerly distinguished her. In her affection for and devotion to her dying mother there was something, too, inexpressibly touching. Let her character be what it might, there could be no doubt she was fascinating. She was a complete riddle to him. In vain he tried to solve it. Thus she came to occupy much of his thoughts ; and then occasionally, when Clara was indulging in a fit of more than ordinary frivolity, the wish, scarce consciously to himself, would flit across his mind, that she were in *some things* more like Harriette. Such comparisons became more and more frequent ; and it was with something like remorse that he discovered that his old love was more frequently in his thoughts than his new. He explained this, however, to himself by saying that he understood Clara, and thought of Harriette merely as an interesting psychological study. Still he felt instinctively that there was danger in thinking so much of her, and he increased his attention to Clara, seeking to occupy himself in cares for her.

On the evening, the events of which I have described above, he had been more than usually displeased with Clara. Her frivolity seemed to him to have reached a climax, while her refusal to sing had seriously annoyed him. Then she had increased her offence by asking Harriette. How could she be so thoughtless when she knew the past ?—but he rejoiced that she did not know his feelings. It was not, however, till he heard Harriette sing once more again his favourite song, till her voice, so full, so sweet, so replete with feeling, seemed to awaken old associations, and recall in their pristine freshness old times, old hopes, old happiness, that his eyes were opened, and that he felt the entire and terrible conviction that he was engaged to one woman while he loved another. Yes, he loved her.

‘ The true love once disclosed,
Long since rejected,’

was true love still. This it was which had caused him to wrap himself up in external coldness and impassibility ; this it was which had sent him out to meditate alone in the moonlight, that he might regain his self-command, that he might think of and resolve upon the future. And now it seemed to him as if he had been led upon an unknown path in a mist, which, suddenly clearing away, had disclosed to him a horrible abyss, on the very brink of which he stood. What was he to do ? To marry Clara while he loved Harriette, or to break off his engagement with the former ? He felt like a true man, that in such a case as this Clara was the first person to be considered. Was it better to marry her without love, or to wound her feelings and mortify her pride by breaking off their projected union ? Or ought he to tell her the whole ? This last course, however, he felt was equivalent to dissolving the engagement, as no woman of feeling or spirit, however much she might suffer, could wish to continue it after such a disclosure. The result of Arthur Clavering’s deliberations was, that he must marry Clara. He was brought to this determination by the very motive which might have deterred many other men. ‘ Conscious that his feelings were all on the other side, and aware how apt the judgment, even

of the most upright men, is to be swayed by the inclinations, he thought it best to adhere to a promise solemnly given, cost what it might to himself. Clara should never know the sacrifice he had made, nor should she ever feel that she was not loved. This resolution once taken, with the decision of character and promptness of action conspicuous in everything he did, he determined to leave Sandilands Hall the next day. In his case he felt that true courage lay in flight. No longer exposed daily and hourly to the dangerous influence of Harriette's fascinating presence, this fever of the heart would subside. He had forgotten her once before: he might—he might *perhaps* forget her again!

The following morning he made an excuse to the Hartleys and Clara for quitting Sandilands Hall the same afternoon. Of the latter he took a kind farewell. His adieus to the Hartleys and Mrs Bertram were also of the most cordial and friendly description. And now he must shake hands with Harriette; hers was extended with composure, yet kindness. Her face, shaded by the 'long beautiful ringlets,' as Clara called them, though calm, was not indifferent, and was tinged by a slight ingenuous blush. She wished that they might part as friends, and she felt that from her heart she wished him happiness with Clara. He gave one glance at her eloquent face—the last—for he was never to see her again. Then hardly touching her offered hand, he turned quickly to repeat his farewell to Clara. Harriette believed she was utterly unheeded—quite forgotten. She deserved it; but when her heart had been so full of kindness, it was very bitter. Again, as on the previous night, she felt her eyes filling. She turned her head to conceal her emotion. As she did so, she caught Clara's eye fixed upon her. Clavering was now gone; and Clara, rushing up to Harriette, threw her arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

'What is the matter?' cried the latter in alarm.

'Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I felt inclined to try somehow; something came into my head; but you need not ask, for I am not going to tell one of you. And, by the by, I must practise that duet I promised to play with Charles Crawford to-morrow morning.'

'He must wind those worsteds for me first,' said Susan; 'and there is also a recipe which he promised to copy for me, that must not be forgotten. And, Clara, you and he must not ramble about upon the downs as you do; it looks ill, though Charles Crawford is a very gentlemanly young man; and as he pays attention to everybody, it does not so much signify; still, engaged young ladies cannot be too circumspect. Be advised, Clara, by a person who has had more experience than yourself, and who has only your good at heart.'

Susan delivered this speech with an air of extreme sagacity, while an expression of good-natured self-satisfaction beamed from her face. Clara returned no answer, but skipped away to feed the peacock.

VIII.

After the departure of Arthur Clavering things fell into the old routine at Sandilands Hall. Clara was as incorrigible as ever in her flirtations with Charles Crawford. One day, after the lapse of about a fortnight, she

announced that she had received an invitation to spend two or three weeks with some cousins who resided at Portsmouth, one of whom was the widow of an officer in the navy. Portsmouth! Susan demurred, for visions of pic-nics, and balls, and Clara flirting furiously with dozens of officers, led her to doubt the propriety of the step. But Clara was determined to go, and finally carried her point.

It was a fine morning on which she was to set out. Mr Hartley was to accompany her in the carriage to the nearest railway station. She had been unusually excitable and fidgety all the morning, having talked and laughed incessantly, and never having sat still for a single minute. After she had bid them all good-by in the drawing-room, she requested Harriette to accompany her into the hall. When there, she threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, half-crying, half-laughing as she did so. Then disengaging herself, she ran down the steps into the porch; but ere Harriette could return to the drawing-room, flew back again to embrace her once more, crying: 'Good-by, my dearest, sweetest Harriette: I hope you will be happy.'

'Happy! my dear girl,' cried Harriette smiling; 'one would suppose that I was unhappy.'

'No, not exactly unhappy. But are you quite, *quite* happy?'

'All wise people, you know, Clara, tell us that there is no such thing as perfect felicity in this world, and I have no right to expect that mine should be an exception to the common lot; but if mamma were only well again I should be happy—enough.' To this speech Clara only replied by a look, half-doubtful, half-perplexed, and another and another kiss.

'You won't quite forget me, Harriette? Though I am such a wild, foolish, silly thing, you will love me a little bit in spite of it all?'

'Dear, kind Clara! I love you very dearly.' Here Mr Hartley, who had been standing at the door all this time, called out in an impatient tone that he would wait no longer, and Clara ran off, laughing and exclaiming: 'We can drive all the quicker. Oh, I do so like to drive quick!'

'We shall meet again in a fortnight,' cried Harriette, with a cheerful nod. Clara only replied by a laugh—an odd-sounding laugh it seemed to Harriette; but the impression was only momentary, and passed entirely away from her thoughts.

The day after Clara's departure Mrs Bertram became much worse than she had ever been since she left home. She was now again confined to bed. Susan and Harriette were both much distressed; but the former had her husband, and her children, and her house, and her comforts, and was, besides, of a less anxious disposition. Poor Harriette felt that in losing her mother she should lose her all; but for the sake of that beloved one she bore up bravely. In everything Harriette felt or did there was an ardour, an enthusiasm, the natural effect of a warm heart united with a susceptible imagination and great strength of character. Thus she would not allow herself to despond for her own future, while her whole time and cares were for the present devoted to the invalid, for whose sake all her labours were labours of love. Still there were moments when an inexpressible sadness would suddenly steal over her spirits, and a settled gloom, without a glimmer on the horizon, would seem to darken over the perspective of her life. This generally happened when she was weary or

unemployed, and at such times she wisely shunned solitude, as a fit of musing was generally succeeded by a fit of weeping. One afternoon, a day or two before Clara's expected return, Mrs Bertram having fallen asleep, Harriette took the opportunity to go into the garden to gather a bouquet, and snatch a breath of the fresh air. Neither Susan nor Mr Hartley was at home, having taken advantage of the fine day to pay a round of visits.

The flower-garden at Sandilands Hall was a very pretty one. It branched off from the lawn, from which it was only separated by a low wire-fence covered with fuchsias and China roses, and was sheltered on the north by a row of lime-trees, through which walks led into a wood behind. A pretty conservatory stood on a sort of terrace, while beds of beautiful flowers were separated by walks bordered by hollyhocks and dahlias, which formed miniature avenues in every direction. The trees were in their autumn glory. There was no scarlet mountain ash, no purple heather, no long fern, as at Harriette's home; but elm and ash, and chestnut and oak, such as Scotland never saw, stretched away before her in rich and variegated luxuriance, while the sun setting red in the west threw an additional splendour over their melancholy pomp. Away, far along the horizon stretched the sea, bright, and calm, and cold, and blue. There was a clearness and a brightness about everything which seemed almost spiritual, but was the reverse of joyous. Harriette sat down on a garden seat, and fell into a reverie. The strange sadness which like a spell mingled with the sunshine, and brooded over the beauty, reminded her of the sadness which had come over her fading youth and once gay spirits. The temptation to muse over the past was too strong to be resisted; and Harriette recalled image after image, and feeling after feeling, till it all rose before her a perfect picture; and then, as she remembered that the vision she had conjured up was but a vision after all, she felt the tears rush to her eyes. Reproaching herself for her weakness and folly, she started up quickly for the purpose of returning to the house. She had not proceeded many steps when she heard some one pronounce her name, and turning round, was surprised and confused to perceive that it was Arthur Clavering. She stammered, and said something about not having expected him.

'I hope I have not intruded. The servant told me that your sister and Mr Hartley were not at home, but that I should find you in the garden.'

He had come voluntarily to seek her then. More surprised than ever, but in a degree recovering her self-possession, she replied: 'Oh no; not at all. I am going to gather a bouquet.'

'May I help you?'

'Thank you.' Harriette knew not what to make of all this, and she feared to speak lest she should betray her surprise and agitation. What could possibly be the meaning of the change which had come over Arthur Clavering—and why was he here?

After having given her several flowers of different kinds, he gathered at last a sprig of rosemary, and presenting it to her with greater discomposure and awkwardness than she had ever seen him display, he quoted part of Ophelia's speech: 'There's rosemary; that's for remembrance.'

Harriette, we have said, had learned in a great measure to control her feelings, but at this moment she was not mistress of herself, and exclaimed,

in her natural spontaneous and unguarded manner : ' Rather give me something which means forgetfulness.'

He looked at her inquiringly. ' Surely, Miss Bertram, there can be no part of your past so painful that you should wish to forget it altogether. It is I, not you, the burden of whose song should be "Teach me to forget." ' This last sentence was spoken in a low voice. Harriette was more than amazed. If his words had any meaning at all, they meant something very different from anything she had ever expected to hear from the lips of Arthur Clavering. There was a silence of some seconds. ' Do you remember the walks, Miss Bertram, we used to take long ago over the hill among the long heather to the heronry ?'

Harriette's heart swelled : she had been thinking of them a few minutes before. She felt ready to weep, but she answered calmly : ' Yes ; that was a very nice walk, and the weather was fine, if I remember rightly.' An expression of pain and disappointment passed over Clavering's features. He turned away almost angrily. Harriette remarked in a tone of assumed carelessness : ' Clara, I suppose, is to be home to-morrow ?'

Arthur Clavering started. ' Clara !' he exclaimed, as if some forgotten idea had suddenly recurred to him. ' You do not know then—indeed how could you ?—Clara is married !'

' Married !' Harriette almost screamed.

' Yes ; she was married two days ago to Charles Crawford !' Harriette looked up in amazement. Arthur continued in an accelerated tone : ' Perhaps you are surprised that I am not in despair at her desertion ; but Clara read me more truly. Clara has set me free—free at least to wish.' He looked at Harriette. The blood mounted to her temples ; she trembled all over. He spoke again. ' Harriette, when I asked Clara to marry me, I believed I loved her, I believed I had forgotten ; but the presence of the only woman I ever really loved dispelled the illusion. Harriette, my only love, I am free to offer you again the heart and hand you once rejected. Should you—should you reject them again—oh, I beseech you, do it less unkindly !' and his voice as he finished speaking sank into a passionate whisper. Harriette had been standing for some time with her face towards the sea, looking on it, on the blue sky, on the gay flowers, and the bright tinted woods, as if all around her was some unearthly dream called up by the reminiscences in which she had been indulging. Could it be that Arthur Clavering stood by her side once more ?—that he asked her love ?—that no barrier lay between them ? She turned round. His eyes sought hers. He had resolved to learn his fate at once, and to bear it ; and with the anxious, impassioned glance of the lover was mingled the stern fortitude of the man prepared for disappointment. Harriette was a woman, and a proud one—but she was not so strong. ' All impulses of soul and sense' had swept upon her heart like a tempest ; and if Arthur had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen to the ground. It was with a burst of hysterical tears, as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, that the rash reply she had given to his former suit was withdrawn.

Great was the amazement of the circle at Sandilands Hall at the news which awaited them. Mrs Hartley's indignation by degrees became sub-

duced into a sort of compassionate consciousness of the necessity of teaching Clara how to manage her house. Mr Hartley remarked that if Clara and her husband never did anything better, they would probably never do anything worse than play at cat's cradle, and thump upon the piano. All were much pleased at the prospect of the approaching marriage, and poor Mrs Bertram declared that all she now wished was to return to Fernielee. In due course of time Arthur Clavering received a letter from Mr Bertram, containing an answer to one he had written soliciting his consent to his marriage with his daughter. This letter Arthur declared to be very satisfactory; but he never shewed it to any one, not even to Harriette.

Mrs Bertram's wish was granted: she lived to return to Fernielee, and then sank gradually, and died in the arms of her weak husband, whom the solemn scene appeared for the time to elevate as well as subdue. The third day after her mother's death Harriette sat alone in the embrasure of one of the drawing-room windows. It was a grim November day; the hills were shrouded in a cold gray mist, which crept ever nearer and nearer, gradually obliterating tree, and shrub, and stream, and even the lawn itself, till all between earth and sky was a blank and a desolation. Life, too, seemed blank and desolate; and Harriette wept in loneliness of heart as she remembered that she had now no mother to comfort her. Suddenly she became aware that she was not alone. Arthur Clavering had silently seated himself beside her: his manner was grave, but full of tenderness. 'Why do you weep alone, my Harriette?' he said. 'Ought not the severing of one tie to make us cling more closely to those which remain?' As he spoke he drew her gently towards him, and laid her head upon his breast. Harriette felt that to weep there was consolation and happiness.

CHILDHOOD OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE philosophy of the present day wears a pre-eminently prospective character. Its dealings are more with the future than with the past. Its title is onward, its character progressive, its aspirations are for to-morrow rather than for to-day. A very little acquaintance with the temper of the philosophic mind of our time teaches us this; and such is in truth the natural consequence of events. Men are not satisfied with their present attainments, and the eye of the scientific is ever on the stretch—gazing into the clouded futurity. Every fresh disclosure of the before-hidden wonders of the natural world is an incentive to fresh investigation. Science is ever adding to the height of her watch-tower, and as she stands upon a higher point of observation, is ever revealing some new and hitherto unknown object for inquiry. It might be thought that the development of natural knowledge—for such is the object of science—would leave continually less and less for discovery. The marvel is, that it is precisely the reverse. Because we know, we come to know more; and the more we come to know, the more remains to be known. Our philosophers are not men who stop to comment upon what is past, or who are satisfied with what is present. They are men who stretch towards things before them, and whose sympathies are all in one direction, and that of advance. Do we ask why? Then the reply must be, because philosophy has ceased to be a system of abstractions and speculations; because it is inductive and experimental. These very terms imply progress. No man can be an experimenter and not advance, provided that his experiments are based upon sound principles, and have a right object in view. And experiment leads to induction, and induction anew to experiment, and both to progress. While such is the character of the scientific mind, it is little to be expected that it will patiently sit down to the study of things gone by. There was a time when philosophy consisted in little else than a blind system of adoration for antiquity. 'After the first great achievements,' to quote the just and elegant language of Professor Whewell, 'of the founders of sound' speculation, in the different departments of human knowledge, had attracted the interest and admiration which those who became acquainted with them could not but give to them, there appeared a disposition among men to lean on the authority of some of these teachers; to study the opinions of others as the only mode of forming their own; to read nature through books; to attend to what had been already thought and said, rather than to what

really is and happens. This tendency of men's minds gave a peculiar bias and direction to the intellectual activity of many centuries; and the kind of labour with which speculative men were occupied in consequence of this bias took the place of that examination of realities which must be their employment in order that real knowledge may make any decided progress.' Yet while it may no longer form a part of our duty as men of science to deal with the fabulous lore and imperfect views of truth which obscure the past history of philosophy, the attempt to do so will not prove unprofitable. We must not adore, but we should not 'contemn antiquity.' There may not be anything that is new in the past, but there is much that is both interesting and instructive. To some gleanings from the history of philosophy which appear to bear this character, the subject in hand invites our attention. In the history of an eminent individual, biographers delight to trace indications of his future talents and excellences during childhood. His boyish feats, his aspirations, his early masteries of difficulty, have all a peculiar interest, as evidence of the germs of qualities which in afterlife became so highly developed. If such the interest attaching to the early history of one philosopher, that which appertains to the history of philosophy itself is surely greater. We have undertaken, then, to speak of philosophy when, like music,

'The heavenly maid was young;'

to narrate some anecdotes of her childish freaks, some of her frolics, and some of those early traces of excellency and accuracy which we now behold displayed in such admirable proportions in the full-grown science. Let the reader pay attention to our account of the childhood of philosophy, if he would learn how the child was 'father to the man.' The time preceding the birth, if we may term it, of experimental and inductive philosophy deserves, however, a passing notice at our hands.

Had philosophy no existence during the middle ages? for to this dark interval in history our thoughts are to be directed. It existed but in a commentatorial, not an experimental form. There is a distinction now drawn between a learned man and a philosopher: the latter is an experimentalist, the former a man of books. But at the time of which we speak, learned men, in our present sense of the term, were the only philosophers, and philosophy was consequently learning rather than experiment—doctrine rather than fact. Lord Bacon, in the following pithy sentence, gives us an admirable account of the state of knowledge and of its character during this period: 'It is barren in effects, fruitful in questions, slow and languid in its improvement—exhibiting in its generality the counterfeit of perfection, but ill-fitted up in its details—popular in its choice, but suspected by its very promoters, and therefore bolstered up and countenanced with artifices.' A large number of books existed, but an attentive examination of them will shew that they were entirely fabricated out of other books. Everywhere are innumerable repetitions of the same statements, adopted without hesitation, and without a moment's inquiry into their truth. So that, as the great founder of experimental philosophy has well observed, although at first sight 'they appear numerous, they are found upon examination to be but scanty.' Bacon set a right estimate upon them in speaking thus severely; for a book that is a copy of another is but the same

book after all. Philosophy and the intellectual sciences were compared to statues—they were adored and celebrated, but were not made to advance. In truth, the necessity for advance had not appeared to have entered into the conceptions of men. It is little less than extraordinary to remark upon the blind idolatry with which received opinions were regarded. That man was a bold one who dared to question what Aristotle had said or Plato taught, and little less than a maniac he who would attempt to overturn the fables of those time-honoured founders of philosophy by an appeal to living nature or demonstrable fact. Philosophy, such as it was, had no self-reliance, but leaned entirely upon authorities whose day had long gone by. The range of discovery was consequently extremely limited, and consisted only of a few minor improvements in things already known. As in former ages (says Bacon), when men at sea had only to steer by their observation of the stars, they were indeed enabled to coast the shores of the continent or some small and inland seas; but before they could traverse the ocean and discover the regions of a new world it was necessary, that the use of the compass—a more sure and certain guide on their voyage—should be first known; even so the present discoveries in the arts and sciences are such as might be found out by meditation, observation, and discussion, as being more open to the senses, and lying immediately beneath our common notions; but before we are allowed to enter the more remote and hidden parts of nature, it is necessary that a better and more perfect use and application of the human mind and understanding should be introduced. The natural effect of such a method of pursuing philosophical studies may be readily anticipated. Men's minds became poor, servile, imitative, and large thoughts and searching inquiries became exchanged for a narrow-spirited adherence to ancient opinions and ideas. In physical science this was most conspicuously evident; for this is a science dependent upon experiment and induction—upon observation rather than memory. Experimenters, remarks an able writer, were replaced by commentators; criticism took the place of induction; and instead of great discoverers, we had learned men. An admirable illustration of the temper then characterising the philosophic mind is given in the following sentences which form the conclusion of a lecture—one of a course upon Euclid, delivered at Oxford: 'Gentlemen hearers, I have performed my promise, I have redeemed my pledge, I have explained according to my ability the definitions, postulates, axioms, and first eight propositions of the Elements of Euclid. Here, sinking under the weight of years, I lay down my art and instruments.' As if all that could be known were attained, and that the occupation of the student were rather the laborious investigation of the discoveries of the ancients than the search after new objects of study and revelations of truth. Aristotle was natural history, Plato philosophy, Euclid mathematics.

Such was the philosophy of the middle ages—a system of comments, compilations, imitations, abstracts, and epitomes. But this was not all. This philosophy was dogmatic and mystical. This was the result proper to a system such as we have described it to be. None can lend themselves to be servants to other men's opinions in matters of science, and to regard such opinions as infallible, without receiving the ultimate impress of mysticism and dogmatism upon their own minds. The servility, remarks

Professor Whewell, which had yielded itself to the yoke insisted upon forcing it on the necks of others; the subtlety which found all truth in certain accredited (philosophical) writings, resolved that no one should find there, or in any other region, any other truths. Speculative men became tyrants without ceasing to be slaves; to their character of commentators they added that of dogmatists. To their dogmatism we may add—mysticism. When men receive their views of truth not directly from the external world, but exclusively through other men, what result more certain than an indistinctness of mental vision? And such an indistinctness of ideas is closely allied to mysticism. The mystic element had long tinged the speculations of philosophy, and now lent its colour to every department of science. External things were not viewed, as happily they are now viewed, as simple, intelligible, natural things, influenced, under the divine guidance and control, by certain causes and producing certain results. All was wrapped in mystery. The creatures of an imaginary mythology were not confined to the fields and woods, to the air and water; they were presumed to have to do with the operations of the study and laboratory. The chemist looked at his results through this mystical atmosphere, and lost himself in a maze of unreal speculations. Physical science became magic, and the simple interpretation of nature was exchanged for a method of regarding things full of mystical vagaries. It was a time of darkness without, and men peopled the gloom with innumerable spiritual beings who were thought to be more or less connected with the everyday operations of the external world. It was the ghost-time of philosophy, and nature was wrapped in a portentous but impenetrable haze.

This notice of philosophy antecedent to the time of which we are to speak could not be omitted. It has a close and intimate connection with the childhood of experimental science. The commentatorial, dogmatic, and mystical philosophy of the middle ages can scarcely be said to have been the parent of the philosophy which took its place, and the blessings and light of which we are now privileged to enjoy. It was contrary to the course of things to suppose that experimental philosophy could have sprung full-grown into the world, and that her predecessor should have departed, leaving no trace behind. The system was about to undergo a great and vital change, but the men were the same. Old notions are not soon changed for new ones, and no revolution, however complete, can entirely efface the long-enduring traces of a former time. Therefore, though it may not be allowed that the half-blind and superstitious philosophy of the middle ages was the parent of the clear-sighted and intellectual philosophy which has succeeded it, because we find, as we shall find, traces of the features of the former in the childish traits of the latter, yet its evident connection with it is sufficiently well marked and interesting to deserve our consideration.

We have described the period preceding the birth of experimental philosophy as a time of darkness; but it was not the darkness of the evening: it was that darkness which precedes the dawn. The early part of the seventeenth century may be taken as the period in question. We should do grievous wrong, however, to a far-seeing and thoroughly philosophical mind, were we to omit to mention that, even in the darkness of the night now about to be dissipated, no ray of light had existed. As early as 1214

Roger Bacon first pointed out the path into which the investigator after natural knowledge ought to direct his steps. There are two methods of knowing, he says—that by argument, and that by experiment. Of these argument is dogmatic, but does not assure the mind or remove its doubts, so that it may rest in full assurance of the truth, unless it is confirmed by experience. And he proceeds by an illustration to shew the impossibility of mere talk to convince and settle the mind as to physical truth. But the efforts of this philosopher, for such in reality he was, were barren of fruit. Others existed after Bacon into whose minds gleams of truth darted; yet down to the time in question, in spite of all the efforts of those thus illuminated,

————— ‘We are able only to survey
Dawnings of beacons and promises of day.’

About the middle of the previous century—the sixteenth—evidences of a struggling after the development of scientific knowledge were afforded by the establishment of various academies, among the earliest of which was one instituted by Porta. This academy held its meetings at Porta's own house at Naples, and its title sufficiently manifests the spirit of its members. Its name was *Academia Secretorum Naturæ*; its object the interpretation of the so-called secrets of the natural world. The date of the establishment of this association for the advancement of science was 1560. In the following year Porta, benefiting perhaps by the communications of his visitors, published a work entitled ‘*De Miraculis rerum Naturalium*.’ None were admitted to the meetings of this Academy di Secreti who were not celebrated for some attainment, or discoverers of some secrets. What was the nature of these meetings—what the subjects for their discussion—may sometimes be gathered from Porta's own works. Unquestionably they were full of the marvellous. Whether it was the title of the academy, or rumours of the extraordinary experiments exhibited by Porta to his assembled guests that attracted the notice of the Romish powers, we are unable to state. It was soon, however, made evident to Porta and his fellow-philosophers that such studies would not be allowed, and the Academy di Secreti was formally abolished by the pope. In Sicily also, academies for the advancement of learning were beginning to be formed at the same time, under the whimsical titles of *The Drunken*, *The Rekindled*, *The Grieved*, *The Sympathetic*, *The Intrepid*, and others. In a short time a number of other places caught the infection, and in many cities and towns several academies were quickly formed. Tiraboschi has given a list of no fewer than 171 academies instituted about this time for the cultivation of literature and science, independent of the universities. ‘The titles of some of these societies,’ writes Mr Weld,* ‘are extremely curious, and in many instances ludicrous. Thus we have: *The Inflamnable*, *The Pensive*, *The Intrepid*, *The Humorists*, *The Unripe*, *The Drowsy*, *The Rough*, *The Dispirited*, *The Solitary*, *The Fiery*, *The Lyncean* (of which Galileo was a member), and the *Della Crusca*—literally, of the bran or chaff, in allusion to its great object, which was to sift the flour of language from the bran. This celebrated academy, founded at Florence in 1582 for the purpose of purifying the national tongue, and which published the first edition of its well-known

* History of the Royal Society.

dictionary in 1612, adopted for its device a sieve, with the motto: *Il pici bel fior ne coglia*; and the Lyncean used as their symbol, rain dropping from a cloud, with the motto: *Redit aquine dulci*. The strange desire that was manifested to give many of these institutions, avowedly established for noble purposes, absurd names, was not long in meeting with appropriate ridicule.' The Academy della Crusca still assembles, to the present day, in the Palazzo Ricardi, for the formalities of holding meetings and granting diplomas. The backs of their arm-chairs are in the shape of winnowing shovels, the seats represent sacks; every member takes a name allusive to the miller's calling, and receives a grant of an estate, properly described by metes and bounds—in *Arcadia*. Italy appears beyond question to have been first in this revival of literature, art, and science. In other countries no records exist to shew the institution of any such academies or societies as those described. In England, indeed, a society of antiquaries—the antecedent, not the progenitor of the present society with that name—had been instituted. But a society with such objects in view could do little for the advancement of physical science; rather the contrary, for the science of the day was already only a learned and elaborate imitation of the science of the past. This society, as Mr Hallam informs us, was dissolved by James I. about the year 1604. About the middle of the seventeenth an academy was founded at Florence, which formed the first whose fundamental principle was, truth from experiment, not from authority. The name of this academy was *Del Cimento*. Its title, observes Mr Hallam in his introduction to the 'Literature of Europe,' gave promise of their fundamental rule—the investigation of truth by experiment alone. The number of academicians was unlimited, and all that was required as an article of faith was the abjuration of all faith (in matters of philosophy), and a resolution to inquire into truth without regard to any previous sect of philosophy. This academy lasted, unfortunately, but ten years in its vigour. It was established at Florence in 1657 under the distinguished patronage of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II., and by desire of his brother Leopold. The latter became a cardinal, and was thus withdrawn from Florence; after this the Florentine academy dwindled away into insignificance. The records of its labours yet exist, and we may learn from them how fresh and valuable are the truths to which the finger of experimental philosophy points. The celebrated experiment on the compressibility of water was of their institution. They took a sphere of gold, which they filled with water, and then applied pressure to the fluid until it oozed out of the walls of the receptacle; and they thought that evidence was thus given that water was altogether incompressible. This result, though entirely erroneous, was creditable to these early philosophers. The inquiry had been conceived in a right spirit, and the failure must be ascribed rather to the imperfection of their instruments than to any defect in the principles of that philosophy at whose bidding the experiment was undertaken.

This experiment long passed for authority among subsequent philosophers, and has been repeated up to our own day in various treatises. It becomes interesting, therefore, to notice that it was one of the earliest results attained in the childhood of experimental philosophy. Other experiments were instituted which proved the property of electrical substances, the universal gravity of bodies, &c. Its individual members also remarkably

distinguished themselves. Torricelli, who was one of them, has left a name as lasting as the beautiful truth he established. The engineers of the Grand Duke, requiring to make some pumps of forty or fifty feet long, were astonished that, though nature abhorred a vacuum, they were unable to raise water from this depth. Galileo, Torricelli's master, investigated this curious phenomenon; and though not clearly establishing the cause, he became convinced of its connection with atmospheric pressure, which he had discovered some time previously. Torricelli in 1643 experimented upon the same subject; and wishing to find in a more convenient manner the weight of the quantity of fluid which could be supported above its general level, thought of employing mercury in the place of water. He filled a glass tube, one end of which was hermetically closed, with this metal. Inverting it, he saw to his delight the column fall until it reached a height of only thirty inches or thereabouts. Such was the first barometer—the first fluid-measurer of the weight of a column of our atmosphere. To this day the vacuum left at the top of the barometric tube is known by its discoverer's name. Pascal some years afterwards employed the instrument thus discovered in a series of experiments upon atmospheric pressure carried on at different heights; and by observations of the rise and fall of the mercurial column, incontestably established the fact that the fluid was kept within the tube because pressed upon by an equivalent weight of thin air. It is curious that Galileo never thought of Torricelli's experiment; nor less curious that Torricelli never thought of Pascal's. It is, however, not an uncommon occurrence in science for one discoverer to develop an idea and for others to exhibit its actual results. This was a specimen of the ore, if so we may speak, which the mine fresh opened afforded, and into whose apparently exhaustless resources philosophers are now penetrating. How encouraging to those who advocated the new philosophy, who had cast aside traditional scientific knowledge, and applied themselves to the unfolding of the truths of the real and visible world! To what a rich future could they now look forward!

England, long behind Italy in the race, at length caught the spirit of the age, and endeavours were made to found a Royal Academy by King James, to be entitled the College of Honour. This was, however, chiefly an educational and antiquarian institution, and never appears to have attained a definite shape. The attempt was finally abandoned on the death of the king. About the year 1635 another effort was made for the establishment of a scientific institution under the patronage of Charles I. This also wore the character of an academy for the instruction of the sons of aristocracy. It was called Minerva's Museum. Its professors taught physiology, anatomy, phisic, astronomy, mathematics, languages—'*skill at all weapons, and wrestling; also riding, dancing, and behaviour.*' This, too, together with similar institutions in Germany, passed away, leaving only a record of its existence, without any result from its operations. France was more fortunate, and about the same period the French Academy was established. It sprang from a small beginning. A little knot of literary men at Paris agreed to meet once a week for conversations and discussions, chiefly upon literary subjects. At these meetings authors used to communicate their works for the benefit of criticism. For three or four years they were kept up with great harmony and mutual satisfaction.

They at first consisted only of nine members. Richelieu hearing of the institution, patronised it, and proposed to incorporate it; and this, after some unwillingness on the part of the members, and opposition on that of the parliament, was finally done, and they became an incorporate body royally instituted. The name of French Academy was chosen after some deliberation. Their professed objects were at first purely literary, and their labours were confined to the purification of the French language from vulgar, technical, or ignorant usages, and to establish a fixed standard. As yet in Italy alone there existed an academy for the advancement of experimental and physical science. The French Academy of Sciences was not yet established. It can scarcely appear strange, after what has already been observed as to the philosophic temper of the period, that literature came to be rather an object for study and discussion than science. It was hard to disengage the minds of men from the past—to take them from books to nature—from the study to the laboratory. But the time was at hand when both in England and France institutions for the advancement of science were about to be founded—institutions contributing in no small degree to the furtherance and attainment of philosophic truth.

But let us take a step back, in order that we may approach the subject with a better acquaintance with the means which unquestionably combined to bring about the establishment of such associations, and the introduction of a new system of philosophy. Francis Bacon, living in the age of which we have written, dwelt like a prophet rather in the future than the present. 'In the midst of a rising career of professional, political, and literary effort, he was moulding and shaping his great work, "*Novum Organon*;" listening with an anxious ear to the remarks of the learned of his times; and at the height and maturity of his genius, when, possessing all the highest honours which talent and learning could give him in his native land, we find this "servant of posterity" committing to its slow but infallible tribunal a work which, in reference to science, has been universally pronounced the judgment of reason and experience, in this rare instance confirming the boastings of youth—the *greatest birth of time*.' This work was the gradual formation of a creating spirit. It was wrought up and polished with the sedulous industry of an artist who labours for posterity. Like the '*Analogy*' of Butler, and all the greater productions of thought, the '*Organon*' of Bacon was the result of painstaking labour spread through many years. He copied his work twelve times, revising, correcting, and altering it year by year, before it was reduced to that form in which it was committed to the press. On his sixtieth birthday, surrounded by earthly splendour, Bacon conceived the time for the publication of this work, which he constantly affirms to be only a part of a much larger and more important one. The '*Novum Organon*' commences with these remarkable words: '*Francis of Verulam—thought thus*.' It was shortly afterwards printed; copies of the work were sent to the king, the university of Cambridge, and elsewhere. But what was its reception? The king said it was past understanding; another said it was a book which a fool could not write, and a wise man would not. Under a device on the title-page, of a ship passing the pillars of Hercules, Sir Edward Coke wrote:—

'It deserveth not to be read in schools,
But to be freighted in the ship of fools.'

Yet by some in his own time Bacon was understood. Sir Henry Wotton wrote to him, on receiving the work, in the following terms:—‘Your lordship hath done a great and everliving benefit to all the children of nature, and to nature herself in her uttermost extent of latitude, who never had before so noble nor so true an interpreter, never so inward a secretary of her cabinet.’ And on the continent the book was received with favour by many who justly regarded it as one of the most important accessions ever made to philosophy. This work cannot be characterised in a few sentences. The guide-light to the whole is experiment in place of argument—the interpretation of real nature to the neglect of previous authorities. Bacon’s grand object was to point out a new method of obtaining the knowledge of things, and to destroy the false notions, or, as he calls them, the Idols, which beset the human mind. Secure in the ultimate victory of truth, he was anxious to avoid a contentious philosophy. Alexander Borgia, he observed, said of the expedition of the French into Italy, ‘that they came with chalk in their hands to mark up their lodgings, and not with weapons to force their passage. Even so do we wish our philosophy to make its way quietly into those minds that are fit for it, and of good capacity.’ Bacon has been appropriately called the father of experimental and inductive philosophy, and it is in this aspect that we desire to represent him in these pages. Not that inductive philosophy, or indeed experimental investigation, had not existed prior to Bacon’s era. All the first great founders of human philosophy were men who, by induction and experiment, arrived at most of the truths taught in their books. But in the lapse of time these men came to take the place of nature itself; induction and experiment were abandoned for the study of their books; and it was just when the age was thoroughly blinded with this false and erroneous system of study that Bacon arose—an instrument in the Divine hand to break open again the sealed doors of nature, and to pour new light upon mankind.

The influence of Bacon’s work remained long unfelt, but at length men began to inquire for themselves. ‘The period was arrived when experimental philosophy, to which Bacon had held the torch, and which had already made considerable progress, especially in Italy, was finally established on the ruins of arbitrary fictions and partial inductions.’ England justly claims the honour of being the first country after Italy to establish a society for the investigation and advancement of physical science. The connection of Bacon’s work with the origin and establishment of our own Royal Society appears in the following extract from the life of Dr Wallis, quoted in Mr Weld’s recent history of that body:—‘About the year 1645, while I lived in London, at a time when, by our civil wars, academical studies were much interrupted in both our universities, beside the conversation of divers eminent divines as to matters theological, I had the opportunity of being acquainted with divers worthy persons, inquisitive into natural philosophy and other parts of human learning, and particularly of what hath been called the *New Philosophy*, or *Experimental Philosophy*. We did by arguments divers of us, meet weekly in London on a certain day, to treat and discourse of such affairs; of which number were Dr John Wilkins, afterwards bishop of Chester, Dr Jonathan Goddard, Dr George Ent, &c. and many others. These meetings were held sometimes at Dr Goddard’s lodgings in Wood Street, or some convenient place near, on

occasion of his keeping an operator in his house for grinding glasses for telescopes and microscopes; sometimes at a convenient place in Cheapside; and sometimes at Gresham College, or some place near adjoining: our business was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical inquiries, and such as related thereunto—such as physick, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, staticks, magneticks, chymicks, mechanicks, and natural experiments; with the state of these studies as then cultivated at home and abroad. We then discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the *venae lacteae*, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape of Saturn, the spots in the sun, and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography of the moon, the several places of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes, and grinding of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities, and *nature's abhorrence* thereof, the Torricellian experiment in quicksilver, the descent of heavy bodies, and the degrees of acceleration therein; and divers other things of like nature; some of which were then new discoveries, and others not so generally known and imbraced as now they are, with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, and Germany, and other parts abroad as well as with us in England.' Soon after, several influential members of this hopeful little association went to Oxford. Of these one of the most eminent was the learned, ingenious, and eccentric Bishop Wilkins. Of him Aubrey states that he was the principal reviver of experimental philosophy, after Bacon's system, at Oxford, where he had a weekly experimental club, which began in 1649, and was the nucleus from which the Royal Society was formed. Returning again to London, the Society continued its old meetings at Cheapside, and thence removed to Gresham College. The society at Oxford still met in the lodgings of a certain Dr Petty, who lived with an apothecary—'because of the convenience of inspecting drugs, and the like.' The Oxford Society became ultimately a powerful auxiliary to the Royal Society; but after the year 1690 it was given up. After a time, the unsettled state of public affairs retarded the incorporation and permanent institution of the London Society. A great number of talented and inquiring men then existed in England: it appears to have been only the troubled condition of society that delayed their union and amalgamation into one body. This was, however, finally accomplished in the wonderful pacific year 1660. It was formed by Sir Robert Moray, Lord Brouncker, and Dr Ward. 'But he who laboured most,' says Bishop Burnet, 'at the greatest charge, and with the most success at experiments, was the Hon. Robert Boyle. He was a very devout Christian, humble and modest almost to a fault, of a most spotless and exemplary life in all respects. The society for philosophy grew so considerably, that they thought fit to take out a patent, which constituted them a body, by the name of the Royal Society.' Soon after the French Academy of Sciences was formed, and was united with that already existing for literary studies. Thus, thirty-six years after the death of Lord Bacon, the first fruit of his great work was gathered,

and the touching expression in his last will and testament confirmed, in which 'he bequeaths his name to posterity after some time be past over.'

The influence of the academies we have been describing, and the absolute necessity of their formation in order to further the real progress of philosophy, cannot now be questioned. It is in vain that one philosopher thinks to labour with success when he relies on himself alone. Association is 'a law of our nature imposed upon us by the Great Author of our being, and indispensably necessary to our progress in civilisation. Nor less in the attainment of scientific truth. It has been well remarked by no less an authority than Laplace, that 'the principal advantage of such academies is the philosophic spirit which they introduce, and which from them over-spreads the entire nation, and extends in every direction.' Since the origin of these academies true philosophy has become widely prevalent. In furnishing an example of submitting every fact to the test of a severe examination, they have caused to disappear the preconceived notions which had long oppressed science. Their influence on the public mind has been such that rising errors are continually dissipated and scattered to the winds. Laplace classes such academies as among the chief causes of the glory and prosperity of empires. But while such is now their position, let us again revert to the child-time of philosophy, when these academies were only in their infancy.

The Hon. Robert Boyle, in a letter inserted in his life, gives us an interesting view of the character of the philosophers of his day, and from it may be gathered some idea of his own. 'Men,' he says, 'of so capacious and searching spirits, that the school-philosophy is but the lowest region of their knowledge. And yet, though ambitious to lead the way to any generous design, of so humble and teachable a genius as they disdain not to be directed to the meanest, so he can plead reason for his opinion.' It is evident from this that the philosophers of the period in question were like children just awakened. The morning dinness had not passed from their eyes; they were willing to believe anything—teachable, humble, possessed of much knowledge, but sensible only of their own ignorance. Such were the new philosophers, and as such they present an agreeable contrast to the dogmatic and self-conceited followers of the old system. Yet withal, they were like all children—full of a spirit which led them to behold unheard-of curiosities in everything. Mechanical puzzles and inventions were their toy, and optical deceptions their constant amusement. Experiments were made, but the spirit of mysticism could not be at once banished away, and the early results of such experiments were all overhung with a veil of the marvellous. Philosophers were then, in the words of an elegant writer, a blissful race of children, rambling here and there in a golden age of innocence and ignorance, where at every step each gifted discoverer whispered to the few some half-concealed secret of nature, or played with some toy of art, some invention which with great difficulty performed what without it might have been done with great ease. The king himself became an experimental philosopher. Charles II., whom no one would have suspected to have had much to do with science, is said to have had ingenious mechanics at work at Whitehall; to have kept chemical operators in the palace; to have planted a physic garden; and to have made astronomical observations in St James's Park! Science was now walking in her silver

slippers, and was pursued as much for the value of the truths she disclosed as for the romantic attractiveness of the garb in which she appeared. Dr Sprat is, however, it may be, a little too complimentary to the royal patron of the Royal Society.

An extraordinary accumulation of error had been gathered by the labours of the learned, and offered to the public mind at the period of which we are writing. Erroneous opinions and ideas in natural philosophy were more common than correct views. The most marvellous tales were circulated by travellers, and publicly accredited, and until now they never appear to have been questioned. To have travelled as Kircher did into China was to be in possession of a licence to relate anything of a marvellous kind with a certainty of its reception for truth. All the errors of astrology, alchemy, and magic existed, and were scarcely doubted even by the learned. A belief in witchcraft was universal. James I. in his 'Demonology' declares that witches and enchanters abounded in the country to a fearful extent. Bacon himself, as may be gathered from his works, had a fibre of the web of superstition clinging to his garment. He had a wart cured by magic. The time had come when light must be shed upon the minds of the people, and it is a high evidence of the good sense of the Royal Society, now the representative of the philosophic body in England, that their early labours were not only the elimination of truth, but the demolition of error.

Let us look at a knot of these children-philosophers at one of their early meetings.

At Gresham College the meeting was held; the day was Wednesday in each week; and the time, 'after the lecture of the astronomy professor. Dr Wilkins would occupy the chair.' After the usual formalities, which were very brief—for the philosophers considered that for them to be straitened by many strict punctualities would be a great encumbrance to them in their labours of painful digging and toiling into nature, as much 'as it would be to an artificer to be loaded with many clothes while he is labouring in his shop'—they proposed the subject for discussion, or the experiments previously agreed upon were commenced. The king had sent five little glass bubbles by the hand of Sir Paul Neill, in order to have the opinion of these men of science relative to them. These bubbles were probably similar to those since called Prince Rupert's Drops. The assembled philosophers speculated awhile on their nature, and their curiosity was much excited by the explosive phenomena they exhibited. Some suggestions of the method by which similar ones could be prepared were thrown out; and the amanuensis—a gentleman with a salary of £4 a year—was ordered to prepare similar ones—if he could. This he succeeded in doing; and at the next meeting they were produced, greatly to the gratification of the assembled philosophers. These cracked equally well with the others; and in high spirits at their success, the philosophers sent some of their toys to the king in exchange for those sent by him to them. It appears, however, that they were not quite satisfied that they had hit upon the right mode of preparing these bubbles; for in an entry of the journal kept at their command, we find that the matter was considered of great importance to justify the appointment of a committee of investigation; and accordingly 'a committee was appointed to go to the glass-house'

at Woolwich, to inquire into the experiment of those solid bubbles sent by the king—namely, Sir Paul Neill, my Lord Brouncker, Mr Slingsby, Mr Bruce.' On another occasion of their assembly the philosophers were engaged in an interesting physiological investigation. Sir Robert Moray laid before the society a poisoned dagger, sent by the king, who had received it from the East Indies. It was resolved to make an immediate experiment upon a kitten. The poor little victim was produced, the murderous weapon was warmed, and the animal wounded thereby. The kitten, however, seemed to justify the proverb relating to older members of its family, and obstinately retained its vitality. Not dying while the philosophers remained together, the operator was appointed to observe what should become of it. At the next meeting the kitten was produced alive, and contempt fell on the dagger, whose virtues seemed to have departed. 'The extracts from their own minutes give us a curious picture of the state of philosophy at this time:—

'*March 25.* Dr Henshaw was desired to inquire of his brother concerning the boat that will not sink.

'Mr Boyle was desired to bring in the name of the place in Brazil where *that wood is that attracts fishes*; and also of the fish that turns to the wind when suspended by a thread!

'*March 27.* To inquire whether the flakes of snow are bigger or less in Tenerife than here.

'That adders be provided to try the experiment of the stone.

'*May 8.* Proposed that the society write to Mr Wren, and charge him from the king to make a globe of the moone.

'Sir Robert Moray was desired to write to the Jesuits at Liege about the making of copperras there.

'Dr Clarke was intreated to lay before the society Mr Pellin's relation of the production of young vipers from the powder of the liver and lungs of vipers. Sir Kenelm Digby promised such another under my Lord ———'s hand. Dr Clarke and Mr Boyle were intreated to procure an history of vipers.

'*May 22.* Mr Ponez was intreated to send to Bantam for that poyson related to be so quick as to turne a man's blood suddenly to gelly.

'My Lord Northampton was intreated to make inquiry for Mr Marshall's book of insects.

'The amanuensis was ordered to go to-morrow to Rosemary Lane, to bespeak *two or three hundred* more solid glasse balls!

'*June 5.* Col. Juke related the manner of the rain-like corn at Norwich; and Mr Boyle and Mr Evelyn were intreated to sow some of those rained seeds to try their product.

'Magnetical cures were then discoursed of. Sir Gilbert Talbot promised to bring in what he knew of sympathetical cures. Those that had any powder of sympathy were desired to bring some of it at the next meeting.

'Mr Boyle related of a gentleman who, having made some experiments of the ayre, essayed the quicksilver experiment at the top and bottom of a hill, when there was found three inches difference.

'Dr Charleton promised to bring in that white powder which, put into water, heats it.

'The Duke of Buckingham promised to cause charcoal to be distilled by his chymist.

'His Grace promised to bring in to the society a piece of a unicorn's horn.

'Sir Kenelm Digby related that the calcined powder of toades reverberated, applied in bagges upon the stomach of a pestiferate body, it cures it by severall applications.

'June 13. Col. Juke brought in the history of the rained seeds, which were reported to have fallen down from heaven in Warwickshire and Shropshire.' (These 'grains of wheat' turned out to be ivy-berries, deposited by starlings; and thus, says Mr Weld, one popular superstition was destroyed.)

'That the dyving engine be goeing forward with all speed, and the treasurer to procure the lead and moneys. Ordered that Friday next the engine be tried at Deptford.' (The diving-bell was accordingly tried in the Water Dock at Deptford. It appears, however, that the experimenters were so cautious as not to trust themselves in it. The poor curator stopped half an hour in it under water. It was made of cast lead, let down by a strong cable.)

'June 26. Dr Ent, Dr Clarke, Dr Goddard, and Dr Whistler were appointed curators of the proposition made by Sir G. Talbot, to torment a man presently with the sympathetical powder. Sir G. Talbot brought in his experiments of sympathetical cures.' The register of the Royal Society contains a full account of these, which strongly indicate the superstition of the times. As this account, together with the other extracts from the early transactions of this little gathering of philosophers, is not accessible to general readers, we shall still hold ourselves indebted to Mr Weld's History, which contains much instructive and interesting matter relative to the childhood of experimental philosophy, drawn from the journals and registers of this body. Sir Gilbert Talbot is the narrator of the following extraordinary 'sympathetical cure' effected by him:—'An English mariner was wounded at Venice in four several places soe mortally, that the murderer took sanctuary: the wounded bled three days without intermission; fell into frequent convulsions and swoonings; the chirurgeons, despayring of his recovery, forsook him. His comrade came to me, and desired me to demand justice from the duke upon the murderer (as supposing him already dead); I sent for his blood, and dressed it, and bade his comrade haste back and swathe up his wounds with clean linnen. He lay a mile distant from my house, yet before he could gette to him all his wounds were closed, and he began visibly to be comforted. The second day the mariner came to me, and told me his friend was perfectly well, but his spirits soe exhausted he durst not adventure so long a walke. The third day the patient came himself to give me thanks, but he appeared like a ghost; noe bloud left in his body.'

In an entry in May 14, 1661, a great horn was produced before the society, 'said to be a unicorn's.' In the previous year the philosophers had, however, shaken the faith in unicorn's horn—not in the existence of this mythical member of the zoological kingdom, but in its reputed powers. A circle was made with powder of unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out several times repeated.' It is;

however, recorded as a noticeable fact, that 'the spider once made some stay upon the powder.' There was a little stone which in those days greatly puzzled philosophers, and had obtained a reputation not far removed from the magical. This is partly intimated by its name—*Oculus Mundi*, the Eye of the World. That which gave to this stone its wonderful reputation was the fact, that when put into water it became transparent from having been cloudy and opaque. Dr Goddard had his attention particularly drawn to this wonderful stone, and communicated to the Royal Society the result of his labours. The account is a very sensible one, and he shews that the transparency was simply due to the fact of its having absorbed a certain quantity of water. Thus was another mystery unravelled, and the *oculus mundi* dethroned from its false position.

Where precluded themselves from making the experiments or obtaining the information they desired, these zealous inquirers after truth sent letters of inquiry to persons of reputation in distant countries. It appears that they were resolved in pursuing their high task of destroying the reign of falsehood, and bringing in that of fact, to put to the test some of the voyagers' tales which appeared the most marvellous, but which they could not positively disprove. Dr Sprat, in his record of their early transactions, gives in full a letter, from which we shall select a few extracts strongly demonstrative of the state of information as to foreign marvels which then existed even in the philosophic world. The respondent to the following inquiries was Sir Philbert Vernetti, 'resident in Batavia in Java Major.'

Query 1.—'Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again after three or four years, in the same places where they have been digged out?' To this inquiry the very sensible answer was returned—'Never; or at least as the memory of man can attain to.' Query 4th was—'What river is that in Java Major that turns wood into stone?' 'There is none such,' replied Sir Philbert, 'to our knowledge; yet I have seen a piece of wood with a stone at the end of it which was told me that was turned into stone by a river in Pegu; but I took it but for a foppery, for diverse arbusta grow in rocks, which, being appropriated curiously, may easily deceive a too hasty believer.' It is observed throughout these inquiries that the inquirers appear generally to take the things stated for granted, in which their spirit of childlike faith is evidenced—yet to be also solicitous to have certain knowledge on the subjects—an evidence of the strivings of the spirit of the new philosophy within them. Sir Philbert ovines great sobriety of judgment, and a willingness to do his best to put the marvellous aside, and to bring forth the true facts of the case. None of the queries sent to him for resolution equal the following:—'Whether, in the island of Sumbero, which lyeth northward of Sumatra about eight degrees, northern latitude, there be found such a vegetable as Mr James Lancaster relates to have seen, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down, when one offers to pluck it up, into the ground, and would quite shrink unless held very hard? And whether the same, being forcibly plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more, according as the tree growth in greatness; and as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree, rooting in the ground, and so growing great? And whether the same, plucked up young, turns by the time it is dry into a hard stone, much like to white coral?' We may well wonder at the conscience of that Mr James Lancaster who could

declare to his confiding countrymen at home such natural history marvels as these. Sir Philbert puts him to the blush in the dignified reply: 'I cannot meet with any that ever have heard of such a vegetable.'

At all their meetings this band of philosophers encouraged the communications of the learned in any station in life. Animated only by a desire to bring truth to light, they appear to have paid no regard to the circumstances of the men of learning who communicated with them; and it is to the king's royal credit that he gave them an express direction not only to admit to the fellowship a certain clever shopkeeper, but that he begged of them to find out as many more as they could, and admit them without more ado. Their entry-books teem with communications on the most extraordinary variety of subjects. It will present us with a pleasing view of their eagerness in receiving information, and their anxiety in the elimination of truth, to subjoin a few gleanings from this book for the benefit of the reader. Accounts were read of a spring in Lancashire that would presently catch fire on the approach of a flame; of burning-glasses performing extraordinary effects; of burning-glasses made of ice; of fireballs for fuel; of a more convenient way of using wax-candles; of the kindling of certain stones by their being moistened with water; of using ordinary fuel to the best advantage. Other accounts related to the fitness and unfitness of some waters for the making of beer or ale; and of brewing beer with ginger instead of hops. The next accounts speak of tides and currents; of petrifying springs; of the water-plants of Tivoli; of floating islands of ice; of the shining of dew in a common of Lancashire and elsewhere; of divers and diving—their habits, their long holding their breath, and of other notable things observed by them. In natural history their accounts were generally of some marvellous character. Relations were sent in of the growth, breeding, feeding, and ordering of oysters; of a sturgeon kept alive in St James's Park; of the movable teeth of pikes; of young eels cut alive out of the old ones; of the transporting of fish-spawn and carps alive from one place to another; of the strange increase of carps so transported; of snake-stones and other antidotes; of frogs, toads, newts, vipers, snakes, rattlesnakes; of swallows living after they had been frozen under water. But the most marvellous of these accounts was one sent in by Sir Robert Moray, their president, and actually published by them in their 'Philosophical Transactions.' In this extraordinary production the author declares that when he was in the Western Islands of Scotland he saw multitudes of little shells adhering to the trees, having with them little birds, perfectly shaped.

The experiments which were tried by them during the first ten years of the existence of this zealous association of philosophers surprise us by their number, and in many instances by their magnitude and difficulty. Their results as to the nature of what from all antiquity, or at any rate since the days of Peripatetic Philosophy, had been regarded as an element—namely, fire—are admirable. They proved that fire was a state or condition of bodies, not itself an element, or having existence as such. Fire, say they, is only the act of the dissolution of heated combustible bodies by the air as a menstruum, and that heat and light are two inseparable effects of this dissolution; that flame is a dissolution of smoke, which consists of combustible particles carried upward by the heat of rarefied air;

and that ashes are a part of the combustible body not dissoluble by the air. Their experiments to determine this point, upon the construction of various bodies, are equally good; and although oxygen was unknown to them, they shewed that combustion depended on some ingredient in the air which was removed from it by the burning body. They obtained the excellent result that high temperature applied to combustible bodies, though it might cause their destruction, would not cause them to take fire and burn if deprived of air. Their investigations into the comparative heat of the flames of different combustibles are also good; and their attempts to determine the melting points of lead, tin, and other metals, valuable. A number of other investigations were carried on at a high temperature, the objects and design of which would have done no discredit to our own experimental era. Their experiments upon the air, in which Boyle greatly distinguished himself, have supplied science with facts, fresh and forcible at the present day. A number of experiments were made with the barometer on mountains, on the surface of the earth, and at the bottom of very deep pits, and at places far removed from each other. The machine called the air-gun was frequently in their hands. Though the invention of the balloon dates long subsequent to this period, the germ of the idea appears to have come to light in some of their researches, for we find in one of their entries an account of glass-balls or bubbles rising in a heavy or condensed air, and falling in a lighter or more rarefied. The production of various gases was a frequent experiment, and they obtained among others the valuable result that water actually dissolves air, which is expelled by heat, or by Mr Boyle's instrument for the exhaustion of air—the air-pump. A number of excellent experiments on artificial respiration were successfully performed. The necessity of pure air for respiration was also shewn, and the fact that respiration can be carried on without inconvenience in air much more condensed than is the ordinary air we breathe. They endeavoured also to ascertain the capacity of the human lungs for air, and the expulsive power of the muscles of respiration. Dr Wilkins performed some curious experiments before them, blowing up large weights by his breath. Their attention was likewise directed to meteorology; and an ingenious and excellent anemometer, or measurer of the force of the wind, was constructed, and its indications carefully studied. They performed a number of experiments also upon fluids. The solution of various salts, the temperature, pressure, expansion, and condensation of water in its various states, engaged their attention. They constructed several barometers forty feet high, with water, oil, &c. for the fluids. They also obtained interesting results upon the phenomena of capillary attraction. Among other of their experiments, it is interesting to record that 'of forcing water out of a vessel by its own vapour:' one of the early evidences of the motive power of steam. Magnetic experiments were also tried by them. The variation and dip of the magnetic needle, and the lifting force of natural and artificial magnets, were all inquired into. A number of botanical experiments were also performed. They proved the necessity of air to the germination of seeds, and tried whether plants would grow topsy-turvy, in order to find whether there were any valves in the pores of the wood, which opened only one way. A number of interesting physiological experiments were also made by them. Eggs were

hatched; animals strangled and brought to life again by artificial respiration; the fable of the spontaneous origin of life exposed; the effects of poisons on various creatures were noted; transfusion was tried; and a variety of experiments, which of late years have been repeated, of injecting various liquids into the veins of animals. A number of experiments were also made upon the phenomena of light, sound, colours, the laws of motion, &c. Their chemical experiments, consisting chiefly of distillation, evaporation, solution, and crystallisation, were instructive. Among other notable things examined, was 'the vauclaginous matter called *star-shoot*.' Optical experiments were also made. A variety of anatomical discoveries were communicated. It is unnecessary to swell the list; but it is apparent from this succinct account of their experimental labours, that if children in knowledge, our philosophers were men in energy and perseverance. In the short time that the New Philosophy had been at work, a greater mass of facts had been collected together than in a whole century prior to this era. Some of their experiments appear, and in truth they were childish, but others have yielded both sound and solid information to succeeding inquirers. It appears that even in their day the utilitarian was accustomed to utter his provoking inquiry—*cui boni?* But the philosophers, remembering the advice of Lord Bacon, that there ought to be experiments of light as well as of fruit, disregarded the inquiry, and set themselves manfully to the task they had begun.

For a considerable time after their union into a body corporate, this association of philosophers had no public organ for the publishing of its scientific intelligence. At the beginning of March 1664, the first number of the most important scientific work ever published in this country made its appearance. Its title is curious. It is called: 'Philosophical Transactions, giving some Account of the Present Undertakings, Studies, and Labours of the Ingenious in many considerable Parts of the World.' It was edited and published under the care of Mr Henry Oldenburg, who to this society of philosophers was what Boswell was to Johnson—a thoroughly bustling, active, nay, indefatigable gatherer of scientific intelligence, full of zeal in his work, and of method in its accomplishment. It will form an amusing contrast if we select the table of contents of one of these early numbers, and set it by the side of one of the recent parts of the same work:—

Some Observations and Experiments upon May-dew.—The Motion of the Second Comet Predicted by the same Person who Predicted that of the former.—A Relation of the Advice given by a French Gentleman touching the Conjunction of the Ocean and the Mediterranean.—Of the way of killing Rattlesnakes used in Virginia.—A Relation of Persons Killed with Subterraneous Damps.—Of the Mineral of Liege, yielding both Brimstone and Vitriol, and the way of Extracting them out of it, used at Liege.—An Account of Mr Boyle's Experimental History of Cold.

1. The Bakerian Lecture.—On the Diffusion of Liquids.

2. On the Nitrogenated Principles of Vegetables as the Sources of Artificial Alkaloids.

3. On the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat.

4. On the Automatic Registration of Magnetometers, and Meteorological Instruments, by Photography.

5. Researches regarding the Molecular Constitution of the Volatile Organic Bases.

6. On the Development of the Great Anterior Veins in Man, &c.

7. Experimental Researches in Electricity.

The alphabetical table for the third volume, or indeed for any of the early volumes of this work, well repays perusal. It differs from ordinary tables of contents in the concise notes appended to each subject; and instead of being, like other indices, wholly unreadable *per se*, its perusal is both interesting, and furnishes an excellent idea of the contents of the volume and of the state of science. This statement may be justified by a few of these notes which we shall draw from thence, running through them in their alphabetical order:—‘Aches healed by the feet of Birds called Fregati in Jamaica.—Anatomical remarks on Thomas Parre, who dyed in the 153rd year of his age.—A probable way of preventing and curing Sea-sickness in Sea-Voyages.—Answers from Bermuda concerning the tydes there, Whales, Sperma-ceti, Strange Spiders’ Webbs, Rare Vegetables, and Longevity of the Inhabitant.’ Every line of these alphabetical tables, as active Mr Oldenburg calls them, manifests the state of his own mind and that of his brother philosophers, and shews how, amid more serious inquiries, it was their delight to wander now and then amid the flower-bestrewed fields of fable and romance, and to lend a willing ear to relations of things new and strange.

To this end they were accustomed to invite the attendance of travelled persons at their meetings, that they might tell some of the wonders beheld in their voyages. M. Monconys, a Frenchman, gives us the following interesting peep at the little philosophic band during one of their meetings:—‘I went,’ he says, ‘to the Academy of Gresien (Gresham), where the learned assemble every Wednesday for the purpose of performing an infinite number of experiments. The president, who is always a person of condition, is seated at a large table, and the secretary at the other side of it. The academicians are seated on benches around the room. The president was my Lord Brunker (Brouncker), and the secretary M. Oldenbourg. The president has a little wooden hammer, with which he raps the table in order to procure silence when one of the members is about to speak. Thus there is no confusion nor uproar. The secretary recorded the result of the experiments, whether successful or otherwise, in order that they might not only profit by the success, but also learn wisdom from their failures.’ Evelyn relates of one of these visitors, a Monsieur Jardine, who had been thrice in the East Indies and Persia, that he was a very handsome person, extremely affable, and not inclined to ‘talke wonders.’ At these meetings, in addition to experiments performed and accounts received, curious objects from various parts of the world were exhibited. In the MS. minutes of the Oxford Philosophical Society occurs the following interesting account of the remarkable mineral asbestos, which was exhibited at one of the meetings in question:—‘The curiosity consisted of a handkerchief brought by a merchant lately come from China, ‘made of salamander’s wool, or *Linum asbesti*, which, to try whether it was genuine or no, was put into a strong charcoal fire, in which, not being injured, it was taken out, oiled, and put in again. The oil being burnt off, the handkerchief was taken out again, and was altered only in two respects—it lost two drachms and five grains of its weight, and was more brittle than ordinary; for which reason it was not handled until it was grown cold, by which means it had recovered its former tenacity, and in a great measure its weight. The merchant who obliged the society with the sight of so great a rarity, acquainted them that

he had received it from a Tartar, who told him that the Tartars, among whom this sort of cloth is, sold it at £80 sterling the China ell, which is less than our ell; and that they greatly use this cloth in burning the bodyes (to preserve the ashes) of great persons; and that in Tartary it is affirmed to be made of the root of a tree!

Among other things connected with these meetings, our notice is attracted by the name of the famous Dr Denis Papin, the inventor of the celebrated 'bone-digester.' This machine, which perhaps first exhibited the power of steam, was exhibited at these meetings, and Evelyn gives us a most amusing account of our philosopher-children supping together upon a meal prepared by the assistance of Dr Papin's digesters. Evelyn's remarks deserve transcribing. 'Went,' he says, 'this afternoon with severall of the R. S. to supper, which was all dressed, both fish and flesh, in M. Papin's digesters, by which the hardest bones of beef itselfe and mutton were made as softe as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with less than eight ounces of coales, producing an incredible quantity of gravy; and for close of all, a jelly made of the bones of beef, the best for clearness and good relish, and the most delicious that I have ever seen or tasted. We eat pike and other fish-bones, and all without impediment; but nothing exceeded the pigeons, which tasted just as if baked in a pie; all these being stewed in their own juice, without any addition of water save what swam about in the digester, as in *balneo*; the natural juice of all these provisions acting on the grosser substances reduced the hardest bones to tendernesse. This philosophical supper caused much mirth amongst us, and exceedingly pleased all the company. I sent a glasse of the jelly to my wife, to the reproach of all that the ladies ever made of the best hart's horn.' How delightful was science then, when her children met to hear about wonderful things, and to cook suppers by high-pressure steam! It appears that Dr Papin made a public exhibition weekly of the powers of his new invention. At a later meeting, soon after the birth of that iron giant which has helped to revolutionise the world, Savery exhibited his engine for raising water by the force of fire. The model worked well, and its inventor received a certificate of its success, which enabled him to obtain a patent shortly afterwards. A small engine made by this inventor was exhibited in Lambeth, and drove a stream of water a considerable height. The Marquis of Worcester had already made his steam-engine, and it was in operation at Vauxhall. At a still later meeting Dr Papin brought before the philosophers a proposition about a boat, to be rowed by oars moved with heat. He evidently conceived the idea of employing steam for the purposes of navigation; and in another paper he distinctly states, that 'without doubt oars fixed to an axis could be most conveniently made to revolve by our tubes. It would only be necessary to furnish the piston-rod with teeth, which might act on a toothed-wheel properly fitted to it, and which, being fitted on the axis to which the oars were attached, would communicate a rotary motion to it.' The expense of making the necessary experiments, although not exceeding £15, was too great to enable the ingenious inventor to carry out his idea.

The formation of museums full of 'unheard of curiosities' also distinguishes the period we have designated as the Childhood of Experimental Philosophy; and it is as natural to the taste of men in the condition we

have described as that of the collections of glittering baubles by children, and their preservation in baby-houses. The most famous in London was at South Lambeth, and formed by the Tradescants. This museum was bequeathed to Ashmole, who bequeathed it to the University of Oxford, where it forms a portion of what is still called the Ashmolean Museum. Its collectors were in many respects remarkable men, having an extraordinary passion for the preservation and accumulation of 'rarities' of all kinds, and every place in Christendom and abroad was ransacked to supply its quota of things wonderful to the collection: and assuredly the museum contained rarities of no common order. 'The head of the dodo, that mysterious extinct bird, is contained therein; divers sortes of egges from Turkie—one given for a dragon's egge; two feathers of the Phoenix tayle; the claw of the bird rocke, who, as authors report, is *able to trasse an elephant*; dodar from the island of Mauritius—it is not able to flie, being so big; birds of paradise, some with, some without legges. Among animal wonders were a hippopotamus, a salamander, a natural dragon, about two inches long, and—a cowe's tayle from Arabia! Perhaps the most remarkable and interesting entry next to that of the dodo is the following:—'The plyable mazar-wood, being warmed in water, will work to any form.' There can scarcely be a question that this was in reality a small specimen of gutta serena, whose discovery and introduction into our own country is generally considered to have taken place within the last five or six years. Another famous museum was one collected by a Mr Robert Hubert, 'and dayly to be seen at the place called the Miinster-house at the Mitre, near the west end of St Paul's Church.' Bishop Wilkins had also a museum full of curiosities. Several coffeehouses and places of entertainment in London had museums of a similar kind. One of the most celebrated of this kind was Don Salter's Museum. This don had been a *ci-devant* servant of Sir Hans Sloane, who furnished his museum with many of its most attractive curiosities. The following is the whimsical title of his catalogue:—'A Catalogue of Rarities. To be seen at Don Salter's Coffee-house in Chelsea; to which is added a complete list of the donors thereof. Price Twopence. O RARE!' The Royal Society now also began to form its museum. In a little time a very handsome collection of natural things was got together, and fresh accessions to the museum were continually being made. A separate apartment in Gresham College was dedicated to the reception and preservation of these curiosities. Some of these are extremely curious. Sir Robert Moray presented the stones taken out of Lord Balcarres's heart in a silver box, and a bottle full of *stay's tears*! Great curiosity was excited by the arrival of the tooth of a giant, with a consignment of a few of his bones, from America! The tooth had been sold for a gill of rum, and the bones had been procured by digging near the place where the former was found. This notice has its interest to the geologist, shewing how little was known of the study of fossil comparative anatomy.

It may appear trifling to advert to such a circumstance as the formation of these museums; but it will not be so considered when we view the disposition to their collection as evidencing the spirit of the times. Such museums were an indispensable element in favouring the progress of the new philosophy. They afforded a perpetual standing testimony to which

authority might appeal and the inquirer proceed for the satisfaction of his mind as to truth. Just as the old philosophy dealt with names, the new philosophy dealt with things; and it was necessary to preserve things described as a test of the truth and accuracy of their description. And it is unquestionable that such museums have assisted much in the instruction of all inquirers into natural knowledge—in giving stability to legitimate authority, and in communicating a state of decision to the mind respecting the things inquired after, in which it might safely repose. The value of museums in our own day is not similar, but it is equal to that of these early collections. By their means book-knowledge is confirmed, and indeed exchanged for thing-knowledge; and this may be perhaps taken as a summary of the utility of such collections. The perusal of these accounts of the museum also furnishes the best conception of the half-in-earnest half-at-play temper of mind possessed by the philosophers of this period. The same feature was also ludicrously manifest at their respective dwellings, some of which were almost turned into enchanted houses. The following extract from a talented writer before quoted corroborates the view we have thus taken of the state of matters during the childhood of experimental philosophy:—‘The arts as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Everything was full of devices which shewed art and mechanism in perfection: his coach carried a travelling kitchen, for it had a fireplace and grate, with which he could make soup, boil cutlets, and roast an egg’—(M. Soyer will perceive that his magic stove was anticipated some two centuries ago)—‘and he dressed his meat by clockwork. Another of these virtuosi, who is described as a gentleman of superior order, and whose home was a knick-knackaltory, valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in sowing salads in the morning to be cut for dinner. The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone lighthouse, must have been the wonder of the age. If you kicked aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden by the side of a canal: you had scarcely seated yourself when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal, from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science wound you up to the arbour. What was passing at the Royal Society was also occurring at the Académie des Sciences at Paris. A great and gouty member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger, would point to his legs, to shew the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visitor never failed finding the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside to make his final bow! While the visitor was going down stairs, this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window; so that he found that if a man of science cannot hire nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!’ And in Italy the same oddities were perpetrated. Evelyn in his *Diary* records the several wonders which he beheld during his tour in that country. One of the most celebrated villas of the time—that of the Cardinal Aldobrendini—was replete with curiosities of this kind. In one room the spectator beheld a copper ball suspended about a yard from the

floor, in the air, and dancing about in it without any cord attached to it. Underneath was a powerful blast of wind which kept it suspended. In the garden were an infinite number of contrivances of various kinds for playing hydraulic tricks. This was an extremely favourite practical joke of the time. In some of the gardens of the French philosophers were fusiliers, of wood, who were accustomed to shoot visitors with a stream of water from their gun-barrels. In fact, in every direction, in the gardens and pleasure-houses of the learned at this period, some fantastic tricks were sure to be played upon the visitors, which they were of course expected to endure with the utmost good-humour. It was a time when philosophers played at being wise, and found matter of amusement in the marvels of science and the arts. The attraction thus given to scientific pursuits unquestionably furnished a powerful stimulus to their prosecution. Philosophy was not all work and no play! And for men just emerging from a time of superstition and universal belief in supernaturalities, it may well be imagined how charming an occupation it must have proved to have displayed to others those marvels of natural magic which science laid open to them. Scientific enthusiasm was high in these early days, and the fresh powers which experimental knowledge conferred upon men constituted without question one of its chief attractions. In other countries a similar state of matters was being arrived at: in France next in time to England, and in other continental states subsequently. Italy alone, however, endures comparison with England in the first time of which we have spoken. Experimental science flourished in both countries much more vigorously than elsewhere, although in a little while the Academy of Sciences at Paris began its long and vigorous career. The Royal Society of our own land, in its commencement, in the bright visions of its early members, in their enthusiasm and devotion to the cause they espoused, affords perhaps the best model and type of the early developments of experimental knowledge. Its subsequent career and high present position, together with those of its French compeer, speak highly for the countries which cherished the new philosophy in its days of infancy; while in Italy, where it may almost be said to have had its birth—where at least its first manifestations of life were displayed—the Academy del Cimento, its nurse, was, after a brief existence, similarly abandoned; and other institutions following, sustained the same fate.

In our studies of the childhood of experimental philosophy we have been occupied hitherto chiefly with philosophers—their sayings and doings in the aggregate. While the information thus afforded as to the system pursued in the quest for knowledge has its value and importance in enabling the reader to form a judgment of the state of science at the time, not less valuable nor less interesting is that attainable from the study of individual characters of this period. There is truth in the general proposition, that one man is often the representative of his age; and the same may be said of philosophy, and perhaps with greater justice. Yet there are men who lived at this period who could not be appropriately said to belong to it—who were as giants among children. Such a man was Bacon himself; such was Newton, the efforts of whose mighty intellectual powers carried them to a point of observation which some of our own day have scarcely attained. Would we, therefore, judge of the children of philosophy, we must draw aside one of the group for separate consideration, whose character and

attainments assimilates most closely to those of the others. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to say that such a one was Sir Kenelm Digby, seeing that the element of superstitious credulity formed too large a part of his character; yet he may be instructively considered as typical of some of the philosophers of the first commencement of the revival of knowledge, belonging, as he does, partly to a preceding and partly to the then present period. Sir Kenelm was born in 1603, received a liberal education, and at an early age went to Oxford to complete his studies. There he distinguished himself so much by his great abilities and comprehensive mind, that his career excited the highest anticipations of a brilliant future. He then went abroad, and was dignified with the honour of knighthood on his return. His political career was chequered with various reverses, for he lived, as did many of the young philosophers of the day, in a tempestuous time, and died in 1665. His appearance was that of a man of intellect, but beclouded with a heavy and superstitious look. Thus much for the external man. His mind offers the most curious study. The one darling project of Sir Kenelm's intellectual existence was what he calls the Doctrine of Sympathy. By this doctrine it was held that, in consequence of some mysterious sympathy subsisting between men and things, a curative influence could be transmitted to a person at a distance from the supposed curer. It is difficult to assign a distinct origin to this remarkable delusion, unless perhaps it be referred to a recollection of the miracles performed by our Lord when at a distance from the person benefited, and to an insane and indeed impious attempt to exercise a similar power. It appears to have been a notion acquired by Sir Kenelm during his travels, and on his return to England he made great noise thereabout, and attracted both to himself and his doctrine a degree of attention which otherwise they might not have claimed. In a German edition of his work on the 'Powder of Sympathy,' is a frontispiece representing some of the cures effected by sympathy, and some of the natural effects of this mysterious agency. Among the latter Sir Kenelm was disposed to attribute the phenomenon of one gaping individual setting others all agape after his example, and this is represented by an appropriate drawing! It appears to be the natural result of any course of imposture, and unquestionably such must this have been, that in time its author becomes the dupe of his own deception; and such was Sir Kenelm Digby's case. In time he came to believe what probably at first he only half credited, and would make others give their full assent to. Sir Kenelm became at home what he professed to be abroad. He married a most beautiful lady, and in order to preserve her beauty he dieted her upon capons fatted with the flesh of vipers. He also invented a number of cosmetics for her use. Whether it was in consequence of these experiments or not can now scarcely be said, but his beautiful wife died at an early age. Sir Kenelm Digby's connection with experimental philosophy lies chiefly in his association from the first with the Royal Society. At the early meetings of philosophers, few of whom were as superstitious as himself, he astonished the assemblies with narrations of the effects of his wonderful powders. Of his attachment to science there can be no question; but what has history left as the result of his labours? What truth developed?—what fact discovered?—what useful experiment successfully performed? Not one. And if we ask

why?—simply because he loved science and experimental philosophy rather for their effects than for themselves; because his ambition was to astonish and perplex—not to enlighten and instruct mankind. 'Yet, as already observed, Sir Kenelm Digby was a type of many in his day: a man of vigorous intellect, 'skilled in six tongues,' attached to science and experiment, favouring the progress of the new philosophy, yet having enough of the perverse spirit of the old to make his labours fruitless, and to consign his name to posterity merely to point a moral or adorn a tale.

While Sir Kenelm Digby affords an instructive type of the superstitious philosopher of the birth-time of true philosophy, the learned Bishop Wilkins gives an excellent illustration of the ingenious and imaginative. Bishop Wilkins was born in 1614 and died in 1672. From its first institution he took a most active part in the society of philosophers whose youthful transactions we have described. 'He has been described as a noted theologian and preacher, a curious critic in several matters, an excellent mathematician and experimenter, and one as well seen in mechanisms and new philosophy, of which he was a great promoter, as any man of his time.' Wilkins appears to have been a man too really pious to have been superstitious. His distinguishing trait of character is his ingenuity, apparent as it is alike in his works and in the experiments he conducted and directed. Although Sir Kenelm Digby was as profound an alchemist as he professed to be a sympathetic operator, we have considered his views on the latter subject typical of his character without reference to his other pursuits. In like manner may be taken the excellent Bishop Wilkins's grand project of a 'Journey to the Moon.' This, his first work, sheds light upon the whole of his mental character, displaying as it does both his learning, attainments, imagination, and ingenuity. The title is: 'The Discovery of a New Worlde; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another habitable World in the Moon; with a Discourse concerning the probability of a Passage thither.' What would have been this worthy philosopher's joy had he lived in Montgolfier's time, and made the first trial of the way to the moon in the balloon? The consideration of one little circumstance lays the whole project in the dust. After the first forty-five miles of the journey—since philosophy teaches that to be the limit of our atmosphere—what would become of the breath of our philosophic travellers? A famous lady attempted to defeat Bishop Wilkins by propounding another difficulty, which was this—the want of baiting-places in the way; when the ingenious inventor replied by expressing his surprise that this objection should be made by a lady who had been all her life employed in building castles in the air. Bishop Wilkins was, however, a true experimental philosopher. With what ardour he watched over the early gropings after truth of the little band of philosophers with whom he connected himself! With what patience and zeal he laboured himself therein! Out of his desire to facilitate the progress of knowledge, he composed his celebrated essay upon a 'Real Character and a Philosophical Language;' a work held in great estimation by the early members of the Royal Society, but the fruit of which has not endured to the present day. The contents of his museum were very curious, their greatest attractions consisting in the mechanical toys and engines there treasured up. The ingenuity and imaginativeness which distinguished this philoso-

pher, and led him away from earnest investigation to trifles, proved inimical to his success in experimental philosophy, in which he has left behind him the name of a zealous follower and promoter, but not the lasting reputation of a real discoverer.

The great type of the era, the true experimentalist, philosopher, and ingenuous inquirer into truth, was Robert Boyle, emphatically and justly entitled the Great Christian Philosopher. It has been remarked of this philosopher that he was born in the very year of Bacon's death, as though the natural successor of that great man. This, however, may place Boyle in too high a position—the character he fulfilled being rather that of a disciple of the Baconian philosophy than a master therein. Viewed in such a light, Boyle appears before us as one of the most laborious, patient, and perhaps one of the most successful of the early experimental philosophers. With his outward history we have nothing to do beyond to place on record the simple facts that he was born in 1627 and died in 1691. At Oxford, where Boyle associated with many of the professors of the colleges, and particularly with Dr Wilkins—a kindred spirit with his own—regular meetings were held for experiment and discussion. The knot of philosophers thus formed became convinced that a satisfactory knowledge of physical philosophy could only be gained by experiment; and accordingly all addicted themselves to practical research, communicating their discoveries to one another. Boyle perhaps, more than all the rest, proved his value for experimental investigation, and his contempt for the Aristotelian Philosophy in its application to natural objects. It is said that he would not even study the Cartesian Philosophy for many years, although it was become a general object of attention, lest he should be so biassed by any theory as to lose sight of his great principle—that nature will never be understood without a long series of experiments. In giving himself up to such inquiries, Boyle also indulged the benevolent hope that experimental philosophy might become attractive to men generally, and thus withdraw their attention from frivolous amusements, and the hateful contentions that at his period agitated the whole framework of society. The air was Boyle's great subject for investigation; and though other studies occupied much of his time and thoughts, yet this furnishes both the earliest and the latest evidences of the true experimental spirit which animated this philosopher. It appears that Otto Guericke had already performed several experiments upon the exsuction of air from glass vessels, and observed the rise of water into them. These experiments greatly interested Boyle, and he gives the correct interpretation of the rise of water in such vessels as being due to the pressure of the atmosphere. These experiments appear to have been carried on by means of a pump; so that Boyle was not the *inventor* of the instrument commonly attributed to him—the air-pump. He himself describes the apparatus employed for such experiments as very imperfect, and in the following terms:—‘The wind-pump, as somebody not inappropriately calls it, is so contrived that to evacuate the vessel there is required the continual labour of two strong men for divers hours; and next (which is an imperfection of much greater moment), the receiver or glass to be emptied, consisting of one entire and uninterrupted globe and neck of glass; the whole engine is so made that things cannot be conveyed into it whercon to try experiments.’ In a word, Otto Guericke's ‘wind-

pump' was a clumsy, ill-made philosophical toy. Boyle, by his attention to the subject, and with the assistance of Hook, turned it into an excellent apparatus for the experimentalist. It is due, however, to Boyle to state, that several years before his attention had been turned to the subject, and a series of experiments upon the vacuum left by the removal of air had been made. The improvement and perfection of the air-pump were not accomplished, however, without difficulty, and this of various kinds. Boyle himself confesses that after innumerable trials, and all the improvements he could devise, he found it so exceeding and inconceivably difficult a matter to keep out the air from getting at all in, that in spite of all his care and diligence he was never able totally to exhaust the receiver, or keep it, when almost empty, any considerable time from leaking, more or less. He had, however, perfected it sufficiently to enable him to discover hitherto unobserved phenomena of nature.

The instrument thus completed furnished Boyle with experimental occupation for half his lifetime, and was a great attraction to the learned of the day. It was a wonder of inexhaustible freshness to pump out the air from this machine, and request a bystander to lift the brass plug held down by the presence of the invisible column of air above. When a bladder was substituted for this stopper, and the air moderately exhausted, 'it is pleasant,' writes Boyle, 'to see how men will marvel that so light a body should forcibly draw down their hand as if it were filled with some ponderous thing.' Not only wonder, but perplexity was created by many of these simple experiments performed by Boyle in the presence of many 'mathematical and philosophical spectators of his engine.' It was to them incomprehensible how the air contained within the receiver, separated as it is by the glass wall of the vessel from that without, should be considered to have a pressure equal to that without. Boyle explained this over and over again to these philosophers, and to their satisfaction proved that such was the case, and that the pressure of the interior air in hollow bodies balancing the pressure of the external prevents the injury to the walls of the vessel that would otherwise ensue. All the experiments which are now adopted by lecturers on natural philosophy in illustrating this subject were originated by Boyle. He laboured hard to establish what he denominates the 'spring of the air'—in other words, its elasticity and pressure—in opposition to the schoolmen who, quietly folding their arms, referred all the phenomena they beheld to the old dogma—nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; whereas, as Boyle justly observes, such effects 'seem to be more fitly ascribable to the spring and weight of the air.' By a variety of illustrations Boyle shewed the elasticity of the air. He took a flaccid bladder, tightly tying its neck, and placed in the receiver of his air-pump—on exhausting the latter, the bladder plumped up until it became fully distended, shrinking back again to its original size on the readmission of the air. He observed that the bladder could even be burst by continuing the exhaustion. He also made the interesting and homely experiment of strongly tying a bladder moderately filled with air; and holding it near the fire, it not only 'grew exceedingly turgid and hard, but afterwards being brought nearer to the fire, it suddenly broke into so loud and vehement a noise as stunned those that were by, and made us for awhile almost deaf.' Both these effects Boyle justly ascribed to the expan-

sibility of the air: in the one case, by the removal of the compressing force—the pressure of the external air; in the other, by the influence of heat in ‘separating or stretching out’ the aerial particles. He also assiduously endeavoured to ascertain the limits to which the air could be dilated; and his experiments led him to the conclusion—an incorrect one, yet apparently justified by his investigations—that it could expand almost indefinitely.

Boyle's experiments did not end with the mechanical properties of the air—with the determination of its elasticity, density, weight, and pressure. He performed a series of highly-interesting and important investigations upon its chemical properties—its relation to respiration and life, to combustion and flame. That ‘famous mechanician and chymist, Cornelius Drebbel,’ is related to have contrived for the learned King James a vessel to go under water, of which a trial was made in the Thames, the vessel carrying twelve rowers besides passengers; ‘one of which,’ relates Boyle, ‘is yet alive, and related it to an excellent mathematician that informed me of it.’ Boyle, dissatisfied with the account, yet fully believing in its credibility, made further inquiries, which disclose to us a very remarkable fact—no less than that *oxygen gas* must have been discovered by this Drebbel. We may take the account of his submarine navigation as a myth, for such unquestionably it was. But, like all myths, it had a nucleus of fact, around which the fabulous concretion had formed. One of his earliest, in fact the earliest, work of this great philosopher's composition related to the air; and death removed him before he could complete his last—still on the same subject—which had engaged so large a portion of his time and so lavish an outlay of his fortune.

Yet Boyle was not without the infirmities characteristic of the philosophers of his time, and this renders him the truer type, as he is the best model of them. He firmly believed in the efficacy of the touch of one Valentine Greatrix, who went by the name of Valentine the Stroker, from the asserted fact of his being able, in common with royalty at that privileged period, to cure scrofulous diseases, and, it is said, even after the royal touch had failed. Numberless other examples of his readiness to believe might be collected out of his little tract called ‘Strange Reports,’ and from his other writings. But with all this Boyle was a great man and a true philosopher. Seeking after truth for its own sake, he has left a reputation for philosophical attainments and discoveries equalled by none of those who were his contemporaries in that inquiring period. Boerhaave has said of him: ‘Which of Mr Boyle's writings shall I commend? All of them. To him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils; so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge.’ And Dr Johnson pays him the following tribute in the *Rambler*: ‘It is well known how much of our philosophy is derived from Boyle's discoveries, yet very few have read the detail of his experiments. His name is indeed revered, but his works are neglected; we are contented to know that he conquered his opponents without inquiring what cavils were produced against him, or by what proofs they were confuted.’

There were others living in those days whose connection with philosophy—especially with the experimental philosophy—is interesting, though less important than that of the virtuosi we have alluded to. These were men

full of ardour for science, and possessed of considerable attainments in various studies, but not themselves so much experimentalists as narrators and collectors of the experiments of others. To the indefatigable exertions of one of these is due the existence of the 'Philosophical Transactions'—the busy, hard-working Mr Henry Oldenburg, who, out of a common piece of wit in the day, was accustomed not unfrequently to call himself by the curious name of Grubendol, reversing the letters of his name. It would be scarcely doing justice to his labours, considering his intimate connection with science in his infancy, were we to pass him by without a more direct allusion than has hitherto been made. Mr Oldenburg was early associated with the prosecution of scientific experiments at Oxford, and subsequently at London. He was also early admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in a short time he began to act as secretary to that philosophical association. At first this appears to have been purely a labour of love; but subsequently he was elected secretary, and was of all others most diligent in the record of experiments, and in carrying on the scientific business of the society. His occupation in this capacity may be judged of by the account he has given of the 'business of the Sec. of the R. S. He attends constantly the meetings both of the Society and Council, *noteth the observables* said and done there; digesteth them in private; takes care to have them entered in the journal and registry-books; reads over and corrects all entrys; solicits the proformances of tasks, recommended and undertaken; writes all letters abroad, and answers the returns made to them, entertaining a correspondence with at least fifty persons; employs a great deal of time, and takes much pains in satisfying foreign demands about philosophical matters; disperseth farr and nearre stores of directions and enquiries, and sees them well recommended.' No secretary could have been more assiduous than was Mr Oldenburg; but he soon began to entertain the thought that it was a pity that all this scientific information should be contained in a private form. And in a little while it was decided that selections of the scientific communications made to the society of philosophers should be published under Mr Oldenburg's care. To this fresh undertaking the zealous amateur philosopher applied himself with all the powers of his mind, and with the method of a man of business. His scientific correspondence now increased enormously. It is said that at one time he, without any assistance, corresponded with seventy different philosophers on various scientific subjects, and in different parts of the world. The labour was immense, and the contents of the 'Philosophical Transactions' shew the assiduity with which philosophical information was culled from all quarters. His plan of getting through this vast amount of work was admirable: the moment he received a letter he perused it, and immediately wrote back the answer. Thus his work never grew upon him, and though great and burdensome, never became insupportable. He alone, greatly to his credit, bore the responsibility of the expense connected with this undertaking, which was his own, and had no official connection with the Royal Society. In virtue of his diligence, the 'Philosophical Transactions' assumed an important position, but as yet only in the form of a scientific miscellany; for such in reality the earlier volumes are. Yet the sale of them at first only averaged about three hundred copies, and Mr Oldenburg complains of receiving a very

heavy letter from the printer upon the subject. In spite, however, of all discouragements, Oldenburg pursued his task. During the terrible visitation of the plague in London, he never quitted his post. He lived in Pall Mall, and carried on his customary correspondence on scientific matters uninterruptedly. At length death closed the career of this unwearied though humble servant of the new philosophy, and his editorial pen passed into other hands. During his lifetime he was once imprisoned in the Tower. Oldenburg was a man indispensable to experimental science in its infancy, although not directly connected with its advance. No doubt his zeal and enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the philosophy now being made trial of, stimulated and quickened those of others who were more successful labourers in the laboratory and workshop than himself. He was born to fulfil the office to which he was elected, and which he so long honourably maintained. And no one who admits the necessity of the interchange of thought and knowledge among philosophers to the ultimate advancement of philosophy, will refuse to Henry Oldenburg, with all his credulity and childlike simplicity, a place and name in the records of experimental science. Another celebrated personage who was much connected with early philosophy and its followers was John Aubrey. This gentleman found vast delight in the experiments of the infant philosophic associations, and from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity received the name of the 'Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society.' Not a philosopher himself, but much attached to the sciences, and especially enchanted with any mysterious things connected with them, he was one of the busybodies of the time, doing little or nothing, directly or indirectly, to further the progress of the philosophy he admired, but perhaps often did not comprehend.

The records of experimental philosophy in England have presented us with a sufficient number and variety of instances illustrative of the state of the scientific mind of the period; and those of other countries are rich in similar illustrations, to which, as they all indicate the same general features, it has been thought unnecessary to refer. The names of Schottus, Porta, and, above all, of the clever but credulous and superstitious Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher—the best type of an Italian child-philosopher—appear prominent in the history of this period, and may form useful references to those who would inquire into the condition of experimental philosophy abroad as well as at home. It is sufficient for us here to state that the same love of toys and trifles, the same eagerness of inquiry and simplicity of belief, and the same or even a greater degree of superstition prevailed, and gave to the philosophy of the period its childish aspect.

In reviewing the state of science at this period, confining our attention chiefly to our own country, it is highly remarkable to find the persistence with which philosophers clung to their determination to interpret nature solely by means of experiment. The results soon became apparent. The records of philosophy began to teem with new discoveries—'facts multiplied, leading phenomena became prominent, laws began to emerge, and generalisations to commence.' Although the labourers were few the harvest was ripe, and only awaited the ingathering of the philosophical husbandmen. It is worthy our notice to glance over the memorabilia of this time. Immediately prior to it Galileo Galilei discovered the true motion of the earth,

applied the telescope to the heavens, ascertained the pressure of the atmosphere; Bacon wrote the 'Novum Organon'; Torricelli invented the barometer; Pascal proved it; the scientific academies of Italy, England, and France were founded; experiments were commenced, and the dogmatism of the schools scattered to the winds; Newton discovered and applied the laws of gravitation, wrote the 'Principia,' constructed a reflecting telescope; Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; Boyle improved the air-pump to its present form, and developed a variety of facts connected with the air; Hooke published his discoveries with the microscope; Halley prosecuted his researches in terrestrial magnetism; Leibnitz lived; Descartes lived; the steam-engine was invented; electricity was developed as a science, and many chemical discoveries made. This list might be much extended; but enough has been mentioned to shew that the time in question constitutes almost a new era in the history of mankind, as it unquestionably does in that of philosophy; and enough also to shew the nature and number of those valuable truths which were only waiting to be gathered by the first adventurous person who, leaving behind the fables of a past age, would stretch out his hand to the things really presented before him in nature.

In approaching the conclusion of this sketch of philosophy in her childhood, we part with regret from our consideration of the early inquirers into the mysteries of nature. They felt that peculiar charm in the study of science which is lost to ourselves—the freshness of a first-love. They were the first to apply the principle of interrogation to the world around them, and the first to catch the half-obscure replies returned by the things of nature with which they dealt. The things which to them were great discoveries are matters of everyday with us. Boyle, Wilkins, Digby, and the young Royal Society, with all the new marvels that enchanted them, and invited fresh pursuit into the untrodden ways of experimental science, are forgotten now, and the world rolls on, for ever turning up wondrous things of science to the contemplation of philosophers who are but little prone to dwell on the past. One remarkable feature distinguishes the time of which we have spoken and no other before or since—and that is the humility of the philosophers, their diffidence in the present and in themselves, and their confidence in the future and in the coming men. They appeared to feel all the feebleness of their infancy in science, all the imperfections which characterised their attempts, and had ever a watchful eye on the future, reliant upon the ultimate success of the investigations they had commenced and their method of pursuing them. And such is the true spirit of an experimental philosopher. The very fact of his seeking truth by experiment implies a consciousness of his ignorance of results, and inculcates a deep reliance on the laws instituted by the Creator among natural things, and humility in observing their operations. Yet this is very opposite to the natural impulses of the human mind. 'Excited,' writes Humboldt, 'by the brilliant manifestation of new discoveries, and nourishing hopes, the fallacy of which often continues long undetected, each age dreams that it has approximated closely to the culminating point of the recognition and comprehension of nature.' Of this fault, however, the time of which we have written was less guilty than any before it, or than any subsequent period. Experimental philosophy began with a confession of its

ignorance; and Newton touchingly professed himself to be but a little child gathering pebbles by the ocean side.

What the philosophers of the time in question sowed we now reap the fruits of. In setting the example of separating certain knowledge from mere conjectures founded on analogy, and subjecting every portion of natural knowledge to the strict criticism of measure, weight, and experiment, they have done mankind at large, and the cause of natural philosophy in particular, the most essential service. The weakness and unsatisfactory nature of those studies in which 'unfounded opinions take the place of certain facts, and symbolical myths manifest themselves under ancient semblances as grave theories,' has been demonstrated by them, and contrasted with the lasting and solid results attainable by research begun in the right spirit, and pursued in the true direction. The philosophic enthusiasm they awakened has never gone out. Its influence pervades society in our own time. Experimental investigation is not confined to the philosophic few among whose ranks it first had origin. The humblest student of nature whose knowledge is gleaned from things, not books, resembles the experimentalists of the time in question, and is seeking truth by the same route. At the same time the most arduous experimental researches—witness those of Faraday in electricity—are being carried on. Philosophers are in every direction knocking at the portals of truth, and daily evidences of their success surround us. The momentum of that wonderful mode of developing truth set in movement by these children of science is now carrying us forward daily to higher and still higher discoveries. 'Who knows,' says an animated philosopher of our day, 'what may yet be in store for our use; what new discovery may again change the tide of human affairs; what hidden treasures may yet be brought to light in the air or in the ocean, of which we know so little; or what virtues there may be in the herbs of the field and in the treasures of the earth; how far its hidden fires or stores of ice may yet become available? Ages can never exhaust the treasures of nature.' Let us learn to imitate the humility of the child-philosophers, and with them learn, too, our grateful dependence upon Him from whom every good and perfect gift proceeds—not the least of His gifts, through man to man, being that experimental philosophy which now forms the foundation of every department of natural knowledge.

CONFUCIUS.

THE most instructive chapter in the comprehensive records of philosophy is example. There its principles are illustrated in action; its spirit typified in life. By this agency has the Divine Being most perfectly revealed himself; and by it, in the moral economy of his universe, are the virtuous energies of humanity continually renewed. The happiest inspiration of which society is the source is the influence diffused through it in various attractive forms by its most distinguished members. Coleridge has beautifully, and with his accustomed significance, remarked that 'it is only by celestial observations that even terrestrial charts can be constructed scientifically.' To gaze steadfastly at the intellectual and moral lights of the world is at once the criterion and pledge of our own advancement; and in that constellation there are for all of us some bright particular stars, which, on account of the brilliancy with which they have shone forth upon mankind under the most peculiar circumstances, should be most earnestly and studiously regarded. Such a one was Confucius: a man who, to use the language of a distinguished living writer, 'six centuries before Christ, considered the outward economy of an empire a worthier object of study than all hidden and abstracted lore; who prized maxims of life and conduct more than all speculations regarding the Divinity; who had actually anticipated some of the most modern propositions respecting the governor and the governed. This man was not a mere name for a set of opinions: he had a distinct, marked personality. And his words and acts have not been limited to a narrow circle or to one or two centuries. He has left an impression of himself upon the most populous empire in the world. After two thousand years his authority is still sacred among the people, the mandarins, the emperors of China; his influence is felt in every portion of that vast and complicated society.' Of this man it is our intention here to give some account.

Koong-foo-tse, or Confucius, as his name has been Latinised by the Jesuits, was born in the autumn of the year 551 B.C. at Shang-Ping, in the kingdom of Loo, within the district now called Keo-fow Hiew, just to the eastward of the great canal, in Shan-tung province. It will be observed from the date that he was a contemporary of Pythagoras. Various prodigies, as in other instances, were, we are told, the forerunners of his birth. On the eve of his appearance upon earth, two dragons encircled the house, five celestial sages entered it at the moment of the portentous

birth, and vocal and instrumental music filled the air. When he was born this inscription appeared on his breast: 'The maker of a rule for settling the world.' His pedigree is traced back in a summary manner to the mythological monarch Hoang-hi, who is said to have lived more than two thousand years before Christ. His father was a magistrate in his native kingdom; for China was then divided into a number of small feudal states, nominally dependent on one head, but each ruled by its own laws. Confucius, therefore, undoubtedly belonged to the literary class from which the mandarins are chosen; and it is said that from his infancy he distinguished himself by his remarkable progress in philosophy. Certain it is that he made those advances in rank and dignity which in China could not be made without much study and an acquaintance with the works of his predecessors in different branches of learning; for he became, say his biographers, one of the first mandarins in the kingdom of Loo.

The early part of his life, as recorded by his followers, presents some curious traits. He was but three years old, says the tale, when his father, Shuh-Leang-Ho, died in a state of honourable poverty, leaving young Confucius to the care of his wife Yan-She. The young philosopher, we are told, took no delight in playing like other boys—a very bad symptom, as we should have apprehended, of the vigour of his intellectual faculties, but which is, of course, recorded to his honour. He was remarkably grave and serious in his deportment, and endeavoured in all things to imitate his grandfather. For this old gentleman he entertained an extraordinary degree of veneration, but nevertheless he one day ventured to reprove him with much philosophic dignity. The occasion was as follows: the grandfather was sitting absorbed in a melancholy reverie, in the course of which he frequently sighed deeply. The child observing him, after some time approached him, and, with many bows and formal reverences, spoke thus: 'If I may presume, without violating the respect which I owe you, sir, to inquire into the cause of your grief, I would gladly do so. Perhaps you fear that I, who am descended from you, may reflect discredit on your memory by failing to imitate your virtues.' His grandfather, astonished, asked him from whom he had learned to speak in such a manner. 'From yourself, sir,' replied the boy. 'I listen attentively to your words, and I often hear you say that a son who does not imitate the virtues of his forefathers is not worthy to bear their name.' The result of this sage discourse is not mentioned, but it is evidently a story fabricated to hold him up to admiration among a people whose distinguishing character is that of filial respect for their parents. Another tale is told to exemplify his veneration for the ancients. After the death of his grandfather, which happened when Confucius was a mere child, the latter pursued his studies under a learned doctor, who was likewise a magistrate and governor, although a teacher in a public school, by whose instruction he was soon enabled to read and comprehend many ancient works long since lost. This progress he had made at the age of sixteen, when he fell into company with a person of high rank, and more than twice as old as himself. The great man, who did not entertain so high a respect as Confucius for the works in question, declared that they were obscure, and not worth the trouble of studying. Whereupon our young student sharply reprov'd him, saying: 'The books which you despise are full of profound knowledge,

and their obscurity is a recommendation to them. In consequence of this they can only be understood by the wise and learned. If they were plain and intelligible to the people in general, the people would despise them. It is very necessary to the subordination and tranquillity of society that there should be degrees of knowledge, to render the ignorant dependent on the wise. As society could not exist with equality of power, so it could as little exist with equality of knowledge; for every one would wish to govern, and no one would be willing to obey. I have heard from a low, ignorant person, the same observation which you now make, and it did not surprise me from him, but I am astonished to hear it from a person of your rank and dignity, who ought to be so much better informed.' The story goes on to say that the mandarin, incensed at the rebuke, and unable to reply to it by reasoning, would have fallen upon the young logician, and given him a sound beating, if he had not been prevented by those who stood by.

He was now made a subordinate magistrate, with the duty of inspecting the sale and distribution of corn, and distinguished himself by his industry and energy in repressing fraud and introducing order and integrity into the whole business. This led to a higher appointment—that of inspector-general of pastures and flocks—which he entered upon when in his twenty-first year; and the result of his judicious measures, we are told, was a general improvement in the cultivation of the country and the condition of the people. Before this he had entered into the holy estate of matrimony. Early marriages are common in China; and Confucius, who seems to have had a peculiar aptitude for conforming to established customs, took to himself a wife at the age of nineteen. The lady was Ke-Kwan-She, of an ancient family in Sung, and by her he had one son, named Pe-Yu, who died before his father at the age of fifty, but left a son, named Tsu-Tse, who grew up in the paths pointed out to him by his grandfather, became very learned, and attained to the highest honours of the state. Confucius, who appears to have entertained no great regard for the fair sex, divorced his wife four years after marriage, for no other reason than that he might attend the better to his books, and be able to discharge more efficiently his duties as a mandarin and superintendent of the agriculture of the province.

The death of his mother, which happened when he was twenty-three years of age, interrupted his administrative functions. According to the ancient and almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employments on the death of either of their parents; and Confucius, desirous of renewing the observance in his native land of all the practices of venerable antiquity, did not fail to conform to this enactment. He further resolved that instead of consigning the dead, as was now customary in China, to any piece of waste ground at hand, the obsequies of his mother should be celebrated with a decorum and magnificence which should be an example to the whole country. This spectacle, in which pomp united with propriety, struck his fellow-citizens with astonishment, and inspired them with such touching recollections, that they determined to restore the observance of what were supposed to be the ancient funeral rites, and to bury their dead in future with all the honours of antiquity. This example was soon followed by the inhabitants of the neighbouring states, and the whole nation, excepting the poorest class, has continued

the practice to the present day. Confucius, however, was not satisfied with a splendid ceremony, which might be forgotten before the 'funeral baked meats' were cold. He inculcated the necessity of repeating acts of homage and respect at stated times, either at the grave, or in a part of the dwelling-house consecrated for the purpose. Hence the 'hall of ancestors' and anniversary feasts of the dead which now distinguish China as a nation, and in which, unfortunately, the Confucian testimonials of affection and respect have degenerated into idolatrous worship. Delighted at the success of his experiment, Confucius shut himself up in his house, to pass in solitude the three years of mourning for his mother.

This period of retirement was not lost to philosophy, for he devoted the whole of it to study. He reflected deeply on the eternal laws of morality, traced them to their source, imbued his mind with a sense of the duties which they impose indiscriminately on all men, and determined to make them the immutable rules of all his actions. Renouncing the repose, fortune, and honours to which his birth and talents entitled him to aspire, he magnanimously resolved to devote his life to the instruction of his countrymen. He undertook to revive amongst them respect and attachment to those ancient rites and usages, with the performance of which, in his view, all social and political virtues were connected. Not content with explaining to all classes of his fellow-citizens the invariable precepts of morality, he proposed to found a school, and train up disciples to aid him in disseminating his doctrines through all parts of the empire, and to continue to teach them after his death. He further intended to compose a series of books which should serve as depositories for his maxims, and hand down his doctrines to after-ages, in the same form in which he had himself promulgated them.

At this time the most eminent of his contemporaries in philosophy was Lao-tze, who was born B.C. 604, and enjoyed a great reputation. He was the 'prince of the doctrine of the Tao'; a word which, according to some, means Reason, and to others, Knowledge, and bears a certain resemblance to the contemporaneous Logos of the Platonic school. His father and mother were poor peasants, the former seventy and the latter fifty years of age at the time of his birth, which tradition ascribes to the agency of a falling star. However this may be, the expectant mother seems to have forsaken or been thrust forth from her dwelling; and while wandering in the fields, when the critical time arrived she lay down beneath a pear-tree, and there the wonderful child was born. The 'Book of Reason and Virtue,' the gospel of the Tao, has never been translated; and it is so obscure, both in style and matter, as to be imperfectly known even to Chinese scholars. The general account of it, however, is, that it presents a scheme of morals of too transcendental and mystical a character to be of any practical use. Lao-tze, during the greater part of his life, was a visionary recluse, wrapped up in metaphysical speculations, and treating with contempt the things of the external world. The darkness of his thoughts was made still deeper by an extraordinary compression of style; and hence the dreamers of succeeding times found in his writings a warrant for their wildest imaginations. He was a believer in the original goodness of human nature, and ascribed its vitiation to the circumstances by which men are surrounded in the world. Above all things, therefore, he insisted

upon the importance of self-knowledge and self-subjection; holding that he alone is truly enlightened who knows himself, and he alone truly powerful who is able to conquer himself. It is difficult in the present state of our acquaintance with the 'Book of Reason and Virtue' to understand how it could have been made the foundation for a system of demonology—but so it is: the sect of the Taou are the demon-worshippers of China: 'If we imagine,' says a recent writer, 'the hermits and other ascetics of the earlier ages of Christianity bringing with them into the desert, together with their ignorant superstitions and fevered imaginations, the pure morality of the Gospel, we shall be able to form some idea of the disciples of Laou-tze. The national love of order had originated, from an early period, a classification of the spirits which haunt and infest the material world; and this philosopher, or more probably his disciples, is supposed to have been the first who systematised the whole, beginning with the doctrine of the Divine *Logos*. These spirits are said to have been originally men; but in the pantheism which runs through the whole of Chinese faith, it would be equally proper to say that men were originally these spirits. Some are lords and rulers of the upper world; some are genii and hobgoblins, wandering among groves and caverns; and some are demons of the abyss, whose business on earth is mischief, and whose fate is hell and torment. Laou-tze gave himself out to be one of the genii who preside over the destinies of men; and he is still supposed by his worshippers to be engaged in this supreme office. His followers were retired and studious men. They were the high chemists of China, who supposed that the process of analysis would discover something more than physical elements; and, believing in the spiritual world, they invested with mystic qualities the world of matter, and devoted their lives to the search after the elixir of immortality and the philosopher's stone. They were originally virtuous recluses, and by means of their ignorant experiments acquired eventually some knowledge of medicine; but the body, as might be expected, was at all times vitiated by quacks and intriguers; and as their doctrines came but little home to the common business and bosoms of men, they could not make any permanent head against the more practical Confucians.

'Like the state religionists, they worship idols representing the innumerable spirits which haunt the world; but their priests are not merely enthusiasts, but being without any general allowance, and depending solely upon the people, they work upon their fears as well as hopes, and, by means of animal magnetism and other mystic secrets, pass frequently for soothsayers and magicians.

'At present they have a high priest who never dies, possessing the same kind of immortality as the Lama of Thibet; and who presides over deities and devils alike. He grants patents for worship, and defines the jurisdiction of the new gods; and, like his inferior clergy, derives a revenue from the sale of amulets to preserve men from the influence of the demons.'

The chief of the new sect, it may be supposed, was curious to see his great rival; and we may mention here, although interrupting the chronology, a highly characteristic interview which took place between them when Laou-tze was in his eighty-seventh and Confucius in his thirty-fifth year. The latter philosopher appeared in all the pomp of office, with a tribe of followers behind him; and the old ascetic began his discourse by

reproaching him with his vanity and worldly-mindedness. 'The wise man,' he said, 'loves obscurity; and so far from courting employments, he shuns them. He studies the times: if they be favourable, he speaks; if corrupt, he yields to the storm. He who is truly virtuous makes no parade of his virtue: he does not proclaim to all the world that he is a sage. This is all I have to say to you: make the best of it you can.' Confucius listened in respectful silence; and his replies afterwards to the eager questions of his disciples were brief and obscure. 'I know the habits of birds, beasts, and fishes,' he said; 'but as to the dragon'—the type of the celestial genii—'I cannot understand how he can raise himself into the heavens.'

When Confucius determined to supersede the dreams of the mystics and solitaries by a practical system of morals, he at first, after his three years' mourning were expired, shut himself up to study and meditate. His professed object was to acquire the 'wisdom of the ancients,' but we entertain a strong suspicion that his famous golden age of virtue, under the rule of the early kings, was merely a figment of his own, invented by way of obtaining a warrant for his maxims which should pass unquestioned with a people so devoted as the Chinese to antiquity and the authority of the past. However this may be, when his studies or his meditations were over, he determined to travel, and correct the lessons of wisdom by those of experience and observation. He visited the state of Kin, where he perfected himself in music, and then traversed Tse and Wei. He returned to Tse in the employment of the prince, as a public reformer; but his efforts, though continued for a year, do not appear to have been attended with any beneficial result. He was now invited to the imperial court, where he remained for several months, inspecting the historical records, and lamenting the degeneracy of the time. It was while here he visited Laou-tze at Seih-tae. He at length returned to Loo, where disciples began to flock to him in such great numbers, that in a short space of time they amounted, it is said, to three thousand, of whom five hundred were mandarins, holding the highest offices in that and the neighbouring states. Some extravagant fictions have been related of the school of Confucius. It has been said that all his followers formed a society, among whom a community of goods was established; and that, in order to detach their minds from the affairs of the world, they appointed one of their number to purchase their food and clothing, and to manage their funds for the good of the whole association. Nothing of this has any foundation. Confucius, like Socrates, seems to have wished to fit men for conducting themselves honourably and usefully in those stations which the public good required that they should fill. His disciples were, for the most part men of full age, who lived in their own families, and followed their separate pursuits, resorting to him to propose their doubts, or to collect his opinions and instruction, and oftentimes accompanying him in the different journeys which he thought fit to undertake. He divided his scholars into four classes: to the first he taught morals; to the second, rhetoric; to the third, politics; and to the fourth, the perfection of their style in written compositions. The first was the necessary introduction to the others. Confucius was well aware, that without a distinct perception of moral excellence there was no such thing as good taste in

eloquence or in writing, nor any practical skill to be attained in the direction of political affairs. He therefore directed his first care to the formation of the mind for the attainment of this perception; and in order to do so he taught that it was necessary to clear the intellect from those mists and obscurities which prevent its distinguishing truth from falsehood. These, he said, arise from vices early sown, or springing up in the heart, which it must therefore be our primary care to eradicate; as the good husbandman begins by rooting out weeds and noxious plants before he commits to the earth the hope of a future harvest.

This residence at Loo was an important time for Confucius and for the Chinese world. Here the philosopher revelled in music, which was not to him, as he declares, a passing recreation, which gratifies the ear without leaving a trace upon the mind, but the originator of distinct images and ideas, which remained after the sounds had ceased. He was likewise a mighty hunter, for which he found warrant in ancient prescription—the chase having been inculcated under the early kings as a duty, and enforced by legal penalties. During the same period he worked industriously—often night and day—upon the historical works, wearing out by frequent use no less than three sets of the bamboo bundles, which were then the form of Chinese volumes. He abridged the 'She-king' and the 'Shoo-king,' and restored the 'Yeh-king' from the obscurity into which it had sunk, and by his comments placed it in that supremacy to which it was entitled both by its purity and wisdom. He had accepted a petty magistracy, which, on an unworthy change of magistrates, he threw up in disgust; and at length he determined to resume his travels.

He first proceeded to Chen, where his reception was indifferent; and he then revisited, with better success, the state of Tze. Here the prince, surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, received the philosopher as his superior, and would insist upon his taking precedence, urging that a 'sage is higher than a king.' Confucius, however, though not questioning so reasonable a proposition, was the last man in China to submit to so unheard of a solecism in ceremony; and he flatly refused to indulge his majesty. He was made one of the ministers, however, but kept his appointment only for a short time. The intrigues of the court were too strong for his wisdom, and our philosopher returned again to his native country.

The reputation of Confucius was now so widely spread that the king of Loo offered him no longer an inferior magistracy, but the post of 'governor of the people' in the capital. Confucius, in this office, testified in a remarkable manner his great abilities, so that even in a few months the change in public morals excited the astonishment of the king. He was now ordered into the royal presence, and invested with the dignity of *Sze-kaon*, which placed him at the head of the magistracy, both civil and criminal, throughout the kingdom, and conferred upon him an authority only second to that of the king himself. In this high office he commenced his career by an act—which indeed he had informed the king, previously to his investiture, was a stern necessity of the time—of surprising vigour and daring, the public execution of one of the chief ministers, whose villainies had been the principal cause of the evils which afflicted the kingdom. This proceeding terrified the king, and astounded even the disciples of the philosopher:

but the event shewed he was right in his calculation—that such a criminal might have adherents while he was in life and in power, but could have no friends to deplore or avenge him. The execution was conducted with all the terrors of the law, and the inexorable magistrate attended in person, and ordered the exposure of the body for three days.

. During the administration of Confucius the affairs of the kingdom flourished; and at one time he had the satisfaction of preserving his prince from a snare set for him by a rival king of Tze. The latter, however, at length succeeded in counteracting the effect of the philosopher's counsels, and in a way highly characteristic of such courts. He selected eighty beautiful young ladies, accomplished singers and dancers, and sent this formidable host against the refined court of Loo; where they were not only able to resist the powerful impression of the Confucian precepts, and the general example of the whole kingdom, but to dislodge the philosopher from his stronghold, to overturn the edifice of morality which he had constructed, and to drive him in utter despair from the scene of his most splendid triumph. The most beautiful and accomplished of these females fastened on the king, while the others, in the regular gradation of their charms, attached themselves to the grandees in proportion to their rank. The result was such as we believe never happened in any other country from a sudden importation of ladies.—namely, that from an extraordinary austerity of morals the whole nation was at once dissolved in luxury and pleasure; the business of the state stood still; the courtiers occupied themselves only in feasting, dancing, shows, and dissipation; and the shopkeepers consoled themselves for the wickedness of their superiors by cutting off part of their reformed measures, filing down their weights, and making one scale an ounce heavier than the other.

Confucius, who had first protested against admitting into the kingdom the insidious visitors, employed his eloquence for some time after their arrival in endeavouring to persuade the old grandees to have nothing to do with these lovely foreigners; but his harangues, which a few weeks before had been omnipotent against the charms of the women of Loo, were wholly ineffectual against those of the Tzean ladies. Vexed, therefore, as a philosopher naturally would be at such a discovery, he soon resigned in disgust, and went abroad in search of disciples less vacillating than his countrymen of Loo.

He now tried several of the Chinese states, one after another, but in vain. All were satisfied with their anarchy and demoralisation; and the answer of the king of Wei to the more refined nobles, who besought him to give employment to the wandering sage, may be taken as characteristic of the whole. 'We are now quiet,' said he; 'but if the philosopher of Loo once gets a finger in the government, under the plausible pretext of reform, all will be thrown into confusion. I am old: I do not love change: let things go on as usual: my successor can do as he pleases.' Confucius passed on his way, consoling himself with the idea, that 'the wise man is everywhere at home—the whole earth is his.' But each home was as turbulent and as hostile as the last. Sometimes the people received his doctrines with acclamation; but this only drew upon him the persecution of the authorities, and occasionally the meetings of his followers were dis-

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persed at the point of the sword. Once he was placed in confinement, and himself and disciples even straitened for food. Confucius was now in his sixty-sixth year; and hearing of the death of his wife, he seems to have regarded it as a warning of his own.

He had the misfortune to live in times when men were ambitious, avaricious, and voluptuous; when rebellions, wars, and tumults everywhere prevailed; and though he was fortunate enough to make a vast number of proselytes among the most eminent persons wherever he went, yet he fell into extreme poverty, and was greatly oppressed and persecuted. At length, finding that a public life to him was beset with dangers and trials, he retired to Loo, and in the company of his chosen disciples, employed himself in composing or compiling those celebrated works which have handed down his reputation to posterity, and become the sacred books of China. When seventy years of age, his favourite disciple died. Confucius being greatly concerned for the continuance and propagation of his doctrines, and having entertained great hopes of this person, was inconsolable for his loss, and wept bitterly, exclaiming: 'Heaven has destroyed—Heaven has destroyed me!' In his seventy-third year, a few days before his death, he moved about, leaning on his staff, and sighed as he exclaimed—

'The mountain is crumbling,
The strong beam is yielding,
The sage is withering like a plant.'

He observed to a disciple that the empire had long been in a state of anarchy, and mentioned a dream of the previous night, which he regarded as the presage of his own departure; and so it came to pass, for, after seven days of lethargy, he expired in the year 479 B.C. The eighteenth day of the second moon is kept sacred by the Chinese as the anniversary of their sage's death.

The eyes of the deceased were closed by two of his disciples, who, after putting three pinches of rice into the mouth, arrayed the body in the robes of a minister of state. It was laid, with all the ceremonies so dear to the philosopher when living, in a piece of ground purchased for the purpose to the north of the city; and, to mark the spot, three mounds of earth were raised, and a tree planted, which is said to exist at this day. The disciple who had acted the part of chief mourner extended his period of mourning to six years, residing constantly near the tomb. Crowds came to the place with their families, and erected habitations, till a village arose, which gradually waxed to a city of the third order, called Kea-foo-heen.

Notwithstanding the general demoralisation of his contemporaries, he was no sooner dead than men of all sorts began to venerate his memory. Upon hearing of the event, the king of Loo burst into tears, exclaiming: 'Heaven is displeased with me, since He has taken from me the most precious treasure of my kingdom.' The same sentiments prevailed through all the surrounding countries; which, from that very moment, say the historians, began to honour him as a saint. In the Han dynasty, long subsequent to his death, he was dignified with the highest title of honour; and he was subsequently styled *The Sovereign Teacher*. The Ming, or Chinese dynasty, which succeeded the Mongols, called him *The*

most holy teacher of ancient times—a title which the present Tartar family has continued.

Though only a single descendant (his grandson) survived Confucius, the succession has continued through sixty-seven or sixty-eight generations to the present day, in the very district where their great ancestor was born. Various honours and privileges have always distinguished the family, and its heads have enjoyed the rank of nobility. In every city, down to those of the third order, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. 'In the most honourable place of this temple,' says D'Avity, 'is seen his statue, or at least his name, in letters a cubit long. By his side are seen the statues of some of his disciples, whom the Chinese esteem as saints or divinities of a lower rank. All the magistrates of the cities assemble, together with those who are proclaimed bachelors, in each full and new moon in the temple, and offer a kind of adoration to their master with inclinations of the head, and bendings of the knee, and with burning of incense and torches. They also present to him food on his birthday, and at some other periods, thanking him for his doctrines, but neither making a prayer to him nor asking anything from him.' Other writers say that there are no statues to Confucius, but simply tablets with his name. The number of temples dedicated to him in China is stated to be 1560, in which are sacrificed annually 62,000 victims (chiefly pigs and rabbits), besides other offerings. Time has but added to the reputation which he left behind him; and he is now, at the distance of more than two thousand years, held in universal veneration throughout China by all persons, even by those who reject his doctrines.

'Confucius,' says Professor Maurice, 'could not have produced the effect which he has produced upon the empire of China; could not be recognised in the character in which he has been recognised for so many ages, if his mind had not been the very highest type of the Chinese mind; that in which we may read what it was aiming at both before and after he appeared to enlighten it. We may, therefore, acquiesce without difficulty in the opinion, that the Chinese religion was from the first of a much less high and mysterious quality than that of almost any people upon the earth; that the belief of the eternal, as distinct from and opposed to the temporal, existed very dimly and imperfectly in it, and was supplied only by a reverence for the past; that the sense of connection or communion with any invisible powers, though not absent, must have been weak and slightly developed; that the emperor must have been regarded always as the highest utterer of the divine mind; that the priest must have been chiefly valued as a minister of the ceremonial of the court; that rites and ceremonies must have had in this land a substantive value independent of all significance, which they have scarcely ever possessed elsewhere; that there was united with this tendency one which to some may seem incompatible with it—an attachment to whatever is useful and practical; that the Chinese must have entertained a profound respect for family relationships; that the relationship of father and son will, however, have so overshadowed all the rest, that they will have been regarded merely as different forms of it, or as to be sacrificed for the sake of it; that implicit obedience to authority will have been the virtue which every institution existed to enforce, which was to be their only preserver. If we suppose the reverence

for the shades of ancestors, for the person of the emperor, for the dignity of the father, to have been joined with something of a Sabæan worship, with some astrology and speculation about the future, we shall perhaps arrive at a tolerably near conception of China as it may have existed under the old emperors, to whom the sage continually refers with admiration and regret.'

These old institutions and this old creed of his country Confucius had studied most profoundly, and was most earnestly desirous to preserve. No one aspired less to be an innovator: his main object was to remove innovations. 'I teach you nothing,' he often repeated, 'but what you might learn yourselves, if you made a proper use of your faculties. What can be more simple and natural than the principles of that moral code, the maxims of which I inculcate? All I tell you, our ancient sages have practised before us in the remotest times—namely, the observance of the three fundamental laws of relation between sovereign and subject, father and child, husband and wife; and the five capital virtues—namely, universal charity, impartial justice, conformity to ceremonies and established usages, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity.' 'This,' says Mr Thornton in his laboriously-accurate 'History of China,' to which we have been indebted for various details, 'is a concise summary of the whole moral system of Confucius.' We are told by another writer, that the Confucian theory has preserved its influence because it was precisely adapted to the singularly practical mind of the Chinese: 'To understand Confucius is to understand China. He had no idiosyncrasy. He was an incarnation of the national character, a mouthpiece of the national feelings; and he was only greater than the rest of his countrymen by being imbued with that genius which gives vitality and energy to thoughts that lie dormant, though existing, in the minds of meaner men. He was the mental light which touches, as Dryden expresses it, "the sleeping images of things;" and at his appearance all became visible that before was obscure, all distinct that before was unintelligible, and the tumultuous ideas of a great nation fell gradually into peace, and order, and harmony. . . . He appealed to no general passions, to no principles that are catholic in man. He allured the intellectual by no metaphysical subtleties, the ignorant by no splendour of imagination, the credulous by no supernatural pretensions: in point of fact, his ethical system, with the exception of the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," reproduced in Christianity five hundred years later, never soars beyond the most obvious commonplace. Confucius, notwithstanding, was hailed as the Messiah of the Chinese; the national mind rested, as it were, upon his writings; and from that day to this it has never advanced a step beyond them.' A summary view of the original works or compilations which have come down from the age of Confucius and his disciples, will best enable us to form some judgment respecting that school of philosophy and literature of which he was the head, and which constitutes at this day the standard of Chinese orthodoxy. These classical or sacred works consist in all of nine—that is to say, the 'Four Books,' and the 'Five Canonical Works.' In the course of a regular education, the former of these are the first studied and committed to memory, being subsequently followed up by the others; and a complete know-

ledge of the whole of them, as well as of the standard notes and criticisms by which they are elucidated, is an indispensable condition towards the attainment of the higher grades of literary and official rank. The original text of these works is comprised within a very moderate compass; but the numerous commentaries which from time to time have been added contribute to swell the whole to a formidable bulk. The art of printing, however, which gives the Chinese such an advantage over other Asiatic nations, together with the extreme cheapness of paper, has contributed to multiply the copies *ad infinitum*, and to bring these and most other books of the country within the reach of almost everybody.

I. The first of the four books is the 'Ta-heo,' or 'Great Study.' This little work consists of a brief text by Confucius, with an explanation by his disciple Theng-tsen. Though very brief (containing less than two thousand words), it may, in one point of view, be regarded as the most precious of all the writings of our philosopher, as it exhibits in the highest degree the employment of a logical method; which shews that its author, although unacquainted with the profound syllogistic proceedings taught and practised by the Greek and Hindoo philosophers, had at least reduced his philosophy to a scientific state, and was not confined to the aphoristic expression of moral ideas. The 'Ta-heo' is intended to shew that in the knowledge and government of *one's self* the economy and government of a family must originate; and going on thence to extend the principle of domestic rule, to the administration of a province, it deduces from this last the rules and maxims which should prevail in the ordering of the whole empire. The end and aim of the work is evidently political; and in this instance, as in others, the philosopher and statesman of China commences with *morals* as the foundation of *politics*; with the conduct of an individual father in his family as the prototype of a sovereign's sway over his people.

In the sixth section of this work the 'beauty of virtue' is inculcated somewhat in the manner of the Stoics, and its practice recommended as a species of enjoyment. Much wisdom also is shewn in pointing out the importance and utility of rectifying 'the motives of action.' In the tenth section good advice is given to kings and statesmen, as in these sentences: 'He who gains the hearts of the people secures the throne; and he who loses the people's hearts loses the throne.' 'Let those who produce revenue be many, and those who consume it few; let the producers have every facility, and let the consumers practise economy; thus there will be constantly a sufficiency of revenue'—and he might have added, no national debts.

II. The second sacred book is the 'Chung-yung,' or 'The Invariable in the Mean.' It is an application of the Greek maxim—*ἡ δὲ μέσος ἐν παντι ἀρεταίστερος*, that 'the middle is in all things the safest course.' This doctrine of the mean, in the opinion of the Chinese, contains the very essence of all philosophy. It has been thus explained by Professor Maurice: 'Each duty involves another. What is the first duty from which all derive their sanction—the performance of which makes the performance of the others possible? It is difficult to find; often we seem to be moving in a circle. But evidently all duties involve a rule. To be right is to be regular. Irregularity must be the common expression for the

violation of all relations. But irregularity is clearly the effect of some bias determining us to one side or another. The law of rectitude, then, must be the law of the mean. All study and discipline must be for the preservation of this.' In continuation of this explanation he quotes the following passage from the *Chung-yung*: 'Before joy, satisfaction, anger, sorrow, have been produced in the soul, the state in which we are found is called the mean. When once they have been produced in the soul, and they have not transgressed certain limits, the state in which we are is called Harmonic. • This mean is the great foundation of the world. Harmony is the universal and permanent law of it. When the Mean and the Harmony have been carried to the point of perfection, heaven and earth are in a state of perfect tranquillity, and all beings receive their full development. Confucius said: The man of superior virtue perseveres invariably in the mean; the vulgar or unprincipled man is constantly in opposition to this invariable mean. Few men are there, he cried at another time, who know how to keep long in the right way; I know the reason: cultivated men pass beyond it; ignorant men do not attain it; men of strong virtue go too far; men of feeble virtue stop short.'

'Here,' continues Mr Maurice, 'we have the very marrow of Chinese life, Chinese morals, Chinese politics. Hence we may explain that passion for minute ceremony which seems to western people so ridiculous and intolerable. Hence it arises that the most affectionate disciples of a man really so honest and simple as Confucius was, should spend whole pages in informing us that if he had to salute persons who presented themselves to him either on the right or the left, his robe behind and before always fell straight and well-arranged; that his step was quickened when he introduced guests, and that he held his arms extended like the wings of a bird; that when he entered under the gate of the palace, he bent his body as if the gate had not been sufficiently high to let him pass; that in passing before the throne, his countenance changed all at once, his step being grave and measured, as if he had fetters on, and his words being as embarrassed as his feet; that, taking his robe with his two hands, he ascended into the hall of the palace, his body bent and holding his breath, as if he had not dared to breathe; that his night-dress was always half as long again as his body; that he never ate meat which was not cut in straight lines; that if a meat had not the sauce which belonged to it, he never touched it: with a thousand other particulars, of which these are fair specimens, and which we willingly omit, lest we should diminish our readers' respect for a really remarkable man, when our intention is only to throw light upon the national character, and to shew how entirely the philosophy of Confucius grew out of it, and was determined by it. That philosophy is not a mere collection of dry formalities: it is based upon a large experience; brings out the idea of duty as it was never brought out in the west till Greek philosophy was remoulded by the Latin mind. It suggests very deep thoughts respecting the connection of social and individual life; it may help us as much by that which it fails to recognise as by that which it actually proclaims. But the blanks which are so significant to us have been filled up in China, as they could only be filled up, by new maxims, a more rigid ceremonial, an intense self-conceit and self-satisfaction. The true Confucian clings to his classical books, learns them by

heart, dwells on the rules of equity, the contempt of money, the reverence for antiquity which they enforce; and shews by the contradictions of his acts and life what truth there is in these maxims, and what powerlessness; how faithfully they foretell the decline of a country in which they are not obeyed; and how utterly unable they are to produce obedience.'

The following passages, extracted from the 'Chung-yung,' will give some idea of the political philosophy of Confucius. He thus explains his notions of good government: 'Koong-foo-tse was questioned on the constitutive principles of a good government. The philosopher said: The laws of the ancient kings were consigned to bamboo tablets; if their ministers were living now their laws would be in vigour; their ministers have ceased to be, and their principles of good government are no longer followed. The combined virtues and qualities of the ministers of a prince make the administration of a state good, as the fertile virtue of the earth, uniting the moist and the dry, produces and makes to grow the plants which cover its surface. This good administration resembles the reeds which are on the borders of rivers: it springs up naturally on a soil that is suitable to it. Thus the good administration of a state depends upon the ministers who are set over it. A prince who wishes to imitate the excellent government of the ancient kings must choose his ministers according to his own sentiments, which must always be inspired by the public good. That his sentiments may always have the public good for their moving principle, he must conform himself to the great law of duty; and this great law of duty must be sought for in humanity, that fine virtue of the heart which is the principle of love for all men. This humanity is man himself: regard for relations is its first duty.'

He next describes what is necessary in a prince: 'The prince can never cease to correct himself and bring himself to perfection. With the intention of correcting and perfecting himself, he cannot dispense with rendering to his relations that which is their due. Having the intention to render to his relations their due, he cannot dispense with the acquaintance of wise men, that he may honour them, and that they may instruct him in his duties. Having the intention to become acquainted with wise men, he cannot dispense with the knowledge of Heaven, nor with the law which directs in the practice of prescribed duties.'

The various duties of man are then enumerated: 'The most universal duties for the human race are five in number, and man possesses three natural faculties for practising them. These five duties are—the relations which subsist between the prince and his ministers, the father and his children, the husband and his wife, the elder and younger brothers, and those of friends among themselves. Conscience, which is the light of intelligence to distinguish good and evil; humanity, which is the equity of the heart; moral courage, which is the strength of the soul—these are the three grand and universal moral faculties of man.'

Results he considers to be more important than the method of arriving at them. 'Whether nature is sufficient for the knowledge of these universal duties; whether study is necessary to apprehend them; whether the knowledge is arrived at with great difficulty or not—when one has got the knowledge, the result is the same. Whether we practise these duties naturally and without effort, or whether we practise them for the sake of getting

profit and personal advantage from them—when we have succeeded in accomplishing meritorious works, the result is the same.'

He then goes on to teach that practice leads to knowledge. 'He who loves study, or the application of his intelligence to the search of the law of duty, is very near the acquirement of moral science. He who devotes all his efforts to practise his moral duties, is near that devotion to the happiness of men which is called humanity. He who knows how to blush for his weakness in the practice of his duties, is very near acquiring the force of mind necessary to their accomplishment.'

Rulers are next informed how they may make the condition of an empire blessed and enviable. 'So soon as the prince shall have well regulated and improved himself, straightway the universal duties will be accomplished towards him. So soon as he shall have learned to revere wise men, straightway he will no longer have any doubt about the principles of truth and falsehood, of good and evil. So soon as his parents shall be the objects of the affection which is due to them, straightway there will be no more dissensions between his uncles, his elder brother, and his younger brothers. So soon as he shall treat with fitting respect all public functionaries and secondary magistrates, the doctors and literary men will zealously acquit themselves of their duties in the ceremonies. So soon as he shall love and treat the people as his son, the people will be drawn to imitate their superior. So soon as he shall have collected about him all the learned men and artists, his wealth will be advantageously spent. So soon as he shall entertain agreeable persons who come from a distance, straightway will men from the four ends of the empire flock in crowds to his state, to share in the benefits he bestows. So soon as he shall treat his great vassals with kindness, straightway he will be respected throughout the whole empire.'

We must not separate these political axioms from the following, which are more purely moral. Resolutions, he says, is the greatest element of action: 'All virtuous deeds, all duties which have been resolved on beforehand, are thereby accomplished; if they are not resolved on, they are thereby in a state of infraction. If we have determined beforehand the words which we must speak, we shall experience no hesitation. If we have predetermined our affairs and occupations in the world, they will thereby be easily accomplished. If we have predetermined our moral conduct in life, we shall feel no anguish of soul. If we resolve beforehand to obey the law of duty, it will never fail us.'

He thus distinguishes between the saint and the sage. 'The perfect, the true, disengaged from all mixture, is the law of Heaven. The process of perfection, which consists in using all one's efforts to discover the celestial law, the true principle of the mandate of Heaven, is the law of man. The perfect man attains this law without help from without; he has no need of meditation or long reflection to obtain it; he arrives at it with calmness and tranquillity. This is the holy man. He who is continually tending towards perfection; who chooses the good and attaches himself strongly to it for fear of losing it, is the sage. He must study much to learn all that is good; he must inquire with discernment, to seek information about all that is good; he must watch carefully over all that is good, for fear of losing it, and meditate upon it in his soul; he must continually strive to become acquainted with all that is good, and take great care to distinguish it

from all that is evil; and then he must firmly and constantly practise this good.'

We conclude our notice of this book with the following testimony to perseverance:—He who shall truly follow the rule of perseverance, however ignorant he may be, he will necessarily become enlightened; however feeble he may be, he will necessarily become strong.'

III. The third of the Chinese classical books is the '*Lun-yu*,' or '*Philosophical Dialogues*.' We have here the recorded sayings of Confucius, which bear far more internal evidence of genuineness than those which are commonly attributed to the founders of the Greek schools. We have also the testimonies of affectionate disciples respecting him, which, if they are not wholly to be trusted, at least give us different impressions of his character, out of which we may form one for ourselves. Sir J. F. Davis calls the *Lun-yu* 'a complete Chinese Boswell;' M. Panthier, who has recently translated it into French, compares its dialogues to those in which Socrates is the hero. It is, in truth, in these Philosophical Dialogues that we become best acquainted with the lofty mind of Confucius—his passion for virtue, his ardent love of humanity, and desire for the happiness of all men. No sentiment of vanity or pride, of menace or fear, tarnishes the purity and authority of his words. 'I was not born endowed with knowledge,' he says; 'I am a man who loved the ancients, and made all exertions to acquire their information.' His disciples said of him: 'He was a man exempt from four faults: self-love, prejudice, egotism, and obstinacy. He was mild, yet firm; majestic, though not harsh; grave, yet agreeable.'

Study—that is, the search after the good, the true, and the virtuous—was, in his view, the surest means of attaining perfection. 'I have passed,' he said, 'whole days without food, and entire nights without sleep, that I might give myself up to meditation, but it was no use: study is far preferable.' He soon added: 'The superior cares only about the right way, and does not think about eating and drinking. If you cultivate the earth, hunger often presents itself in your midst; if you study, felicity is your constant companion. The superior man is anxious only to keep in the right way; he does not trouble himself about poverty.' With what admiration he speaks of one of his disciples, who, in the midst of the greatest privations, devoted himself to the study of wisdom with unabated perseverance! 'Oh! how wise was Hoi! he had a dish of bamboo to eat from, and a common cup to drink from, and he lived in a humble hovel in a narrow and deserted street; any other man but himself would have sunk under his privations and sufferings. But nothing could affect the serenity of Hoi; oh! what a wise man was Hoi!' But if he could thus honour poverty, he was no less energetic in denouncing a material, idle, and useless life. 'Those,' he said, 'who do nothing but eat and drink during the whole day, without employing their intellects in some worthy occupation, excite my pity. Is there not the trade of bargemen? Let them practise it; then they will be sages in comparison with what they are now.'

It is a well-known fact that many of the ancient Greek philosophers had two doctrines—one public and the other secret; one for the vulgar, the other for the initiated. Such was not the case with Confucius; he plainly declared that he had no esoteric doctrine. 'Do you fancy, my disciples, that I have any doctrines that I conceal from you? I have none: I have

done nothing that I have not communicated to you, oh my disciples!' He appears, indeed, according to Mr. Thornton, to have been particularly anxious not to appear anything higher than he really was. 'Amongst the anecdotes related respecting Confucius at this period, there is one which evinces his desire to disclaim supernatural knowledge. In one of their walks he advised his disciples to provide themselves with umbrellas, since, although the sky was perfectly fair, there would soon be rain. The event, contrary to their expectation, corresponded with his prediction, and one of them inquired what spirit had revealed to him this secret. "There is no spirit in the matter," said Confucius ingenuously; "a verse in the *She-king* says, that 'when the moon rises in the constellation *pe*, great rain may be expected.' Last night I saw the moon in that constellation. 'This is the whole secret.'"

That our readers may not be unacquainted with the form, such as it is, of this Chinese book, through our desire to cull choice sentences that fell from the lips of Confucius, we will give the substance of one or two of the chapters which seem best to explain his character and manner of thinking, putting headings of our own to each paragraph for convenience of reference.

1. *Pleasures of Study*.—'The philosopher said: He who devotes himself to the study of the true and the good, with perseverance and without relaxation, derives therefrom great satisfaction.'

2. *External Appearances*.—'Khoong-tseu said: Ornate and flowery expressions, an exterior that is carefully got up and full of affectation, are rarely allied with sincere virtue.'

3. *Thorough Knowledge*.—'The philosopher said: Make yourself completely master of what you have learned, and be always learning something new; you may then become an instructor of men.'

4. *A superior Man*.—'Tseu-Koong asked who was a superior man; the philosopher said: He is a man who first puts his words into practice, and then speaks conformably to his actions. The superior man is one who entertains an equal feeling of benevolence towards all men, and has no egotism or partiality. The vulgar man is he who has none but sentiments of egotism, without any benevolent disposition towards all men in general.'

5. *Rules of Conduct*.—'Tseu-chang studied with the view of obtaining the functions of a governor. The philosopher said to him: Listen much, so as to diminish your doubts; be attentive to what you say, that you may say nothing superfluous—then you will rarely commit faults. Look much, that you may diminish the dangers into which you might run through not being informed of what is passing. Watch attentively over your actions, and you will rarely have cause to repent. If in your words you seldom commit faults, and if your actions seldom give you cause to repent, you possess already the charge to which you aspire.'

6. *Sincerity and Fidelity*.—'The philosopher said: A man devoid of sincerity and fidelity is an incomprehensible being in my eyes: he is a great chariot without an axle, a little chariot without a pole; how can he guide himself along the road of life?'

7. *Country Life*.—'The philosopher said: Humanity, or sentiments of benevolence towards others, is admirably practised in the country; he who, in selecting a residence, refuses to dwell in the country, cannot be considered wise.'

8. *Honesty*.—The philosopher said : Riches and honour are the objects of human desire ; if they cannot be obtained by honest and right means, they must be renounced. Poverty, and a humble or vile condition, are the objects of human hatred and contempt ; if you cannot escape therefrom by honest and right means, you must remain in them.'

9. *Preparation for Death*.—'The philosopher said : If in the morning you have heard the voice of celestial reason, in the evening you will be fit to die.'

10. *Consequences of Avarice*.—'The philosopher said : Apply yourself solely to gains and profits, and your actions will make you many enemies.'

11. *Actions and Words*.—'The philosopher said : At the commencement of my relations with men, I listened to their words, and I thought that their actions would be in conformity to them. Now, in my relations with men, I listen to their words, but I look to their actions.'

12. *Love for the Past*.—'The philosopher said : I illustrate and comment upon the old books, but I do not compose new ones. I have faith in the ancients—I love them ; I have the highest respect for our Lao-pang' (a sage of the Chang dynasty.)

13. *Ideal of a Great Man*.—'The philosopher said : To meditate in silence, and to recall to one's memory the objects of one's meditations ; to devote one's self to study and not to be discouraged ; to instruct men and not to suffer one's self to be cast down—how shall I attain to the possession of these virtues ?'

14. *Lamentations over the Age*.—'The philosopher said : Virtue is not cultivated—study is not manfully pursued : if the principles of justice and equity are professed, they are not followed ; the wicked and the perverse will not amend—that is the cause of my sorrow.'

15. *Self-Education necessary*.—'The philosopher said : If a man makes no efforts to develop his own mind, I shall not develop it for him. If a man does not choose to make use of his faculty of speech (so as to make himself intelligible), I shall not penetrate the sense of his expressions. If, after having enabled him to know one angle of a square, he does not discover the measure of the other three, I do not repeat the demonstration.'

16. *Mere Courage no Virtue*.—'Tseu-lou said : If you were leading three bodies of troops of 12,500 men each, which of us would you take for a lieutenant ? The philosopher answered : The man who with his own hands would engage us in a combat with a tiger ; who without any motive would wish us to ford a river ; who would throw away his life without reason or remorse—I certainly would not take for my lieutenant. I should want a man who would maintain a steady vigilance in the direction of affairs ; who was capable of forming plans and of executing them.'

17. *Riches better than Respectability*.—'The philosopher said : To get riches in a fair way, I would certainly engage in a low occupation, if it were necessary ; but if the means were not honest, I would prefer to apply myself to that which I love.'

18. *Love of Music*.—'The philosopher being in the kingdom of Tai, heard the music which is called Tchao, and was so much affected by it that for three months he did not know the taste of his food. He said : I do not fancy that, since the composition of that music, so high a point of perfection has ever been attained.'

19. *Independence of the Wise Man.*—‘The philosopher said: To feed upon a little rice, to drink water, to have nothing but one’s bent arm to lean upon, is a state which has its own satisfaction. To get riches and honours by unfair means seems to me like a cloud driven along by the wind.’

20. *Study of Books.*—‘The philosopher said: If it were granted to me to add a number of years to my life, I would ask fifty to study the Y-King, that I might free myself from great faults.’

21. *Confucius’s Account of Himself.*—‘Ye-Kong questioned Tseu-loo about Koong-foo-tse. Tseu-loo did not answer him. The philosopher said: Why have you not answered him? Koong is a man who in his eagerness to acquire knowledge often forgets to take nourishment; who in the joy which he feels at having acquired it, forgets the pains which it has cost him; and who is not disquieted at the approach of old age. Now you know about him.’

22. *All Men are Teachers.*—‘The philosopher said: If three of us were journeying together, I should necessarily find two instructors (in my travelling companions); I would choose the good man for imitation, and the bad man for correction.’

23. *Virtue is Strength.*—‘The philosopher said: Heaven has planted virtue in me; what, then, can Hoan-loui do to me?’

24. *Hypocrisy Difficult.*—‘The philosopher said: To want everything, and to act as if one had abundance of possessions; to be empty, and shew one’s self full; to be small, and shew one’s self great—is a part very difficult to support steadily.’

25. *Action must follow Reflection.*—‘The philosopher said: How is it that there are men who act without knowing what they do? I should not wish to behave myself so. We must hear the advice of many people; choose what is good in their counsels, and follow it; see much, and reflect maturely upon what we have seen: this is the second step in knowledge.’

26. *Exclusiveness reproved.*—‘The inhabitants of a city were hard to teach; one of their young men came to visit the disciples of the philosopher, and they deliberated whether or not they should receive him amongst them. The philosopher said: I have admitted him into the number of my disciples; I have not admitted him to go away. Whence comes this opposition on your part? This man has purified and renewed himself in order to enter my school. Praise him for having done this; I cannot answer for his past or future actions.’

27. *Humility of Confucius.*—‘The philosopher said: In literature I am not the equal of other men. If I think of a man who unites holiness to the virtue of humanity, how could I dare to compare myself to him? All I know is, that I force myself to practise these virtues, and to teach them to others, without being disheartened.’

28. *Devotion of Confucius.*—‘The philosopher being very ill, Tseu-loo begged him to allow his disciples to address prayers for him to the spirits and genii. The philosopher said: Is it right to do so? Tseu-loo answered respectfully: It is right; it is said in the book called Loui, “Address your prayers to the spirits and genii above and below.” The philosopher answered: The prayer of Koong-foo-tse is constant.’

29. *Disobedience.*—‘The philosopher said: If a man is prodigal and

addicted to luxury, he is not submissive. If he is too parsimonious, he is vile and abject. Baseness is, however, far better than disobedience.'

30. *Sovereign Virtue*.—'The philosopher said: Tai-pe might be called sovereignly virtuous! I know not how anything could be added to his virtue: thrice he refused the empire, and the people saw nothing admirable in his conduct.'

31. *How Virtues become Mischievous*.—'The philosopher said: If deference and respect towards others are not regulated by the rites or by education, they are mere gratifications of our own fancy. If vigilance and carefulness are not regulated by education, they are only other names for extravagant cowardice. If manly courage is not regulated by education, it means only insubordination. If rectitude is not regulated by education, it entails the greatest confusion.'

32. *Limits of Power*.—'The philosopher said: We may force the people to follow the principles of justice and reason, but we cannot force them to comprehend them.'

33. *How to be Virtuous*.—'The philosopher said: He who has an unalterable faith in truth, and who is passionately fond of study, preserves to his death the principles of virtue, which are the consequences of this faith and love.'

34. *Causes of Shame*.—'The philosopher said: If a state is governed by the principles of reason, poverty and misery are a cause of shame. If a state is not governed by the principles of reason, riches and honours are then the subjects of shame.'

35. *Qualities of a Great Man*.—'The philosopher said: I see no defect in Yu; he was sober in eating and drinking, and devoutly pious towards the spirits and genii. His ordinary clothing was poor and mean; but how beautiful and glorious his robes were at the ceremonies! He inhabited a humble dwelling; but he directed all his energies to the making of trenches and cutting canals for the conveyance of water.'

36. *Good Ministers*.—'The philosopher said: Those whom I call great ministers are men who serve their prince according to the principles of reason and justice, and not according to the wishes of the prince: if they cannot do so, they retire.'

37. *Anti-Capital Punishments*.—'Ki-kang-tseu questioned Koong-foo-tse with regard to the method of governing, and said: If I put to death those who respect no law to favour those who observe the laws, what will be the result? Koong replied with deference: What need have you, who are at the head of public affairs, to employ punishments? Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous. The virtues of a superior man are like the wind, and those of a vulgar man, like the grass; when the wind passes over the grass, the latter bends before it.'

38. *How to Govern*.—'Tseu-loo put a question regarding the method of governing rightly. The philosopher said: Be the first to give the people an example of virtue in your own person; be the first to give the people an example of industry in your own person.'

39. *Use of Speech*.—'The philosopher said: If the state is governed by the principles of reason and justice, speak boldly and worthily, act nobly and honourably. If the state is not governed by justice and reason, still act nobly and honourably, but speak moderately and with precaution.'

40. *Difficulties of Poverty*.—‘The philosopher said: It is difficult to be poor, and to feel no resentments; it is easy in comparison to be rich, and not to be proud.’

41. *Modesty*.—‘The philosopher said: The superior man blushes with fear lest his words should exceed his actions.’

42. *Good People are Scarce*.—‘The philosopher said: Yeou, those who are acquainted with virtue are very rare!’

43. *Love of Beauty*.—‘The philosopher said: Alas! hitherto I have seen no one who preferred virtue to personal beauty.’

44. *The Way to Pleasure*.—‘The philosopher said: Be severe in your judgment of yourselves, and indulgent towards others; thus you will avoid ill-will.’

45. *Education should be General*.—‘The philosopher said: Provide instruction for all, without distinction of class or rank.’

46. *Friends*.—‘Koong-foo-tse said: There are three sorts of friends who are useful, and three sorts who are hurtful. Straightforward and truth-telling friends, faithful and virtuous friends, educated and intelligent friends, are useful; friends who outwardly affect a gravity which they do not possess, friends who are lavish of praises and hollow flatteries, friends who are loquacious without being intelligent, are hurtful.’

47. *Sources of Pleasure*.—‘Koong-foo-tse said: There are three sorts of joys or satisfactions which are useful, and three sorts which are hurtful. The satisfaction of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the rites and with music, the satisfaction of instructing men in the principles of virtue, the satisfaction of possessing the friendship of a large number of wise men—these are useful. The satisfaction derived from vanity or pride, the satisfaction imparted by laziness and sloth, the satisfaction caused by good cheer and pleasures—these are injurious.’

48. *Useless Lives*.—‘Tseu-chang said: Those who embrace virtue without giving it any development; who have acquired a knowledge of the principles of justice and reason without putting them into practice; what difference would it have made to the world if these men had never existed?’

49. *Self-Examination*.—‘Tseu-tseu said: I examine myself daily on three principal points: Have I attended to the business of others with as much zeal and integrity as to my own? Have I been sincere in my relations with my friends and fellow-disciples? Have I carefully preserved and practised the doctrines imparted to me by my instructors?’

50. *A Retrospect*.—‘The philosopher said: At the age of fifteen, my mind was continually occupied with study; at thirty, my principles were solid and unchangeable; at forty, I felt no more doubts or hesitation; at fifty, I was acquainted with the law of Heaven (that is, the constitutional law conferred by Heaven on each being of nature for the regular accomplishment of its destiny); at sixty, I easily discerned the causes of events; at seventy, I satisfied the desires of my heart, without, however, exceeding moderation.’

We conclude these maxims with some observations by Professor Maurice upon a very remarkable one, but which Mr Thornton refers to the *Chung-yung*.—‘There is a passage,’ says the professor, ‘in which one of the disciples of Confucius declares that the doctrine of his master consists

simply in having rectitude of heart, and in loving our neighbour as ourselves. M. Panthier apologises for giving this form to his translation, but says he could find no other so accurate. Till some greater scholar contradicts him, we are bound to accept his statement. If he supposes that those who believe that these words proceeded from higher lips will be scandalised by it, we think he mistakes the matter altogether. Those who attach the most awful significance to the utterances of these lips, and to the person from whom they fell, will be the least disposed to look upon him as the propounder of great maxims, and not rather as the giver of a new life; will be the least likely to grudge a Chinese teacher any glimpses which may have been vouchsafed to him of that which the true regenerator of humanity should effect for it.' In Mr Thornton's work the passage is given in the original Chinese; then a Latin translation, which retains a very close resemblance; and then the meaning in English in the following words:—'He who is conscientious, and who feels towards others the same sentiments he has for himself, is not far from the *taou*: what he does not wish should be done to him, let him not himself do to others.'

IV. We should do great injustice to China if we said nothing of the fourth of the classical books, which bears another name than that of the great teacher and reformer; of a man, however, who was a teacher and reformer, who considered Confucius the great legislator of the world, and laboured in a society which had become again degenerated to restore his precepts and his practice. Maug-tze, or Mencius, was born between the years B. C. 374 and 372. His birth was, as usual, said to have been attended with prodigies; but the less fabulous part of the legend attributes his virtues and learning to the excellent precepts and example which he received from his mother. Such was her care of the boy, that she thrice changed her residence on account of some fault in the neighbourhood. Satisfied at length on this point, she sent her son to school, while she, a poor widow, remained at home to spin and weave for a subsistence. Not pleased with his progress, she learned, on inquiry, that he was wayward and idle; upon which she rent the web which she was weaving asunder, partly from vexation, and partly as a figurative expression of what she wished him to remember; for when the affrighted boy asked the reason of her conduct, she made him understand that, without diligence and effort, his attending school would be as useless to his progress in learning as her beginning a web, and destroying it when half done, would be to the procuring of food and clothing. He took the hint, applied himself to study with unwearied perseverance, and eventually became a sage, second only to Confucius himself. One anecdote of the mother of Mencius deserves notice. The boy, on seeing some animals killed, asked her what was going to be done with them. She in jest said: 'They are killed to feed you;' but on recollecting herself, she repented of this, because it might teach him to lie: so she bought some of the meat, and gave it to him, that the fact might agree with what she had uttered. The Chinese hold her up as the pattern of mothers.

The life of Mencius was spent in travelling about with his disciples, teaching all ranks and conditions of men, speaking as freely in the palace of the king as in the hut of the peasant. 'There was a greater boldness and

decision in the character of Mang-tze than in that of Confucius, qualities which are visible in his writings. In a parallel between these two personages, drawn by Chang-tze, it is said: "Confucius, through prudence or modesty, often dissimulated: he did not always say what he might have said. Mang-tze, on the contrary, was incapable of constraining himself: he spoke what he thought, and without the least fear or reserve. He resembles ice of the purest water, through which we can see distinctly all its defects as well as its beauties: Confucius, on the other hand, is like a precious gem, which, though not so pellucid as ice, has more strength and solidity." He died at the age of eighty-four, and his memory remained without any particular marks of honour, until an emperor of the Sung dynasty, about A.D. 1005, reared a temple to him in Shan-tung province, where his remains had been interred. He then obtained a niche in the temple of Confucius, to whom, however, in the opinion of the Chinese, he was far inferior. Inferior he probably was—inferior in quietness and self-control, and in perfect adaptation to the habits of the people with whom he conversed. We can quite imagine that he never would have been a great legislator, or have left any deep impression upon the mind of his country, if Confucius had not led the way. But in place of the solemnity and general dryness of his master, there appears to have been in Mencius real humour, a very earnest dislike of oppression, a courage in telling disagreeable truths to the highest personages, and a power of perceiving the practical application of sound maxims to the details of government, which cannot be contemplated without admiration and profit.

The contents of the book of Mencius exceed the aggregate of the other three, and the main object of the work is to inculcate that great principle of Confucius—philanthropic government. To our taste it is by far the best of the whole; and while it must be confessed to contain a great deal that is obscure and perhaps worthless, there are passages in it which would not disgrace the productions of more modern and enlightened times. It opens with a conversation between Mencius and the prince of the town of Seang. The latter had invited the worthies and philosophers of the day to his court, and Mencius went among the rest. On his entering, the king accosted him, saying: 'Venerable sage, I suppose you come to increase the gains of my country?' To which he replied: 'King, what need is there to speak of gain? Benevolence and justice are all in all.' And he illustrated this by shewing that if a spirit of selfish avarice went abroad among all ranks, from the prince downwards, mutual strife and anarchy must be the result: upon which the king, as if convinced, repeated his words, saying: 'Benevolence and justice are all in all.'

We commend the following conversation to the notice of disputants respecting the game-laws:—'Siouan-wang, king of Tze, interrogated Mang-tze in these terms: I have been told that the park of the king Wen-wang was seven leagues in circumference; was that the case?—Mang-tze answered respectfully: History tells us so. The king said: If so, was not its extent excessive?—Mang-tze said: The people considered it too small. The king continued: My insignificance has a park only four leagues in circumference, and the people consider it too large; whence this difference?—Mang-tze answered: The park of Wen-wang was seven leagues in circuit, but thither resorted all those who wanted to cut grass or wood: thither went

all who wanted to catch pheasants or hares. As the king had his park in common with the people, the people thought it small, though it was seven leagues round; was not that natural? I, your servant, when I was about to cross the frontier, took care to inform myself of what was especially forbidden in your kingdom before I dared to venture further. Your servant learned that there was within your line of customs a park four leagues round, and that the man who killed a stag there was punished with death, as if he had murdered a human being. So that there is an actual pit of death, of four leagues in circumference, opened in the very midst of your kingdom. Are not the people right in thinking that park too large?' .

From a very long conversation with the same prince, all of which well deserves to be extracted, we take a passage which is not so illustrative of the talent of Mencius as many others, but it will at least prove that his philosophy is not obsolete, as it explains how the crimes of the poor are connected with their poverty. 'To want things necessary for life, and yet to preserve an equal and virtuous mind, is only possible for men whose cultivated intellect raises them above the multitude. As for the common people, when they want the necessities of life, they want also an equal and virtuous mind. Then follow violation of justice, depravity of heart, licentiousness of vice, excess of debauchery; indeed there is nothing which they are not capable of doing. If they go so far as to violate the law, you prosecute them, and they suffer punishments; so you catch the people in a net. If a man truly endowed with the virtue of humanity occupied the throne, could he commit this criminal action of thus catching the people in a snare?'

He then draws the following picture of the condition of China at that time:—'At present, the constitution of the private property of the people is such, that the children have not wherewithal to minister to their fathers and mothers, and the fathers have not wherewithal to supply their wives and children. In years of abundance, the people suffer to the end of life pain and misery; in years of calamity, they are not preserved from famine and death. In such extremities the people think only of escaping from death. What time can they have to study moral doctrines, that they may learn therefrom how to conduct themselves according to the principles of equity and justice?' He concludes by suggesting various remedies—such as improved cultivation of the land, plantation of trees, rearing of animals, the manufacture of silk, and above all, education.

One of his great maxims is, that the monarch should always share his pleasures with his people. 'If a prince rejoices in the joy of his people, the people also rejoice in his joy. If a prince sorrows at the sorrows of his people, the people also grieve at his grief. Let a prince rejoice with everybody and sorrow with everybody; in so doing, it is impossible for him to find any difficulty in reigning.'

Mencius one day quoted the following passage from the Book of Verses:—We may be rich and powerful, but we should have compassion on unhappy widowers, widows, and orphans. 'King Siouan-wang said: How admirable are the words which I have just heard.—Mang-tze replied: O king! if you find them so admirable, why do you not practise them? The king answered: My insignificance has a defect; my insignificance loves riches.—Meng-tseu answered respectfully: Formerly Kong-Sieou loved

riches, but he shared them with his people. O king! if you love riches, use them as he did; what difficulty will you then find in reigning? The king said: My insignificance has another defect—my insignificance loves pleasure. Meng-tseu answered respectfully: Formerly Tai-wang loved pleasure—he cherished his wife; so he contrived that in his whole kingdom there should be no celibates. O king! if you love pleasure, love it as Tai-wang did: render it common to the whole population.'

The following is still more pointed; it is a conversation with the same patient prince:—'Suppose a servant of the king has sufficient confidence in a friend to intrust to his care his wife and children, just as he is about to set out for a journey; if on his return he finds that his wife and children have suffered cold and hunger, what must he do?—The king said: He must break with his friend entirely. Mang-tze added: If the chief judge cannot govern the magistrates who are subordinate to him, what course must be pursued respecting him?—The king said: He must be deposed. Mang-tze went on: If the provinces situated at the extreme limits of the kingdom are not well governed, what must be done?—The king, feigning not to understand him, looked to the right and left, and turned the conversation.'

Speaking of the ambition of the wise man, Mencius said: 'The great man has three satisfactions: to have his father and mother still living without any cause of dissatisfaction or dissension between the elder and the younger brother is the first; to have nothing to blush for in the face of Heaven or of man is the second; to meet wise and virtuous men among those of his generation is the third. These are the three causes of satisfaction to a wise man. To rule an empire is not included among them.'

Mencius considered a hearty love of good a compensation for the want of intellectual gifts in a minister. 'When the Prince of Loo desired that Lo-ching-tze, a disciple of Mang-tze, should undertake the whole administration of his kingdom, Mang-tze said: Since I have heard that news, I cannot sleep for joy. Kung-sun-cheou said: What! has he a great deal of energy?—Mang-tze answered: Not at all. Has he prudence, and a mind capable of forming great designs?—Not at all. Has he studied much, and does he possess very extensive knowledge?—No. If this is the case, why do you lie awake for joy at his promotion?—Because he is a man who loves what is good. Is that enough?—Yes, to love what is good is more than enough to govern the whole empire, much more to govern the kingdom of Loo! If a man who is intrusted with the administration of a state loves that which is good, then the good men who dwell within the four seas (that is, in China) will think it a slight task to travel a hundred leagues to come and give him good advice. But if he does not love that which is good, these men will say to themselves: "He is a self-satisfied man who answers, 'I knew that a long while ago,' whenever you give him any counsel." Such a tone and air will drive good counsellors a hundred leagues away from him. If they go, then calumniators, flatterers, people whose countenances assent to all he says, will arrive in crowds. In such company, if he wishes to govern well, how can he?'

The following is in a yet higher strain:—'Chun came to the empire from the midst of the fields; Fou youé, originally a mason, was raised to

the rank of a minister of state; Kiao-he was taken from his fishmonger's stall to become a councillor of King Wen-wang; Kouan-i-ou became a minister from a jailor; Sun-cho-ngao rose from obscurity to a high dignity in the empire; and Pe-li-hi left a workshop to become a councillor of state. Thus when Heaven wishes to confer a great office or an important mission upon its chosen men, it begins always by proving their souls and intellects in the bitterness of days of hardship; their nerves and their bones are worn out by hard toil; their flesh is tormented with hunger; their persons are reduced to all the privations of misery and want; their actions produce results contrary to those which they wish to obtain. Thus their souls are stimulated, their natures hardened, their strength augmented by an energy without which they would have been unable to accomplish their high destiny. Men always begin by committing faults before they are able to correct themselves. They first experience anguish of heart, they are hindered in their projects, till at last they come forth. It is universally true that life comes through pains and trials, death through pleasures and repose.'

'The hearts of the people' are stated to be the only legitimate foundations of empire or of permanent rule. 'He who subdues men by force,' says Mencius, 'is a tyrant; he who subdues them by philanthropy is a king. Those who subdue by force do not subdue the heart; but those who subdue men by virtue gain the hearts of the subdued, and their submission is sincere.' He at the same time explains very well the necessity for governments, as well as for the inequalities in the conditions of different orders of society. It may be questioned whether the argument could be better put than he has put it in the fifth chapter of his book, where the illustration he makes use of demonstrates at the same time the advantages resulting from the division of labour. Let it be remembered that this was all written more than two thousand years ago. In reply to the objection, that one portion of the community is obliged to produce food for the other, Mencius inquired: 'Does the farmer weave the cloth, or make the woollen cap which he wears?—By no means: he gives grain in exchange for them. Why does he not manufacture them for himself?—Because it would interfere with his farming operations, and probably ruin him. Does he make his own cooking-vessels and agricultural implements?—No; he gives grain in barter for them: it would never do for him to unite the labour of the artisan with that of the husbandman. So, then, the government of an empire is, in your opinion, the only occupation which can advantageously be united with the business of the farmer?—There are employments proper to men of superior station as well as to those in inferior conditions. Hence it has been observed, some labour with their minds, and some with their hands. 'Those who labour with their minds govern men; those who work with their hands are governed by men. Those who are governed supply men with food; those who govern are supplied with food. This is the universal law of the world.' The dictum of the Chinese philosopher corresponds exactly with Pope's line:

'And those who think still govern those who toil.'

V. After the Four Books come the five canonical works called 'King,'

of each of which Confucius was either the author or compiler. 1. The 'She-king,' or Book of 'Sacred Songs,' is a collection of about three hundred short poems, selected by Confucius himself. Every well-educated Chinese has the most celebrated of these pieces by heart, and constant allusion is made to them in the works of modern writers. They all have a character of the most primitive simplicity, and many of them would be utterly unintelligible but for the minute commentary by which they are accompanied. But although without value on the score of poetical merit, they are eminently interesting as having all been composed at least twenty-three centuries before our time. 2. The 'Shoo-king' is a history of the deliberations between the Emperors Yaou and Shun, and other personages who are called by Confucius the *ancient kings*, and for whose maxims and actions he had the highest veneration. Their notions of good government, as here explained, are founded on excellent principles, 'which, being observed, there is order; if abandoned, there is anarchy.' 'It is vain to expect,' they add, 'that good government can proceed from vicious minds;' and when the people rise against the tyranny of their ruler, they are justified by the maxim, that 'the people's hearts and Heaven's decree are the same;' which is nothing else, in fact, than *vox populi vox Dei*. 3. The 'Le-king,' or 'Book of Rites,' which is the next in order, may be considered as the foundation of the present state of Chinese manners, and one of the causes of their uniform unchangeableness. The ceremonial usages of the country are commonly estimated at three thousand, as prescribed in the ritual; and one of the six tribunals at Peking, called Ly-poo, is especially charged with the guardianship and interpretation of these important matters, which really form a portion of the religion of the Chinese. 4. The 'Chun-tsieu' is a history, by Confucius, of his own times, and of the times which immediately preceded them. It possesses very little intrinsic interest, and was apparently intended to afford warnings and examples to the rulers of the country, reproving their misgovernment, and inculcating the maxims of the ancient kings for their guidance. 5. The last of the canonical works is the 'Ye-king;' a mystical exposition of what some consider to be a very ancient theory of creation, and of the changes that are perpetually occurring in nature. This theory may be styled a sexual system of the universe; indeed this notion pervades every department of knowledge in China. Some of its developments are curious enough; for instance, even numbers have their genders—odd numbers being male, and even numbers female; but on this topic we cannot dwell.

We have now sketched, though briefly, the life of Confucius, and given a rapid summary of his writings. It remains for us to speak of his views on religion, morals, and politics, and the effect they have produced upon his countrymen.

On the first point, his religious feelings, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Professor Maurice. Alluding to some remarks of Confucius, respecting sacrifices, he says: 'There appeared to him a mystery in the sacrifice which he could not penetrate; he was far from wishing to deny it; he would not for the world abolish the expression of it; but what it meant he did not know, or probably seek to know. He valued the sacrifice not for its own sake, not for any benefit which he expected from it, but as part of an august and awful ceremonial. He worshipped the spirits and

the genii because it was the ancient law, the established custom; therein consisted their sacredness in his eyes; but he did not speak of them, he had nothing to tell respecting them. It must not be concluded from this statement that he pretended to a faith, for the sake of the vulgar, which he secretly disowned, or that he looked upon the worship as a mere invention to maintain the government. There are evidences of sincerity in his own conduct which negative the first supposition; his demand for sincerity in ministers and emperors disproves the second. The main principle of this eminent teacher seems to be this: ceremonies, formalities, etiquette—in one word, social customs—embody the principle of reason, the very secret of order among men. This principle of reason is the divinest thing he knows of: traditional habits and forms are the most accurate expressions of it. These are the great restraints upon mere self will; adherence to them is the sign of the ruler who desires to be in sympathy with his people. The perception of what they signify is the great privilege and endowment of the wise man—that which he is to communicate, so far as he can at least without any intentional reserve, to his disciples; that which it is the great business of education to impress upon the minds both of rulers and subjects. But after all, this wisdom cannot be expressed very much better than in the forms themselves: it must be attained by observation, practice, habitual discipline; it must come out in conduct, in gestures, in looks as much as in words; it must be uttered, so far as it is capable of utterance, in short maxims and somewhat enigmatical poetry—which will interpret themselves slowly to the person who combines an honest purpose, diligence, and political experience.

'The philosopher, it is said, spoke rarely of destiny or of the *command of Heaven*. Perhaps the philosopher did not know precisely what he meant by heaven; but he did know that he meant something which was real and not imaginary. It is consistent with the character which we have attributed to the original Chinese worship, and with the character of his own mind, that he should have been profoundly impressed with the order of the heavenly bodies—with the evenness, calmness, steadfastness which the succession of day and night reveals to us. Such an order he desired and sought for in the transactions of human society. Such an order he believed that the imperial dignity was intended to represent and uphold. It was executing the mandate of Heaven when it actually presented the image of this order; disobeying the mandate of Heaven when it forgot this principle, and promoted or permitted derangement or confusion.' Mr Thornton is not exactly of this opinion as regards sacrifices, and in the following sentences we believe he gives the true sentiments of Confucius:—That Confucius believed, or professed to believe, in the existence of super-mundane beings, subordinate to the Deity, is most true; and so do all Christians. But the broad distinction between the Confucian and the Taou sects is, that the latter regard the *shin* and the *kwei* as superior, the former as subordinate agents. In sacrificing to them, he merely complied with a practice prescribed by the ancients, apparently considering this appendage to the worship of the Shang-te as harmless in itself, and that an attempt to disturb the established faith, or to impair the veneration paid to ancient maxims, might lead to injurious consequences. Thus we are told that, when his disciple, Tsze-kung, objected to certain sacrifices called *yung*, on the return of the

year, Confucius replied that the abolition of an ancient rite might bring religion into disrepute.'

The *Shang-te* is the Creator, with the attributes of omnipotence, justice, providence, wisdom, and goodness; and the *T'ien* is the visible heavens, the emblem of the deity. These two are sometimes confounded, as in the following passage; but Confucius states very clearly that the object of all worship is ultimately the Almighty. "The *T'ien*," said he, "is the universal principle and prolific source of all things. Our ancestors, who sprung from this source, are themselves the source of succeeding generations. The first duty of mankind is gratitude to Heaven; the second, gratitude to those from whom we sprung. It was to inculcate, at the same time, this double obligation, that Füh-he established the rites in honour of Heaven and of ancestors, requiring that, immediately after sacrificing to the *Shang-te*, homage should be rendered to our progenitors. But as neither the one nor the other was visible by the bodily organs, he sought emblems of them in the material heavens. The *Shang-te* is represented under the general emblem of the visible firmament, as well as under the particular symbols of the sun, the moon, and the earth, because by their means we enjoy the gifts of the *Shang-te*. The sun is the source of life and light; the moon illuminates the world by night. By observing the course of these luminaries, mankind are enabled to distinguish times and seasons. The ancients, with the view of connecting the act with its object, when they established the practice of sacrificing to the *Shang-te*, fixed the day of the winter solstice, because the sun, after having passed through the twelve palaces assigned apparently by the *Shang-te* as its annual residence, began its career anew, to distribute blessings throughout the earth. After evincing, in some measure, their obligations to the *Shang-te*, to whom, as the universal principle of existence, they owed life and all that sustains it, the hearts of the sacrificers turned with a natural impulse towards those by whom the life they enjoyed had been successively transmitted to them; and they founded a ceremonial of respect to their honour, as the complement of the solemn worship due to the *Shang-te*. The Chow princes have added another rite—a sacrifice to the *Shang-te* in the spring season, to render thanks to him for the fruits of the earth, and to implore him to preserve them." After describing various existing forms of sacrifice, he continued: "Thus, under whatever denomination our worship is paid, whatever be the apparent object, and of what kind soever be its external forms, it is invariably the *Shang-te* to whom it is addressed: the *Shang-te* is the direct and chief object of our veneration."

We pass from his religion to his moral philosophy. This has been invested by most writers on the subject with an imaginary purity manifestly borrowed from Christianity itself. But although many striking moral verities were enunciated and taught by the Chinese philosopher, his ethics are characterised by a generally utilitarian and selfish tone. In some respects Confucius would sustain a most advantageous comparison with any other moralist whose speculations have been independent of Christianity. As to most of the virtues essential to the constitution of domestic and social life, his standard is exceedingly high. But his system (equally with others which hold with it concurrent jurisdiction) entirely lacks the heroic element. It admits no motive that addresses the higher nature; it

ignores disinterestedness, generosity, and self-sacrifice. It recognises only those forms of goodness which have their reward visibly and at once, and derives none of its sanctions from aught within, above, or beyond the external condition and relations of the individual. The case has been far otherwise with extra-Christian systems in general. Whatever their defects or vices, they have seldom been merely material in their philosophy. They have appealed to the spiritual nature of man, and to the whole range of unobjective sentiments and affections. They have presented posthumous fame, the consciousness of right, or the favour of the immortals, as motives for deeds which could bring no immediate recompense, and might be attended with danger or sacrifice. They have often elevated mere enterprise or hardihood above the less obtrusive but essential virtues of common life. And Christianity, while it gives the place of honour to such virtues as may be exercised by all men, and under every posture of circumstances, yet cherishes, in all who are endowed beyond mediocrity, the disposition to make themselves felt, to leave their mark on society, to enlarge their sphere of effort, to sow for posterity, and trust to the distant gratitude of the reapers. Now moral enterprise and heroism, more or less free from base admixtures, create the movements and propagate the impulses that result in the progress of society. To be sure the earnest, disinterested spirits are few compared with the selfish and inert; but the mere willingness to confer unrecompensed benefits, of itself creates power, and enables individuals, 'unpropped by ancestry' or office, to mould masses and rule multitudes; so that every stage in the advancement of civilised man has been but a new verification of the Scriptural maxim: 'If any man will be great among you, let him be your servant.' Once let a man cast himself upon God, on conscience, or on posterity, for whatever of personal revenue is to accrue to him from invention, discovery, toil, or sacrifice, and he has planted his lever where he can move the world. Now we can find in no form or phasis of Chinese theology or ethics any element that can create or inspire these file-leaders in the 'march of mind.' We doubt whether there is a nation upon earth (we exclude not the most savage) where self-seeking is so universal. It is on this principle solely that Chinese society is organised; and the only reason why order and mutual subordination are so sacredly observed is, that the intensity of each individual selfishness keeps every other in check.

But in order to form a true conception of Confucius we must regard him as a politician. He began his career as a man of business—a Chinese official. The affairs of the empire were his study all his life through, and he trained his disciples to take part in them. To ascertain the ends of government, and the means of accomplishing those ends, was the one function of the sage, and to this all was subordinated. He was a strenuous advocate of general education; but all education was to be for the sake of government, as in his view the one was essential to the other. Our quotations from the 'Lun-yu' shew that he was enthusiastically fond of music; but he considered it important only as an instrument of education and government; and this is the only point in which he bears a resemblance to Plato. Morals he considered as the foundation of politics; the conduct of an individual father in his family as the prototype of a sovereign's sway over his people. The following noble principles seem to form the basis of

his political system :—1. That the sovereign should be considered as the father of his people ; 2. That all offices should be given to merit alone ; 3. That the military power should be entirely subject to the civil ; and 4. That the state should not interfere with the religious opinions of the individual. The application of these principles to practice would have produced an admirable system of civil polity in the hands of men of deep knowledge and practical experience, but this could not reasonably have been expected from the natives of a semi-barbarous state ; and the result has been, that the first two of the principles above stated resolved themselves into pure despotism, the third into absolute cowardice, and the last into a total absence of real religious feeling. Such at least is the present state of China.

It may be interesting to illustrate these remarks by the observations of a recent traveller in the country :—‘ A short inspection,’ says Mr Williams, ‘ will shew that the great leading principles by which the present Chinese government preserves its power over the people consist in a system of *strict surveillance* and mutual responsibility among all classes. These are aided in their efficiency by the geographical isolation of the country, by a difficult language, and a general system of political education and official examinations. They are enforced by such a minute gradation of rank and subordination of officers as to give the government more of a military character than at first appears ; and the whole system is such as to make it one of the most unmixt despotisms now existing. It is like a network extending over the whole face of society, each individual being isolated in his own mesh, and responsibly connected with all around him. The man who knows that it is almost impossible, except by entire seclusion, to escape from the company of secret or acknowledged emissaries of government, will be cautious of offending the laws of the country, knowing, as he must, that though he should himself escape, yet his family, his kindred, or his neighbours, will suffer for his offence ; that if unable to recompense the sufferers, it will probably be dangerous for him to return home ; or if he does, it will be most likely to find his property in the possession of neighbours or officers of the government, who feel conscious of security in plundering one whose offences have for ever placed him under the ban of the implacable law.

‘ The effect of these two causes upon the mass of the people is to imbue them with a great *fear* of the government, both of its officers and its operations ; each man considers that safety is to be found alone in absolute withdrawal. This mutual surveillance and responsibility, though only partially extended throughout the people, necessarily undermines every principle of confidence, and infuses universal distrust ; and this object of *complete isolation*, though at the expense of justice, truth, honesty, and natural affection, is what the government strives to accomplish, and actually does to a wonderful degree. The idea of government in the minds of the people is like the sword of Damocles ; and so far has this undefined fear of some untoward result, when connected with it, counteracted the real vigour of the Chinese, that much of their indifference to improvement, contentment with what is already known and possessed, and submission to petty spoliation of individuals, may be referred to it.

‘ Men are deterred, too, by distrust of each other, as much as by fear of

the police, from combining in an intelligent manner to resist governmental exactions because opposed to principles of equity, or joining with their rulers to uphold good order; no such men, and no such instances as John Hampden going to prison for refusing to contribute to a loan, or Ezekiel Williams and his companions throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbour, ever occurred in China or any other Asiatic country. They dread illegal societies quite as much from the cruelties this same principle induces the leaders to exercise over recreant or suspected members, as from apprehension of arrest and punishment by the regular authorities. Thus with a state of society sometimes upon the verge of insurrection, this mass of people is kept in check by the threefold cord of responsibility, fear, and isolation, each of them strengthening the others, and all of them depending upon the character of the people for much of their efficiency. Since all the officers of government received their intellectual training, when plebeians, under these influences, it is easy to understand why the supreme powers are so averse to improvement and to foreign intercourse; from both which causes, in truth, the state has the greatest reason to dread lest the charm of its power be broken and its sceptre pass away.'

These are results painful to contemplate; but although we must admit that the value of every political and social system is to be tested by the effects it produces, yet in this case the fault is not to be laid to the charge of Confucius. He did but lay a foundation; it was for other men to complete the edifice. His part of the construction was nobly planned and executed; the failure was on the part of his successors. We feel no hesitation, therefore, in assigning to the Chinese philosopher the high niche in the temple of fame allotted him by Pope in his well-known lines—

'Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that noble science—to be good.'

THE TEMPTATION.

I.

THE moon was shining brightly over the beautiful vale of Taunton, and the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring cottages were sleeping soundly in their beds, when young Vincent Halloway crept out of his. He had no toilet to make, for he had lain down in his clothes, in order to deceive the vigilance of his father—a substantial farmer, but a severe man and a rigid religionist, who made it a rule never to rest his own head on the pillow till he had seen his son's disposed of in the same way; for, as he said, 'he knew what lads were, and how ready they are to get into mischief: and there was nothing like looking well after them!' When his less strict friends laughed, and told him that youth would be youth in spite of him, and that do what he would Vincent would be like other young men by and by, he answered by quoting Solomon's proverb of 'training up a child in the way it should go;' and declaring, that if his son did go wrong, it should not be through any neglect of his. Come what might hereafter, he would have nothing to answer for. So, in consequence of this determination, Vincent, though now nearly two-and-twenty years of age, was permitted to attend neither fair nor market, neither junketings nor cricket-matches; and though he had had a good education, he was seldom allowed anything to read except Bunyan and the Bible, and the 'Whole Duty of Man.' Under these circumstances it was impossible to enjoy the intimacy of any of the young people of the village; for during the daytime he was kept pretty closely employed in the superintendence of his father's farm, and when work was done, he was expected to be present at supper and prayers; whilst on Sundays, church and his religious studies and examinations occupied every hour of the day. It may be presumed, therefore, that Vincent's life was not a very cheerful one, nor is it at all surprising that he should rebel in spirit against this rigid domination. Many a lad would have done more—broken out into open mutiny, or become a hypocrite, and sought compensation in secret dissipations. But though Vincent often writhed and fretted, his temperament was not sufficiently excitable to drive him easily into either of these extremities. Added to which he was naturally ingenuous, and stood greatly in awe of his father—a man whom it was not easy to defy. His love for his mother also helped to keep him in the straight but narrow path he was condemned to—an

indulgent, gentle woman, adoring her son and fearing her husband; and who always entreated him for her sake, as well as his own, to yield to an authority she would have thought it both sinful and impossible to resist.

The only friend Vincent had was Joe Jebb, the son of the blacksmith of the village, whose forge at the extremity of it he necessarily passed several times in the course of the day, and where he generally contrived to solace himself with a little gossip, and hear of those sports and pastimes he was not allowed to partake of. It unfortunately happened that Joe was not the best companion for him in the world; but, in the first place, he had no choice, and, in the second, he had necessarily little discernment. He knew that his father did not like Joe; but who did he like that was not as stiff and rigid as himself? His reprobation, in his son's opinion, proved nothing against Joe—it only put Vincent on his guard to conceal their intimacy. When Jacob Halloway was in sight Vincent passed the forge with a cold nod of recognition; and though many a one had seen him chatting and laughing there, nobody would have 'told tales of the poor lad whose father treated him so harshly.'

This acquaintance had lasted sometime without leading to any consequences; but the time was come that Vincent wanted a helping hand in a matter Joe could manage better than anybody else, and now Vincent congratulated himself on having so serviceable a friend.

The merriest season in the year, indeed the only merry season poor Vincent had, was the harvest-time. There was the fun in the fields, when the father was too busy to have his eye always on him; the carrying, and the supper the old man was obliged to give, whether he would or not, with the light-hearted lads and lasses that had come to help at the reaping. But of all the harvest-homes Vincent had yet enjoyed, the last had been rendered the pleasantest by the bright black eyes and rosy cheeks of Bessy Mure, the daughter of a poor widow who had not been long an inhabitant of the village. It was quite a new sensation to Vincent when he found his heart begin to stir whenever he caught sight of Bessy's lithe figure, and the blood rushed through his veins like wildfire if, in binding up the sheaves, their fingers came in contact. Then Bessy would blush, and withdraw her little hand; and when she gave him one of her roguish smiles—for she was a merry creature—her teeth shone like Oriental pearls. Often when Vincent went home he did not know whether he was walking on his head or his heels; and instead of sleeping all night till his father roused him from his unwilling bed in the morning, he lay awake in a sort of ecstasy through the still hours, and delighted the old man by hastening to the field with the earliest dawn of light, so that Jacob observed, it was clear to him that Vincent was getting to be an industrious lad, and to like his work.

It was about three weeks after this harvest-home, when the bright September moon was shining in the clear heavens, that Vincent crept out of bed, as we have said above, and after lifting a corner of the white muslin curtain that shaded the lattice, either to take a peep at the night, or to see if the coast was clear, advanced on tiptoe to the door of his room, and gently, gently opened it. It was a provoking door, for it would creak, although he had that evening stolen a bit of butter from the tea-table and carefully greased the hinges. Yes, it creaked still, and Vincent set his teeth and

grinned with anxiety and vexation, for his father and mother lay in the adjoining room, with the key of the house door under their pillow. But they slept the heavy sleep of toil; for though well to do in the world, they worked on as they had done when they began life, and as if the name of Jacob Halloway was not inscribed in the ledgers of Threadneedle Street.

They slept, and on crept Vincent stealthily, down the stairs to the front door, which was bolted and locked; but he had a key in his pocket that Joe had made for him after the exact pattern of the one on which old Jacob was sleeping above so soundly. It was a ticklish thing to draw back those heavy bolts and turn that large key, and Vincent paused between each operation to breathe and listen. But all was still above; and he opened the door, and felt the fresh air of the night blowing on his face, and stepping out, he gently closed it. Then how his heart bounded with delight! It was his first assignation—his first midnight meeting with Bessy; he was going to see her face to face for the first time without witnesses. Since the reaping and the harvest-supper, they had met on the high road and in the fields—meetings contrived by one or the other; but momentary, constrained, and perilous—and so unsatisfactory! There was no bearing it, and one day Vincent said so; and that once, just once, Bessy must meet him where he could see her alone for a few minutes. He had so much to say! And Bessy promised, and Joe made the key; and now Vincent is striding to the haven of his bliss over ditch and dike, instead of through the village, in order to keep clear of the neighbours' cottages, watchdogs, and wakeful eyes.

Bessy had fewer difficulties in her way. Her mother, simple and fond, suspected nothing; and her youngest daughter Nancy, who slept with her, had not yet dreamed of lovers' midnight meetings. Bessy lay in a little room alone, and it was easy to slip down stairs with her shoeless feet, and let herself out. She had not far to go, and she was first at the rendezvous; for Vincent had not dared to stir till his parents had been long enough in bed to afford a reasonable hope that they might have fallen asleep.

Who shall paint such a first meeting? A boy and girl, little better—in the bloom and vigour of health and freshness, and of eager, unconscious passion! Discourse there was none; only exclamations and interjections, and wishings, wishings, wishings that Bessy were but his own for ever—his dear, dear little wife, as assuredly one day she should be! And to insure this blessed consummation, and defend them from all the perils of accident or change, what vows were demanded, what promises given!

But wherefore record them? How often has the moon listened to such vows and wishes! How often seen the vows broken and turned into curses, or the wishes realised to the hopeless misery of the wisher!

But in the meantime, whilst the intoxication lasts, and the heart beats high, and the eyes dance, and the ground we tread upon seems air, the unforeseeing visionaries are blest. They are off the earth; they have inhaled the ethereal breath of love, and are away, floating in far regions which the sober dwellers on the planet dream not of. They are dancing with the stars, carousing with the moon; they are robed in sunbeams, bathed in the perfume of the sweetest flowers; they are men no more, but gods!

But then come the dregs of this inebriating cup; and they, alas! are poison.

And so these young lovers met again and again; and it would have been curious to observe the gradual influence of such stolen interviews on their characters: how Bessy was at first anxious and conscious, and yet with an indescribable expression of happiness in her girlish countenance; how she cared less for her former companions and their sports; how she liked to sit musing on a stile, her eyes following the pasturing sheep, that yet she saw not; how she sometimes smiled at her own pleasant thoughts; how she blushed, and pretended not to hear when Vincent's name was mentioned, and how, when the young girls of the village remarked how handsome he was, and how beautifully his brown hair curled over his forehead, and how he looked in his Sunday clothes as genteel as the squire, she would laugh, and say, for her part, she saw nothing particular in him. This was at first. By and by she grew less thoughtful, less fond of solitude, and her blushes were not so near her cheeks; and when any of the young people hazarded a jest about Vincent—for slight suspicions of what was going on were beginning to arise—she grew angry; exclaimed: 'What nonsense!' and recommended them to mind their own business, and it would be all the better for them. The expression of her features changed too somewhat: she no longer looked so very young. Her face became the face of a woman; before, it had been almost that of a child.

Vincent changed too. At first he was dreamy and absent, but evidently much happier and more contented than he had previously been; but Joe Jebb soon got hold of his secret, and quizzed him about it unmercifully. The key of course had suggested something like the truth to Joe's experienced mind, and determined to find out who the damsel was who had inspired the milksop, as he called him, with so much boldness, he watched and discovered. When he taxed Vincent with it, and laughed at him, the young lover looked quite shy, and blushed like a girl; but by and by his delicacy grew less susceptible, and he could laugh too. This was a bad sign for poor Bessy. However, he became more of a man, less boyish, timid, and obedient. The young girls of the village thought him much improved; his mother grew prouder of him; but his father said he was afraid Vincent would require 'a tight hand and a sharp eye yet.'

In process of time the key that Joe Jebb had made was not always used for the same purpose. The meetings with Bessy continued, but they were less frequent; and sometimes, on other evenings, Vincent would slip out to spend a few hours of conviviality with the lads of the village. Still, these latter hours were harmlessly enough spent. The worst part of them was the habit of concealment they engendered; but for that he could scarcely be blamed. Where the legitimate pleasures of youth are denied, they are not the less desired; and it is demanding a greater sacrifice of another's will and inclinations to our own than we are entitled to, when we insist that they should be relinquished in compliance with our opinions and prejudices.

Well, the winter, spring, and summer had come and gone, and it was harvest-time again; but by this time things were greatly changed. Bessy consorted no more with her young companions: the rosy cheek was pale and thin; the light step heavy, and the bright eye dim; whilst Vincent seemed more thoughtful and less alert than usual. They addressed each other seldom; and instead of contriving, as on the previous year, to work

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always near each other, they were together or apart just as chance directed. Last season Bessy had been the prettiest and merriest girl at the supper, and had sung the best song: now she was the gravest; and as her beauty had been much augmented by her gaiety and freshness, there were now others prettier than she. All who had known her before saw the change, and some said Bessy Mure was going into a decline. Others looked for another cause; but old Jacob surmised nothing, for his son paid her no attentions: they did not even sit at the same table.

II.

The month of September was come, and the evenings were getting dark and chill. Elizabeth Mure and her elder daughter were sitting in the dusk, with no light but what gleamed up fitfully from the bit of fire on the hearth. Formerly Bessy used to say: 'Oh mother, let's get a light; it's so moping to sit in the dark so!' But Bessy did not mind moping now: she no longer wearied of doing nothing, but stared into the fire with a vacant gaze; and she could sit still with her hands before her an hour at a time without stirring or speaking. The mother was as silent as the daughter—neither uttered a word. By and by Nancy, who had been going in and out with the restlessness of childhood—for she was little more than twelve years of age—came running in with a letter, which a neighbour, who had been to Taunton market, had just brought.

'John Stokes says that he saw Uncle Philpots at the market, mother, and that he's a-coming over here to see us.'

'Did he say so?' said Bessy.

'He told John Stokes so,' answered Nancy. 'I'm so glad! I wonder if Aunt Philpots 'll come too.'

'When's he coming?' inquired Mrs Mure.

'I believe to-morrow; but he did not say when,' answered Nancy. 'Perhaps the letter tells. Shall I get a light, mother?'

'Do, child,' said Mrs Mure, turning the letter from side to side, and examining it by the light of the fire.

People who have letters every day, often more than they want, have no respect for them: they tear them open rashly, and force themselves into their confidence without the slightest delicacy or scruple; but it is quite a different matter with those who only get one now and then. They never attempt to penetrate into the interior till they have familiarised themselves with the physiognomy of the stranger. With them wonder seems to take precedence of curiosity; and they can postpone their desire to learn the contents of a letter till they have made out the half-effaced post-mark, or deciphered the motto on the dab of wax.

When Elizabeth Mure had turned the letter from side to side a dozen times, and held it to the light in every possible position, she at length broke the seal and began to decipher its contents, whilst Nancy looked over her shoulder in a state of eager excitement.

'Does uncle say he's coming, mother?' asked Bessy.

'Yes; the letter says he will be here to-morrow.'

'And is aunt coming too?'

'He don't say,' answered Mrs Mure. But presently observing the letters T.O. at the bottom of the page, she turned the leaf and read the following postscript: '*P.S.*—My old woman says she must come along with me, so I suppose I must let her have her way.'

'Oh, I'm so glad,' cried Nancy, jumping for joy. 'Ain't you glad, Bessy?'

'What should I be glad for?' said Bessy.

'Cause uncle and aunt's coming!' answered Nancy.

'Pooh!' said Bessy.

'La! Bessy, you're so cross getting—you're never glad at nothing!'

'I wish, mother, you'd send Nancy to bed. I'm sure it's past nine!'

'I shan't go to bed for you!' said Nancy, far from pleased at the suggestion.

'Go into neighbour Wrightsore's a bit, Nance, and see how she is. I heard she'd got the rheumatics,' said Mrs Mure.

'Very well! I know you want me to go away, that Bessy and you may talk secrets about—— I know who!' said Nancy, ready enough to go nevertheless.

'I wish aunt wasn't coming!' said Bessy. 'I wouldn't have minded uncle, but aunt's so prying.'

'It's my opinion, Bessy,' said Mrs Mure, 'that my brother Philpots would be the best to advise us, and that we'd as good tell him all about it.'

'Oh, mother! how can you say so?' cried Bessy. 'I'm as certain as I'm sitting here, that if you do he'll go and tell old Mr Halloway.'

'Well, let him!' answered her mother: 'it's no more than that young scapegrace deserves!'

'Very well, mother,' said Bessy fretfully; 'I see you'll just be the ruin of us, you're so obstinate.'

'I'm no such thing, Bessy,' said Elizabeth, who was the most gentle and least obstinate of mortals; 'and I'm sure if I only thought that he'd make it all right by and by'——

'And don't he say he will, mother? and haven't I got his hand of write upon it? What can he do more? He says it's just as binding as if he'd been to church with me.'

'There's no saying,' answered Mrs Mure. 'Some says a bit of paper's binding in law, and some says it isn't; but no doubt my brother Philpots could tell.'

But poor Bessy would have preferred remaining in ignorance rather than apply to Uncle Philpots for information. She had not only her honest shame to contend with, but she dreaded his reproof, and still more that of his wife; and she looked upon their visit as most unfortunate and ill-timed.

On the following morning she contrived to waylay Vincent, and make known to him the impending danger.

'How unlucky!' said he; 'but can't you make your mother hold her tongue?'

'But even if I could, it wouldn't be of no use I'm afraid; for Aunt Philpots is such a ferret, there's no hiding nothing from her.'

It was a terrible crisis; for although Vincent had certainly gained some confidence, and in a slight degree emancipated himself, yet the idea of his rigid father's becoming acquainted with this unfortunate connection, and con-

sequently with the extent to which he had been deceiving him for the last twelvemonth, filled him with terror. Then there were other considerations to boot. He apprehended that his father, being a just and religious man, might perchance insist on his 'making Bessy an honest woman' by marrying her; and Vincent did not want to marry Bessy. He wished her no ill, but he would have been very well content never to see her face again. The *mirage* in which passion had enveloped her had disappeared, and he saw her as she was—an uneducated, ignorant peasant-girl, who had been pretty from her youth and freshness, but whose beauty indisposition and anxiety were beginning already to fade. He did not even do her justice; for she was in reality still pretty, and to many an eye would have been interesting; but poor Bessy had no more charms for Vincent Halloway. Added to all this, some new lights were beginning to dawn upon him—new ideas of life and the world. These events occurred at the period when all England was astir about Reform; and to the surprise of everybody, old Jacob came out quite in a new character. He was found to have strong opinions on the subject, and, roused by the conflict, he not only attended several public meetings at Taunton himself, but he had taken his son with him, in order to add a unit to the party, and to indoctrinate the young man with right views. And Vincent was delighted: not that he cared much about the question they were agitating; indeed, to say the truth, he had rather obscure notions as to the advantages that were to accrue to the king's lieges from the proposed alterations, but he perfectly understood the pleasure of finding himself, for the first time in his life, of some importance as the only son of a man that farmed a good many acres: he liked the bustle and the crowd, and the thronged streets, and the ribbons and banners, and processions and bands of music; and, above all, he was in a state of great excitement at the prospect of a ball which was to be given at the Castle Inn by the Reformers, and to which most unexpectedly Jacob, in the glow of his patriotism, had consented he should go, at the entreaty of Mr Halkelt, the silkmercer, who represented in lively colours the necessity of shewing that they could muster stronger than their adversaries. Vincent had been present when this discussion took place, and Miss Emily Halkelt, the mercer's only daughter, was present too, looking very much as if she thought it would be a sin and a shame to keep so handsome a young man as Vincent Halloway from the ball. Jacob said with a grim sort of merriment, that he was afraid his son wouldn't be of much use there, for he didn't think the boy knew the use of his legs; but Vincent, who could not submit to such an imputation before the young lady, assured his father he was mistaken. The fact was, though allowed no lessons, he had picked up a notion of dancing at school when the other boys took theirs, and in the course of the last year he had found several opportunities of bettering his instruction.

Emily Halkelt was not only a very handsome and amiable girl, but she was really a superior one; possessing the manners and appearance of a gentlewoman, together with good sense and a good education. She was even, to a certain degree, accomplished; for she played the pianoforte, and sang very agreeably, danced well, and knew something of French. When Vincent ventured to assert that he was not so ill-qualified for a ball as his father had supposed, adding, however, that he had had very little practice in

the art of dancing, the hospitable silkmercer invited him to come on the following Wednesday evening to his house. 'It will be my daughter's birthday,' he said, 'and we have a parcel of girls and boys coming to make merry; and as I daresay they'll strike up a hop to the piano, you'll have an opportunity of getting into training for the ball at the Castle.'

It was two days subsequent to this invitation, and just when Vincent was in the flutter and excitement of expectation, that poor Bessy waylaid him with her wan, anxious face, to tell him of Uncle Philpots and his unlucky visit. How welcome such a piece of intelligence was, and how far he was disposed to sympathise with and soothe her, may be conceived.

However, it was necessary to keep Uncle Philpots quiet; and when Bessy suggested that her only hope of doing so lay in *the bit of paper*, Vincent consented to her shewing it him, but not without a dreadful twinge of remorse; for he knew in his heart that however sincere he might have been when in the flood and whirlwind of passion he gave it her, he had now no intention of fulfilling the vow it recorded; and he felt ashamed and conscience-stricken when he saw how undoubtingly the too-confiding Bessy relied on his *hand of write*, as she called it. But there was no other way of staving off the threatened danger but by leaving her in her delusion, and allowing Philpots to fall into it also if he would.

This rencontre with Bessy dashed Vincent's spirits considerably. He had for some time, under the influence of his growing indifference, been accustoming himself to think lightly of the affair, and to comfort himself with the belief that time and a little management would extricate him from the embarrassment—the more especially as the mother was such a good, easy soul. But Uncle Philpots, by Bessy's account, might prove a very different person to deal with; and besides, the other dreaded consequences of the disclosure, if it came now, there would be an end of all these new delights: the frequent excursions to Taunton, the parties and the balls, and the hope of dancing with the fascinating Miss Emily Halkett.

Bessy, who was in no hurry to meet the curious eyes of Aunt Philpots, contrived to be out of the way when the visitors arrived; and in answer to their inquiries, Mrs Mure said she'd 'be in presently; but Bessy hadn't been very well of late;' but in spite of herself, for she did not intend to convey any hint of the truth, there was a sort of significance in her manner of making the announcement that set the acute wits of Aunt Philpots on the alert at once. Once on the right track, she was not long of arriving at the fatal secret.

In the meanwhile her spouse, Joss Philpots, as his familiars called him, all unsuspecting of poor Bessy's misfortune, was in tip-top spirits—glad to see his sister and his niece, and in high good-humour regarding a little business he had done at Taunton market the day before. His private opinion was that 'his old woman was in her tantrums,' and he intimated as much to the girls by sundry knowing nods and winks; whilst he excruciated Bessy by asking her if it was not love that had made her eyes so hollow and her cheek so pale. So passed the first afternoon, Bessy seeing clearly by the demeanour of her aunt that she was suspected if not betrayed, and dreading what was to follow. When nine o'clock came Joss, an ale-fed keeper of a little roadside public-house, grew sleepy, and went to

bed, leaving his wife below, who shortly afterwards recommended the girls to follow his example.

'Go away to bed, Nance—all little girls should be in bed before nine o'clock; and as for you, Miss Bessy, you're more fit for that place than any other, I take it, just now; besides, I want to talk over a few matters with your mother before I go up to my old man.'

Poor Bessy! as she closed the door upon them, and crept up stairs, she knew full well what the talk was to be about; and whilst Nancy was rattling on about Uncle and Aunt Philpots, and how they had invited her to go and see them, she was straining her ears to catch the tones of the speakers below; but they discoursed in whispers, and no sound reached her till after the lapse of an hour and a half, her mother, who had relinquished her own room to her visitors, came up to bed. Nancy was asleep by this time, and Bessy could ask if Aunt Philpots had 'found out, and what she said.' Mrs Mure answered that she was in a mortal way about it, and that she had no doubt Philpots would have Mr Halloway up before the magistrate the next day.

'But did you tell her that I'd got his hand of write, mother?'

'Yes, sure I did; but she said she didn't know whether it was good in law or not.'

Bessy never slept that night, and soon after the day began to dawn she heard her aunt's voice pouring into Joss's sleepy ear the unwelcome tidings. She had made several vain attempts to rouse him to a comprehension of it when she went to bed; but she might as well have whispered it to the bedpost. In the morning, however, he was more impressionable; and he no sooner understood what was the matter, than he became brisk enough.

Warm-hearted and hot-headed, he was just the man to take up such a ravelled skein by the wrong end; and when he entered the kitchen where Bessy was helping her mother to prepare the breakfast, whilst Nance was gone to fetch the milk, his face was red and his eyes bloodshot with anger and indignation—not against Bessy, of whom he was exceedingly fond, and whom he rather pitied than blamed, but against that young jackanapes, as he called Vincent, who, he swore, should marry her before he was many days older, or he'd know the reason why.

'Tell uncle about the bit of paper, mother!' whispered Bessy.

But Joss snapped his fingers, exclaiming: 'It wasn't worth that!' whilst Mrs Philpots nodding her head, said: 'A pretty business you've made of it, Miss Bessy!'

When the breakfast was over, to which, by the by, Uncle Philpots, in spite of his indignation, did ample justice—eating and drinking with an air of spiteful determination, as if he was resolved to be revenged on the bread and butter till he could get at the real delinquent—he shoved back his chair and rose; buttoned his coat to the chin, clapped his hat firmly upon his head, clutched his walking-stick, and moved with a resolute step to the door. Bessy guessed his intention—he was going to Jacob Halloway to impeach his son, and demand reparation. At the last moment, just as he was closing the door, she flew after him, and caught him by the skirts of his coat: 'Oh, uncle, don't!' she sobbed; 'for my sake don't!'

'Don't what?' said Joss, turning round and striking the ground with his stick.

'I know what you're going to do, uncle, but you'll only make it worse. If you'll leave Vincent alone, it will all come right—indeed it will. If the bit of paper ain't good in law, he'll keep to it all the same; he told me he would only yesterday.'

'Will keep to it! He *shall* keep to it!' cried Uncle Philpots with another thump of his stick.

'They can all promise fast enough to get their ends!' said Mrs Philpots; 'but catch 'em keeping to it.' Upon which remark Joss, planting his stick once more in the earth, turned resolutely to the door.

'Let me go with you, uncle!' said Bessy, hanging herself upon his arm as he stepped out and closed the door behind him. 'If you'd just see him first, uncle!' she began in a coaxing tone.

'See who?' asked Uncle Philpots sternly.

'Vincent—young Mr Halloway—I'm sure he'd satisfy you about it.'

'Young blackguard!' exclaimed he.

'But, uncle, it was just as much my fault as it was his'n,' said Bessy, with the generosity that under such circumstances so seldom deserts a woman.

'You know, Bessy, you was always my favourite niece,' said Joss; 'and it's my place to be a father to you as havn't got none of your own; and would it be like a father if I was to see you ruined for life, and never see justice done you?'

'But suppose, uncle, Mr Vincent was to say he'd do the justice to me! Suppose you heard him say so yourself! 'This way please, uncle!' said Bessy, conducting Joss by a side-path where she had promised to meet Vincent that morning in order to communicate the result of Uncle Philpots's visit.

When the young man got a glimpse of her companion—for he readily guessed who the ruddy-faced stranger was—he turned sharp round, hoping to avoid so disagreeable an interview; but Bessy ran after him, and having hastily indoctrinated him with the best way to appease the wrath of her uncle, he returned.

'Be sure say you look upon the bit of paper as good as if Mr Winstanley had said the words over us in the church,' said Bessy: and Vincent did say so; and when he was in for it, a great deal more. Uncle Philpots was resolute, and kept him to the point; and to stave off the immediate peril, Vincent promised and swore all that was demanded of him. He only made one condition, and that was, that he should be allowed a little time to bring round his father, who might, if too hastily informed of his proposed marriage, turn him and his young wife out of doors without a penny to keep them from starving; and Uncle Philpots yielded, and Bessy believed.

III.

Kind as Uncle Philpots was, Bessy Mure was very glad when he was gone, whilst Vincent Halloway heartily wished he might never see his face again; his thoughts being just then divided betwixt schemes for evading the fulfilment of an engagement now become odious to him, and the charms of Miss Emily Halkett. He had been to the party at her father's house,

and danced with her; and he had heard her sing and play, and had come away intoxicated with love. He was pervaded with a very different feeling now from that which his first passion had inspired. It had never occurred to him that Bessy was anything but a woman, but Emily Halkelt was an angel! He wondered how he could ever have cared for Bessy—an ignorant peasant-girl, who could scarcely speak her own language or read a page in the New Testament; and he recoiled with horror and disgust from the idea of making such a woman his wife: whilst Emily, who really merited the admiration he bestowed on her, added fuel to the flame she inspired by all the encouragement a modest young girl could give. As we have implied, Vincent's personal endowments were rather remarkable. He had handsome straight features that would not have disgraced a scion of the aristocracy, a full dark eye, fine teeth, and an exceedingly well-formed figure. Neither were his manners clownish, as might have been expected from the forced retirement in which he had lived. Timid and shy he was; but there was a certain natural grace about his movements that redeemed any little awkwardness consequent on his want of knowledge of society, and which, combined with his good looks, and the fact of his having a harsh father, rendered him that very dangerous character to susceptible hearts—'an exceedingly interesting young man;' and when the fair Emily read in those expressive eyes the love which the lips durst not reveal, she fearlessly opened her bosom to the charm. She knew of no reason why she should not. There was no inequality of condition; her lover's father and her own were on terms of cordiality, and Vincent's reputation was unimpeached—the knowledge of his unfortunate connection with Bessy Mure not having extended beyond the humble villagers of the neighbourhood. Indeed Mr Halkelt himself, who conceived that the only son of so rigid a father must be a model of virtue, and who was well aware that old Jacob's coffers were not ill lined, gave every encouragement to the intimacy between the young people by throwing his doors open to Vincent whenever he liked to come; whilst Jacob, whose preparations for the next world had not taught him to despise the goods of this, if he did not give his countenance at least shut his eyes to the fast growing intimacy at the silkmercer's.

Meantime, whilst Vincent was revelling in his new life—a life of ecstatic happiness, but for the one dark spot that threw its gloomy shadow over every joy—poor Bessy's hour of trial was drawing nigh. He seldom saw her now, at least as seldom as he could. Business, he told her, took him much from home—business connected with the Reform Bill, that was expected to pass in the ensuing session; and Bessy thought it would be a fine thing to have a husband that was dressed like the squire, and rode to Taunton on a 'high trotting horse' about such grand matters; for that he would ultimately make her his wife she still believed in spite of his growing neglect, never having been able to divest herself of the superstitious regard entertained by many simple ignorant people for 'the bit of paper with his hand of write upon it.' To a more delicate and susceptible mind his coldness would have been agonising, awakening the worst fears and suspicions: but Bessy's was not of this sort. When she discovered her own situation, and the consequences of their intimacy, she was both ashamed and alarmed. Misdemeanours of the kind were rare in the village, the vicar having taken great pains to impress a more healthy tone on the morals of

his flock; so that she dreaded the exposure and reproof that awaited her, whilst the idea of the indignation of Uncle Philpots and the wrath of old Mr Halloway was terrific. But Uncle Philpots being quieted, and the promise of marriage reiterated to him, her mind was pretty well at ease for the present; especially as, whenever she interrogated Vincent regarding the progress of affairs, he always appeased her by the assurance that his father 'was coming round, but that they must not hurry him, as he was naturally a good deal disappointed at his son's making such a match;' and when Uncle Philpots wrote to inquire how matters were going, threatening not to wait much longer, this was the answer given him by the simple mother, who added that in poor Bessy's present state it would be cruel to make a rumpus; and she therefore begged him to do nothing hastily—only to give the young man time, and she hoped all would be right.

And yet Elizabeth Mure, simple as she was, had her own doubts and fears too; but gentle and timid, she dreaded the consequences of applying to Vincent's father, and preferred waiting in hopes all might come right without proceeding to such extremities. But there was one thing that would not wait, that could not be deferred—and that was the birth of Bessy's child. Time was advancing, and Uncle Philpots threatening to break out again if Vincent Halloway delayed longer to fulfil his promise. He wrote him a letter to that effect, enclosing it in one to his sister, bidding her deliver it herself, 'because he was afraid that little fool Bessy wouldn't have pluck enough to do it.' Bessy did deliver it, however, at her mother's request; and Vincent, with ill-concealed vexation, entreated her to keep her uncle quiet for a little while longer.

'Tell him I'm doing all I can! He seems to think it's an easy matter to persuade my father to do a thing he don't like! Tell him that if he stirs in the business now, he'll spoil all. And I'll tell you what, Bessy, we should have a much better chance by and by, after this business of yours is over. Tell your uncle so, Bessy; it would never do for my father to see you now. It would set him against you, and when once he's set against anybody, there's no bringing him round do what one will. One might as well try to move Exeter Cathedral. If you could only persuade your uncle to wait till this business is over!' And Bessy, who was frightened to death at 'that dreadful old Mr Halloway,' willingly promised what was asked; and even her mother consented to aid her, from an apprehension that if anything occurred to cause Bessy much agitation and distress just now the consequences might be serious.

Joss was not very easily convinced; his suspicions were beginning to be awakened, or rather to gain strength, for he had never been free from them. He believed, as he told his wife, 'that that young jackanapes was trying to slip through their fingers; but he little knew who he had to deal with. If he, Joss Philpots, followed him from the Land's End to John o'Groats, he should marry his niece, or he'd know the reason why.'

Nevertheless, being a tender-hearted soul at bottom, he yielded so far to the entreaties of his niece and her mother as to postpone the decided steps he meant to take till poor Bessy's confinement was over. He even did more; and at the instigation of Mrs Philpots, who, although she had spoken tauntingly to Bessy, was not a bad woman at heart, he invited her to come and stay with them, where she could have more comforts than in her

mother's small cottage, as also be removed from the eye of Vincent's father. And to the great relief of the young man, Bessy went, leaving him to the joys of love and the fascinations of Emily Halkelt; and good use he made of his time, for desperation gave him courage. Shy and unused to society as he had hitherto been, his courtship would probably have advanced much more slowly had not the agonising apprehension of losing Emily and being forced to marry Bessy pushed him on. Knowing little of the world and nothing of law, he was ignorant how far the latter could reach him; but he felt acutely that he was not sufficiently emancipated from his father's authority to hope to resist it if they came to a contest; whilst the idea of Emily's becoming acquainted with the affair of Bessy Mure filled him with dismay, since he did not doubt that she would instantly banish him her presence for ever.

'But,' thought he, 'if I were once married to my darling Emily, they could do nothing to me then but make me maintain Bessy's child, which I'll do with all my heart. They can't unmarry me again; and if Emily should hear of it after she is my wife, why she can't help herself, and she'll be obliged to forgive me.'

To hasten on his marriage, therefore, was the object to which he devoted all his skill and energy; and inspired by the violence of his love, he exerted a great deal more of both than his acquaintance would have given him credit for. But having little influence at home, it was not directly, but indirectly, through Emily and her influence over her father, that he endeavoured to gain his point; not only by urging his love and impatience to call her his, but also by working on her fears. It happened that his mother, who had shewn herself his best friend during his courtship, was at this time extremely unwell, and threatened with a malady that might ultimately prove fatal.

'And if my mother dies before we're married,' said he to Emily, 'Heaven knows when we shall be: perhaps never! My father's so strange in his temper, and so arbitrary that, but for her, I doubt whether he would even have permitted our intimacy to go this length. If my mother dies, he won't choose me to leave him; and even if he did consent to our marriage, he would make it a condition that we should live with him; and I am sure, Emily, you would not like that. For my part, I had rather relinquish you altogether, though I broke my heart afterwards, than take you to a home where I know you'd be miserable, and where I am sure I should be so too.'

And Emily, who was in love, and very willing to be married, and who, from Vincent's description, entertained a horror of the rigorous rule and dull uniformity of old Jacob's *ménage*, fell into his views, and gave him her best support in the siege he laid to Mr Halkelt's fond paternal heart, who, in conjunction with Vincent's mother, undertook to attack and overcome Jacob—an enterprise which, but for the temporary revolution wrought in him by political excitement, no man or woman would have ventured to attempt. But the cause of Reform was advancing favourably; the Reformers were gaining such signal victories over their adversaries, that the gloomy spirit of the old Puritan rejoiced, and his close heart opened to more kindly influences. Neither was he insensible to the entreaties of his faithful Rachel, who, under the apprehension that she should not live long,

was extremely anxious to see her son married and removed from a discipline, the rigour of which she saw was odious to him, and more likely to terminate in strife and rebellion than in harmony and submission. So, thus beset, and taken in a genial hour, Jacob Halloway consented to his son's marriage with his friend Halkelt's daughter, and that an early day should be appointed for the celebration of the wedding.

And now, but for one fell thought, one terrible fear that tugged at his heartstrings evermore, who would have been so happy as Vincent? No longer condemned to his father's dull hearth, almost every hour was spent under the roof of his bride-elect, where Mr Halkelt considerably appropriated a chamber to his service, that he might not be obliged to return to West Green at night. The mornings were passed in long walks and sweet discourse; and the evenings in cheerful little parties, where Emily shone the fairest of the fair.

As for Bessy, she was still absent; and all he knew about her was, that she was the mother of a boy.

It was just three days previous to the one appointed for the wedding that Mrs Mure beckoned to him, as he rode past her door on his way to Taunton, to tell him that she had just had a letter from her daughter Bessy, who was coming home immediately. Vincent said he would call soon to see her, and rode on; but this intelligence filled him with alarm, and not without reason, for he knew that she had not been expected so soon; and he apprehended that in spite of all his precautions the news of his approaching marriage might have reached her or her uncle, and that they were coming to put in their protest, and claim his promise.

The progress of his courtship had been so rapid that he had hoped to outrun rumour—the more especially as beyond Emily's friends, who were quite unconnected with the humble neighbourhood of West Green, he had kept his engagement a profound secret from everybody but his parents, who, in compliance with his request, as well as their own reserved habits, he knew would communicate it to no one.

There was one person, however, who had penetrated the secret—and that was his old confidant Joe Jebb. Joe, who was something of a veterinary surgeon as well as a blacksmith, having been summoned to the vicarage to inspect one of the clerical horses, there fell in with a groom of Sir Walter Lidgate's, who had ridden over with a letter, and was lounging about the stables whilst waiting for the answer. The man having been when a lad in the service of the vicar, was well enough known to Joe, though they had not met for some time. They naturally fell into conversation about former days and old acquaintance, in the course of which the groom made some allusion to Vincent Halloway's approaching marriage with Miss Halkelt. Now Joe was a good deal surprised at this intelligence, and rather displeased than otherwise. Not that he cared anything about Bessy or her misfortunes, but he felt a twinge of envy at Vincent's good luck, of which he thought him the less deserving that he had been for some time past in the gradual process of dropping the young blacksmith's acquaintance; and the reason for his so doing was now plain—Vincent was getting up in the world, and Joe was not genteel enough for him. And Joe was perfectly correct in his conclusions. But for the father's ill-judged restrictions the intimacy would probably have never

THE TEMPTATION.

arisen, for Vincent, could he have selected his acquaintances, would certainly not have chosen Joe; but young people are apt to prefer bad company to none, and Vincent was glad to fly to any resource that made a diversion in the dull uniformity of his home life. Joe Jebb could be no fit society for the fair Emily, and the sooner he could be shaken off the better.

Very shortly after Joe acquired this information Bessy Mure received an anonymous epistle, which in her first transport of surprise and indignation she was about to rush down stairs to shew to her uncle; but it so happened that when she reached the bar where he usually enjoyed his grog and meditations, she found nobody there but her aunt. Joss was out, and knowing that Mrs Philpots's indignation would first find vent in reproaches heaped upon herself, she forbore to mention the subject. This accident gave her time for reflection. Bessy was a simple, uneducated girl, but she wanted neither common sense nor good feeling; and she began to question the prudence of so hastily rousing the slumbering lion of Uncle Philpots's wrath, the more especially as she had no certainty of the correctness of the information the letter conveyed. It occurred to her that it would be better to see Vincent first, and hear what he had to say before she raised the storm; and with this view she wrote to her mother, announcing her immediate return, and by the same post forwarded a few lines to her faithless lover, which she addressed to the silkmercer's, with whose shop she was well acquainted.

Joss made no objection to her departure: on the contrary, he thought it high time she went to look after her slippery swain, to whom he sent a message, to the effect that if he was not shortly invited to the wedding, he should pay a visit to West Green without an invitation.

So Bessy departed; and in order to spare her the disgrace of appearing at home with an infant in her arms, Mrs Philpots undertook the charge of it till, as a married woman, she could claim it.

IV.

When Mrs Mure stopped Vincent to communicate the news of Bessy's return he was trotting gaily through the village on his way to his bride. He had been two days at home for the purpose of making some final arrangements with his father, and was anticipating with a lover's delight the reunion with Emily, and the pleasures he expected to enjoy amongst a party of young people who were to meet at Mr Halkelt's that evening—pleasures, the freshness of which were not yet dashed by satiety, whilst their flavour was heightened by long abstinence, and by the peculiar circumstances under which they were first presented to him, for they came hand-in-hand with an ardent and well-placed affection. But the few words spoken by Elizabeth lowered his tone in a moment. The blood no longer bounded through his veins, his heart sunk, his limbs grew heavy, and the features that had been lighted up with joy a minute before were overspread with blank dismay. The very horse he rode seemed to participate in the sudden depression: the brisk trot slackened, and the head that had been tossing in proud impatience drooped as he jogged sluggishly on.

Emily had been watching her lover from the window fully an hour before he arrived; and when she saw him, after putting up his horse at the Castle, walk with a slack pace and his eyes fixed upon the ground to her father's door, she too felt a momentary sinking of the heart—a presentiment that he was the herald of some evil tidings.

'Is anything the matter, dearest Vincent?' she said, meeting him at the door of the drawing-room, and flinging her fair arms about his neck.

'No, darling; why should you think so?' answered he; but her eyes were peering inquisitively into his face, and his could not meet them.

'I know there *is* something, Vincent, for all you can say. You cannot conceal anything from me.'

'You'll make me think myself very ill presently,' said he with the slightest possible shade of temper. 'You know there's a great deal in fancy. I believe I am weary of talking of business matters with my father. I assure you a conversation with my father is not the most enlivening thing in the world.'

Emily saw she bored him with her questionings, and turned the subject. 'Probably,' she thought, 'his father has not behaved so liberally as he expected about money, and he is vexed, poor fellow! How needlessly, if it's on my account!'

'By the by, dear Vincent, I've got a letter for you—a love-letter, I'm certain by the writing; and I assure you I've been quite jealous. Let me see, where did I put it?'

'What letter?' inquired Vincent.

'A love-letter, I tell you! The postman left it below in the shop.'

'How came the postman to leave my letters here?' asked Vincent with the ready alarm of an uneasy conscience.

'Because it was directed here,' answered Emily, opening her work-box.

'Oh, here it is! Pray what lady do you correspond with at Wellington, sir?' she asked, examining the post-mark.

'Nobody; it must be a mistake,' said Vincent, turning pale. 'Give it me!'

'I've a great mind not,' she answered, 'for I know it's a love-letter, because it's stamped with a thimble, and has three large kisses on it in red sealing-wax!'

'Nonsense, Emily.'

'The address is charming,' said she, reading it, 'and does great credit to the lady of your choice:

"To Master
Vicent Holway

care of Mister Halkut
on the Lunnun rode silk mercer
Taunton."

'Pooh! it's some begging-letter, or some of my father's labourers wanting a place,' said Vincent, snatching the letter from her and thrusting it into his pocket unopened. 'Come and play me a tune, Emily!'

She looked at him for a moment with grave surprise, and then moved to the pianoforte. His confusion, his paleness, his haste to put the letter out of sight, had converted into certainty what had been but the faintest suspicion. The letter was evidently that of a woman, but it had occa-

sioned her no uneasiness—such a correspondent was not likely to be a dangerous rival; besides, it might relate to fifty things she could not guess, quite unconnected with affairs of the heart: but Vincent's demecanour betrayed him, and stamped the accident with importance. Though it *had* been a foolish love-letter, the last flash of some boyish flirtation, had he but shewn it her she would have shaken her pretty head and forgiven; but she did not like the concealment. *She* had no concealments. She had turned her heart and her memory inside out, and let him read the whole contents; and when she seated herself at the instrument the tears were starting to her eyes. But she was too wise and good-tempered to allow these feelings to get the better of her; and after turning over the leaves of her music-book, in order to gain a little time to recover herself, she looked round to ask him what she should sing, and discovered him standing at the other end of the room with his back towards her and the letter in his hand. She did not see it; but she was sure, from his attitude, that he was in the act of breaking the seal when she spoke. On hearing her voice, however, he crushed the paper in his hand, and coming forward, desired her to sing what she pleased; but feeling herself too much discomposed to trust her voice, she proposed a walk, and said she would go and put on her bonnet and shawl; and the door had no sooner closed on her than he tore open poor Bessy's epistle, which ran as follows:—

'DERE MASTER HOLWAY—A frend has rote me a letter as your to be married to Miss Halkut and if Uncle Philpots heres it he'll be mad so Ime cumming home by the Bote as passes tomorow and shal go to my cosens Mrs Wilson Landress whare please call tomorow nite if you get this or nest mornin or else at home yrs to command
ELIZBETH MURE.'

It was then as he thought; and yet not so bad as his fears had painted, since Uncle Philpots, that *bête noire* of his existence, did not appear to be coming; and if not, he might possibly contrive to keep Bessy quiet by persuasion, or by denying the report altogether. There were only two more days to get over, and then he would be safe. Once married, what could they do? This was what he was always repeating to himself, and it was this that made every week which had intervened appear a month. However, on the whole, though he anathematised the officious *friend* who had written to Bessy, he felt somewhat relieved. Uncle Philpots he knew would be unmanageable, but Bessy would be more tractable, more easily deceived. 'Yes,' he said, as hearing Emily's foot on the stairs he thrust the letter into his pocket, 'I think I can quiet Bessy.'

Still, in spite of his efforts to appear at ease and converse cheerfully as they walked, he was more absent than usual. More or less so he always was; insomuch that Emily had come to the conclusion that this sort of distraction was the habit of his mind. But all at once, after a silence of some minutes, he started; the movement was almost imperceptible, but she felt it in the arm she was leaning lovingly upon.

'What's the matter, dear?' she said, casting her eyes about in search of the object that had occasioned his emotion.

'Why do you keep asking me what's the matter, Emily?' he said peevishly. 'There's nothing the matter.'

'I thought you started?'

'I didn't start that I know of; but you're growing quite fanciful, I think.'

He *had* started though, for it had suddenly flashed across his mind that Bessy had omitted to give him the address of Mrs Wilson, the laundress. How, then, was he to call on her as she desired, and as he desired too; since to allow her to go home without seeing him might produce very ill consequences? This was a most perplexing difficulty; and the more so because he had so little time at his disposal, for he had no excuse for not attending Mr Halkelt's dinner-table, as usual, at three o'clock, nor could he escape being present at the tea-party in the evening. It was only during the interval betwixt these two repasts that he could hope to accomplish his object, and it might take him a long time to discover the residence of so obscure a person as Mrs Wilson. What was to be done? He could not think; and the question so engrossed his mind that Emily found all attempts at conversation so ineffectual, that she relinquished the effort, and walked on in silence, till, drawing out her new watch, a wedding-present from her father, she observed that they had better turn, as they had no more than time to get home before dinner.

As lovers are seldom very conversible people in company, Vincent's abstraction passed unobserved at the dinner-table; and when Mr Halkelt rose (and being a man of business, he did so immediately the repast was concluded), he made an excuse for a short absence, promising to be back to tea.

Vincent was glad to find himself alone in the street, because he could think uninterruptedly of the one engrossing subject—What should he do? How find Mrs Wilson? He had not the slightest idea of whom to inquire her address. He went into a chandler's shop, where a man was engaged weighing out bacon for a customer, who protested against the price. The chandler of course said, that for the quality it was the cheapest bacon he had ever sold, and expatiated on the charms of its colour and streaky beauties. When there was a pause in the argument, and whilst the man was enveloping the bacon in a bit of brown paper, he turned to Vincent, and asked him what he should have the pleasure of serving him?

'Did he happen to know where a Mrs Wilson, a laundress, lived?'

'Don't know, sir, I'm sure,' answered the chandler, who thought the question extremely irrelevant. Vincent felt awkward, and the more so that the woman who was buying the bacon turned about and stared at him. His feelings towards Bessy were not improved by this incident, and he coupled her name with no blessings.

Seeing 'Mangling Done Here' inscribed over a door below the level of the street, he thought he would try there. The woman was civil, but she did not know Mrs Wilson. 'There were a great many people as took in washing, and there might be one of that name, but she could not tell.' A girl who had carried a pair of sheets to be mangled said: 'There was a Mrs Jackson, a laundress, that lived along by the canal;' but that brought him no nearer Mrs Wilson. Nevertheless this remark was not without its consequences, for the mention of the canal suggested to Vincent that he might possibly see something of Bessy by going in that direction. She had not mentioned what time she should arrive, and the boat might not be in yet. But what boat was she coming by? There were boats coming up

all day carrying one thing or another. When he drew near the water he stopped, and asked a man in a blue jacket and trousers, who was standing at the door of a public-house, whether there were any passenger-boats; but the man said he was a stranger in those parts, and could not tell; so he walked on.

What augmented his difficulty was, that the evening was fast closing in; for it was yet early in the year, and there had come on within the last hour a driving mist and a thick atmosphere that made it darker than it would otherwise have been. He could barely distinguish the boats upon the water, and he made some inquiries of a man who was standing by some large bales of goods with respect to any that might have brought a passenger from Wellington. As he spoke he felt some one pull the skirt of his coat, and looking round he saw it was Bessy. She had landed about an hour before, but having forgotten a bundle, had come back to fetch it.

'I knew it was you by your voice,' she said, as he turned and joined her.

'And what has brought you back in such a hurry?' he inquired.

'Uncle Philpots!'

'Is he here with you?'

'No; but he's coming to-morrow, or next day at farthest.'

This was an impromptu of Bessy's, not strictly consistent with the truth; but for the sake of all parties, and as the only means of averting worse trouble, she believed Vincent should fulfil his engagement, and quite unable to appreciate his aversion to doing so, or the force with which he was drawn in a contrary direction, she expected that with a proper exertion of influence he would yield. Uncle Philpots was her strong card, and the question had suggested the answer.

'Uncle Philpots is one as never gives up; and he says he's coming to lay the bit of paper afore the magistrates, and get justice on it.'

This he *had* said more than once: he had himself threatened Vincent he would do so if he attempted to back out of the engagement; and as the young man did not know what power the paper gave them to enforce the promise it contained, it was a menace full of terror and horror to him—a terror and horror which seemed to make the black blood of vengeance rush into his veins. He felt like a victim writhing in the folds of a serpent, who, whilst he struggles to be free, longs to clutch in his hard gripe the throat of the hated monster that torments him. His brow was knit, his fist was clenched, his teeth set hard, and the breath came thick from his heaving breast; but he did not speak. The imprecations that rose to his parched lips found no voice: it might have been better if they had. They only choked him, and then fell back upon his heart, to make his blood boil faster.

Thus they walked on by the side of the canal. If Bessy could have seen his face, she might have read something there that would have silenced her; but it was too dark, and, besides, she did not look at it. Her business was to convince him that Uncle Philpots was coming, and that Uncle Philpots was a person who never desisted, never gave in, till he had gained his point. Bessy was no philosopher; she did not know that the most dire tempests of the soul often find no vent in words, as the bitterest griefs seek no relief from tears. Vincent's patient silence promised well. From Uncle Philpots she went to the baby: it was so like its father; she

longed to shew it him; Aunt Philpots was to bring it over with her soon; she was sure he would love it; and then it must be christened, and its name should be Vincent. She thought this would touch his heart. Poor Bessy!

Bessy was walking next the canal when she said this, and Vincent, who felt his brain begin to waver, suddenly passed behind her, and placed himself betwixt her and the water. Unfortunately thinking he was going to escape her, she thrust her arm within his to detain him—a familiarity that produced such an access of rage and disgust that he impulsively flung her off with a violence that made her reel.

‘What’s that for?’ she cried with the rudeness of an untutored mind, and an angry thrust of her vigorous arm.

Then there was an indignant oath—a slight scuffle—a cry—a splash—and Vincent stood bending forward with distended eyes and open mouth, breathless and amazed, staring wildly through the misty dusk into the deep black water. He saw nothing upon the dim surface, and turned round, hoping desperately that he was labouring under an illusion, and half expecting to see Bessy on the dry land. But a strangled scream from the canal recalled his senses; and as he beheld an indistinct object floating far out from the brink he was about to plunge madly in. The object, however, sunk; and at the same moment the noise of hasty footsteps approaching, and the glare of waving lights, appalled him. The horror of his position overpowered his reasoning faculties. The thousand circumstances of suspicion by which he was surrounded—the death-screams of the victim—the fearful temptation to which he might be supposed to have yielded—all swept like a tempest across his brain; and with one more glance at the calm, black, desert waters, he turned and fled from the accursed spot.

V.

There was a gay little party assembled that evening in Mr Halkelt’s drawing-room. The silkmercer was a man well-to-do in the world, and being exceedingly proud of his daughter, he spared nothing to make his house agreeable to her young friends; so that betwixt his liberality and her merits they had contrived to collect a very respectable circle amongst the middle classes of the neighbourhood. On this eventful night all their intimate acquaintances, both young and old, are there, as it is to be the last party before the wedding; and they are all wondering what has become of the bridegroom, especially the dancers, for there being more ladies than gentlemen, he is particularly wanted. They quiz Emily on his desertion, and she threatens to make him expiate his misdemeanour by some heavy penalty. But though she laughs she is not at ease, and those who are best acquainted with her fancy the lovers have had a quarrel; others, who comprehend her less, but still can discern the shadow on her brow, conclude her to be more offended at his absence than she chooses to own. For her own part she connects Vincent’s absence with the letter: she feels certain that he is involved in some painful mystery; and a weight is on her heart which she does her utmost to conceal, especially from her father, who, however, suspects nothing, and quizzes her more than anybody else.

But by and by one of the maids who is assisting Emily at the tea-table whispers that she has just met Mr Halloway on the stairs, and that he is gone up to dress. Emily feels the colour rush into her cheeks at this intelligence, and her ears grow hot as they listen for the opening of the door. The candidates for tea are standing betwixt her and it, but presently she hears her father's voice saluting Vincent with a 'Hollo, young gentleman! where have you been to?' Others surround him, and repeat the question. What he answers she does not hear; but as he advances she steals a glance at his face. Perhaps he never looked so handsome: all the young ladies think so, for he is as pale as marble; and the dark shadows upon his brow and about his eyes, and the stern, concentrated expression of his features, supplying the power in which they are usually deficient, make them fancy he resembles one of Byron's heroes. The fact is the tension still continues—the relaxation of fear has not yet come—he is not yet capable of comprehending his situation—he is stunned—the room and the party have something strange to him—he scarcely knows where he is—he can hardly part his lips to speak in answer to the inquiries of his merry persecutors.

'Come!' said Mr Halkelt, dragging him forward, 'and try if you can make your peace with your liege lady here!'

Emily looked up, as if she had not observed him before, smiled, and nodded; and drawing a chair beside herself, said: 'Come, and I'll give you some tea!' She was not deceived. What had happened she could not tell, but she was sure he was in great trouble—more, it appeared to her now, than any slight female entanglement could account for; and she began to fancy he must be involved in some terrible pecuniary embarrassment which his father had refused to relieve him from. From whatever quarter the wind had blown that bore this evil fortune on its wings, she saw that a storm was about to break over their heads, and she resolved to stand fast by the husband of her choice, for no mean jealousy racked her: he had probably been faulty, but she did not doubt his love; and she would like to have whispered to him: 'Fear not—I am yours through all fortunes; and the errors that others may condemn, I can forgive!'

He sat sipping his tea, while she talked to him in a low voice, asking him who he would dance with; and whether he thought Miss Jennings, the young lady that had come to Taunton on a visit to the apothecary's wife, was pretty; and how he liked Mr Bartlett's grand satin waistcoat. By this means she relieved him from embarrassment and observation, and kept other people from troubling him. He penetrated her intention, and whilst he admired her forbearance and good temper, he wondered what her thoughts were.

'You had better dance with Miss Cox till I can come,' she whispered: 'she's a quiet little thing. Jane, come here! here's Vincent wants to dance with you;' and the quadrille being formed, he led her away.

He danced with her and others, but chiefly with Emily, that night; and often, when his hand met hers, he pressed it with fervid emotion. He had never been her equal, indeed he was far her inferior; and whilst she was a woman, he, though older by three years, was but a boy: partly nature, but still more too rigid training, had kept him so. But though his mind now was in a sort of maze—although he was blind and deaf, and all his

senses numbed, so that he had no lively comprehension of anything—though yet he saw not Bessy where she lay upon that muddy bank, with her long hair tangled and dripping over the rope that moors a barge, wherein sit three men playing with a pack of dirty cards by the light of a dusky lantern—although the dim picture is hidden from him, yet he felt there was an angel trying to uphold him in that dark sea that was compassing him about. Never were her tones tuned to so much softness! Never had so much tenderness beamed from that sweet face. As she moved round the room, her eye was ever on him, to comfort and sustain; whilst, with all the tact of a woman, she defended him from the persecutions of civility, and the inexorable hilarity of her father and his friends.

The evening wore through at last; refreshments had been handed about; and the company had departed. Whilst the host and hostess were yet saying 'Good-night,' Vincent went to the sideboard, and drank off a glass of strong brandy and water which had been mixed by Mr Halkelt, in the fulness of his hospitality, for somebody who would not take it. Emily's quick eye perceived what he had been doing, for the draught brought back the colour to his cheeks; she comprehended the motive too, and forbore to disturb the oblivion he was seeking. So, as it was late, and her father was in haste to get everybody to bed, they separated for the night without any attempt at an explanation.

Vincent undressed himself mechanically, lay down in his bed, and, still under the influence of the narcotic, fell immediately asleep. But by and by he awoke, dreaming that he met Bessy in the street carrying a bundle, which she opened, displaying to him the livid body of a dead infant; and with a shudder he turned to sleep again. But this time sleep would not come. In spite of his efforts to suppress them, memory and consciousness would start into vigilance, and suddenly the whole dreadful truth was before him. What truth? Had he done it? He did not know. He only knew that black thoughts had started up like fiends in his mind, that in the midst of them they had struggled, and that she was dead. Then he sat up in bed, and wildly clutched his hair and gnashed his teeth, and thought of all the damning circumstances arrayed against him. How he cursed fate, himself, and her! For as yet there was no pity for that young life lost! No repentance yet for Heaven—no tears for earth. It was all wrath, and fear, and bitterness. The horrors that awaited him, the condemnation, the prison, and the scaffold, marshalled themselves in dread array; and when he heard a noise in the street, he thought it was the constables coming to seize him.

The night was not long, for they had retired late, and Mr Halkelt was an early riser. By and by Vincent heard people stirring in the house—the shutters of the shop were taken down, and the silkmercer's heavy foot creaked upon the stairs. How often had the young lover leaped joyously out of bed on hearing these signals announcing that breakfast was at hand, when he should be greeted with the glad welcome of his mistress! But now, though weary of the night, he was in no haste to descend. By candle-light, and with so many objects to divert his attention, Mr Halkelt had neither remarked the pallor of Vincent's complexion, the altered expression of his features, nor the distraction of his manner; but these could hardly escape observation by daylight, with nobody present but himself and Emily.

In order, therefore, not to encounter his future father-in-law, he lingered above, laving his face with cold water, till he fancied Mr Halkett would have quitted the table, and then went below. Emily was alone, and received him with a kind greeting. She did not ask him how he had slept—his looks told her that—but she tried by tenderness and gentleness to soothe him and win his confidence; and she so far succeeded that the hard, fierce agony of the preceding hours was softened by a burst of tears. Whilst his heart swelled with unutterable anguish, he laid his head upon her bosom, and wept.

‘I ask no questions,’ she whispered; ‘but if you could tell me, I might be of use. You know you can trust me!’

What a relief it would have been to tell her! But he could only weep and sob, and cover his face with his hands.

‘Is there nothing I can do?’ she asked.

‘Nothing,’ he said. ‘I must go away now to West Green; perhaps to return at night, perhaps not. If I don’t come, make an excuse for me to your father.’

She threw her arms round his neck whilst the tears streamed down her face. ‘My poor, poor Vincent!’ she said, ‘oh if I could but help you!’

He passed hastily through the shop into the street. Luckily Mr Halkett was in the counting-house at the back, and did not observe him. He was in the habit of speaking to the young men, but now he only waved his hand, like one too much pressed for time to stay for greetings; and so he strided through the street, his eyes upon the ground, as if engrossed with business of importance; called roughly for his horse, and instead of lounging at the inn-door till it was led out, as he was used to do, hurried away, saying he would be back in five minutes. He filled up the interval by walking rapidly from street to street, and then returned, mounted, and trotted off. The landlord was at the door with the ‘Western Times’ in his hand, and remarked that the morning was cold; but Vincent only nodded. Who could tell what might be in that paper?

As soon as he had cleared the town he slackened his pace, and tried to think and form a plan of action. He saw that if he could not exercise more command over himself he should be his own accuser. He must master his agitation, and compose his manner. His mother would observe any change immediately. He must also call on Mrs Mure. It would be prudent to inquire if Bessy were arrived. He wished, however, to avoid going into her house—a word at the door was better; and he was about to tap his whip against the window, but just at that moment he saw Joe Jebb leaping over a stile into the road, and to escape him he rode forward, resolving to defer his visit to Elizabeth till the next time he passed.

When he reached home his father was in the fields. He had not been expected, and his mother asked him why he had come; adding suddenly, as she looked at him: ‘You are not well, Vincent?’

‘I don’t think I am,’ he said; for the hint was worthy of adoption. ‘We were up very late last night, and late hours don’t agree with me.’

‘Are you sure that’s all? Have you any headache?’

‘Yes, I have—I drank some brandy and water, and it was too strong for me.’

Rachel, however, did not believe this was all, for she observed that he

avoided looking her in the face. 'I hope,' she said, 'nothing unpleasant has happened!'

At this he fired. 'What should happen unpleasant? Couldn't he have a headache without its being supposed something extraordinary had happened?' and so forth. Rachel was only the more convinced that something *had* occurred, but she forbore to trouble him farther.

To escape observation he retired to his chamber; and seating himself near the window, resting his burning brow upon his hand, he looked out upon his father's fields. With how much distaste he had many a time surveyed that smiling landscape; for what was its beauties to him who was panting for freedom and for other scenes? He had pined for the world and society, and the pleasures that young people delight in, and despised the measure of peace that contented his parents. What would he have given for that measure of peace now? The tears ran down his cheeks as he reflected how happy he had really been when he thought himself miserable—how calmly he had slept after his day's work—how healthfully awoke! Would he ever sleep or wake so more? Alas, never! Like Macbeth, he 'had murdered sleep.' He knew nothing of Macbeth: but the truth of the poet is the truth of all times, and the voice that had cried to the Thane of Glamis, '*Sleep no more!*' was as audible to this unhappy boy as it was to him.

Under the window there lay a dog dozing in a gleam of sunshine, and not far from him a kitten was playing with a straw. How happy they were! Everything in the world seemed happy but himself. Absorbed in his wretchedness he forgot the flight of time, and by and by his mother looked in to say that dinner was ready.

'I am engaged to dine at Taunton,' he answered. But his distress was too visible to be denied, and closing the door behind her, she came towards him, entreating him in the tenderest manner that he would tell her what had happened: had he had any difference with Emily? He could only throw himself into her arms and give way to his anguish.

'I can't go down to dinner, mother,' he said. 'Tell my father you can't find me.'

'I dare not do that,' she said. 'I'll tell him you are going back to Taunton; but you must come and see him before you go.'

Vincent promised he would; and she quitted him, persuaded that he had had some terrible quarrel with his mistress.

As Jacob Halloway generally indulged in a short nap after dinner, Vincent waited till he was likely to be asleep; and then descending, gently opened the parlour door. Rachel, who was sitting with her spectacles on reading the Bible, raised her eyes, and then turned them on the old man dozing in his easy-chair. Vincent waited a moment: his father did not stir; his mother nodded assent to the glance which said: 'Let me go without waking him;' and he was closing the door, when the old man, roused by the sound said: 'Is that you, boy?'

'Yes, father,' answered Vincent, returning and placing himself behind his father. Jacob held out his hand without looking round. 'Shall we see you to-morrow?' he asked.

'Yes, father,' answered Vincent, thinking an assent most likely to obtain his dismissal.

'Then I'll take my nap now, and keep what I have to say till then. Good-by, boy; and don't let the love of the world get the better of you, nor think because the sun shines to-day it'll shine always. Keep yourself humble in prosperity, d'ye hear? When man forgets the Lord, the Lord's apt to call to him in a voice of thunder.'

'Good-by, sir!' said Vincent; 'I'm afraid I shall be late.'

Jacob groaned reprovingly as he settled himself to sleep, and Rachel heaved a gentle sigh as she took up her knitting.

To avoid the chance of meeting Joe Jebb, Vincent rode by a byway to Elizabeth's cottage, and in so doing had to pass the spot that used to be his trysting-place in the days when he dreamed of no greater happiness than the midnight meetings with Bessy Mure. Absorbed as he was with his anxieties and fears, he had not thought of it till his eyes rested on the bank where many a moonlight night they had sat hand in hand, revelling in the present, and forming projects for the future. His heart stood still at the sight of it. Hitherto he had thought of the tragedy only as connected with himself: it was himself he pitied—it was his own peril that engrossed him. But the sight of this spot awakened other feelings. He saw Bessy as she had been when first their love began, with the tender roses of girlhood upon her cheeks, and the bright smile of innocence on her lip; and he recalled the joys of that first harvest-home when she sat beside him, the fairest flower of them all—where was she now?

There is certainly nothing stranger in human life than the birth and death of human passion!

In the midst of all this anguish, however, the instinct of self-preservation never slept. Not to inquire if Bessy had arrived would appear suspicious; and therefore, severe as the trial was, he must call on her mother; so he rode up to the door and tapped with his whip. Elizabeth opened it herself; but she no sooner saw who it was, than without saying a word she angrily slammed it in his face. He had not the courage to ask her why, and rode on with the addition of a new source of perplexity and trouble. What could have happened since yesterday to offend her? Was it Bessy's non-appearance; and if so, did she connect it with him? Had Bessy told her that she meant to see him in Taunton? He hoped, however, it was only the news of his marriage that had reached her; for that which but yesterday he had feared so much had now become utterly unimportant. They could not make him marry Bessy now!

He lingered on the road till Mr Halkett's dinner hour was over, and till it was dusk, and then entered the town; and after putting up his horse, proceeded to the silkmercer's. As he approached the house he saw the errand-boy trotting gaily before him with some parcels strapped over his shoulders; and as he passed through the shop, he heard one of the young men ask the lad, in reference to something the latter had mentioned whilst unstrapping his burthen, 'Whereabouts was she found?'

'Just close by Billing's Warehouse. A rope caught her, and stopped her from going farther;' and as Vincent closed the door, he heard some one inquire if she was anybody belonging to the town.

This must be Bessy!—she had not sunk to the bottom then! Her body had floated, and ere long her murderer would be sought! He staggered up stairs in the dark, shut himself in his chamber, and fell upon his knees, for

hope on earth had forsaken him. He had trusted she might not be found for a long time, or far from the fatal spot; but Billing's Warehouse was hard by, and he discerned clearly the chain of evidence that would condemn him. The letter, his late arrival at the party, his distracted manner—all coincident with the crime. Then his inquiries for Mrs Wilson. He was sure that woman who had stared at him so in the chandler's shop would remember him twenty years hence; and, worse than all, his questions respecting the Wellington boats! And there could be little doubt that the man to whom he was speaking when Bessy came up to him would recall the circumstance, and recognise them both. What should he do? Go and throw himself at Emily's feet, and tell her all, and entreat her to help him to fly. He had no doubt that she would; and he quitted his room, softly descended the stairs, and was just listening at the drawing-room door to ascertain if she were alone, when Mr Halkelt clapped him on the back with a jolly 'hallo!' and asked him where he had been all day; adding, 'I didn't know you were here! There was a man just now inquiring for you, and they told me below they'd seen you pass through the shop; but the maid said she was sure you were not in the house, and I sent him away.' Vincent had no doubt that this was an officer come to arrest him; and he firmly resolved, when all the household were in bed, to steal away, and make the best of his road to London, and thence, if possible, across the Channel, even if he begged his way. For the present, however, he could not escape entering the drawing-room, where he found one or two of Emily's relations spending the evening with her—the last but one, as they expected, before her marriage.

Vincent pleaded a violent headache, and Emily, all sympathy and consideration, bore him up as well as she could; and perceiving that it was almost impossible his agitation should escape remark, she recommended him to go to bed, that being the best place for aching heads; and although suffering exceedingly herself from her lover's mysterious distress, she had the virtue and the strength of mind to conceal her own pain, and affect a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, in order to shield him from observation.

After fervently pressing her hand, and looking all the love and thanks his eyes could convey, Vincent availed himself of her counsel, and retired to his chamber, but not to bed. His first business was to write a few lines of *farewell* to Emily. These he sealed, and laid on his dressing-table. He gave no reason for his departure: he only bewailed his wretchedness; said that through his own folly and wickedness he had lost peace and her; and that though he should love her eternally, she would never see him again. This done, he tied up a few things in a bundle, and then sat down to wait till everybody in the house was in bed. He at length gently opened his door, and listened. Not a sound was to be heard; so he took up his bundle in one hand and the candle in the other, and descended the stairs. There were two ways of egress—through the shop, or through a private door, which last was seldom used except when there was company. It was through this, however, he hoped to escape, as the other could not be unbarred without noise. He advanced on tiptoe towards it, and sought the key, which usually hung at the back of the door; but it was not to be seen, being at that moment securely deposited in the maid's pocket, who lay in the garret.

THE TEMPTATION.

Here was a dreadful disappointment! He must then try the other way, and he opened the door that communicated with the shop; but in so doing his candle blew out, while at the same instant he felt himself clutched by a powerful hand, and a voice cried: 'Villain! I've got you, have I?'

Exhausted by suffering, the shock was too great for his nerves, and instead of the resistance he expected, the porter that guarded the shop, and who mistook Vincent for a thief carrying away his boots in the bundle, felt the body of his prisoner slip from his grasp, and sink heavily on the earth. Whereupon he fetched a light, and perceiving who it was he had seized, he awakened Mr Halkelt, who assisted him to carry the still insensible Vincent to his bed. Emily was then roused, and being informed of her lover's condition, and the strange circumstances under which he was found, she expressed no surprise. On the contrary, she said: 'It was nothing more than she had been daily apprehending—it having been evident to her that he had for some time been struggling with severe illness, which, from an unwillingness to lie up at such a crisis, he had laboured to conceal.'

VI.

Nine days had elapsed since that eventful night when Vincent Halloway opened his eyes after what appeared to him a long, long sleep, in which he had been harassed by the most frightful dreams. He was in the chamber in which he usually slept when at Mr Halkelt's, and everything was so quiet that he might have thought himself alone but for a low breathing on the other side of the bed-curtain, which shaded the glare of the window from his pillow. He would have drawn it aside to see who was there, but he found he had no power to raise his arm. The attempt, however, had not escaped the watchful ear of his nurse, and the curtain being lifted, Emily's sweet face looked in upon him. When her eyes met his, she gazed eagerly into them, and then bending down and touching his brow with her lips, she said: 'How do you feel, dearest?'

'I don't know,' he said. 'I believe I'm very weak. Have I been ill?'

'Very ill,' she answered; 'but you have had a good sleep, and now you are going to get well. Only you must be very obedient, and not talk.'

The command was not difficult to obey, for a few words exhausted him, and he was content to be silent. Presently his mother came into the room on tiptoe. Emily whispered her the good news, and she also came to his bedside, kissed him, and blessed him. He was quite easy, and seemed to himself to be lying in a sort of Elysium. So he slept and woke, and sipped things out of a teaspoon which Emily held to his lips, and asked no questions.

Gradually, however, vague recollections of the circumstances that had preceded his illness recurred to his memory; but he could not at first distinguish the real events from the visions of his delirium. Certainly the dreadful scene at the canal seemed too vivid and distinct to be a dream; but if Bessy was dead, and her body found, how came he to be left peaceably under Mr Halkelt's roof? Perhaps because he was too ill to be removed; or had he escaped connection with the terrible event? But as

he gained strength, wonder and perplexity, not unaccompanied by alarm, took possession of him; and in spite of the calm and cheerful demeanour of those about him, he could not divest himself of the hourly apprehension that he should be arrested for the murder of Bessy. As time advanced, however, this fear began to be less urgent, but other anxieties succeeded it. Could he, knowing his dreadful position, dare to marry Emily? Could he allow so lovely, so pure, so noble a woman, to ally herself to one who might yet be doomed to the death of a felon? He felt it was impossible. But explanation must be deferred till after his visit to his father's, whither the doctor recommended he should remove for change of air; and Emily, who took the entire command, consented, provided she went with him, for she perceived plainly as his bodily health was restored that his mental disease was returning—that he had something on his mind was evident. What could this grievous secret be?

When the day arrived for his removal, a carriage was engaged to convey him. Under other circumstances how delightful such a drive would have been, with the glad feelings of returning health, and Emily by his side! But there was no gladness for him. He thought only of what he was soon to lose, and of the grim future that awaited him.

As they passed Mrs Mure's door, Nancy ran out to see the carriage. She looked as usual, and he observed that she was not in mourning. He saw some other familiar faces; all nodded and smiled: it was evident that even there, where his connection with Bessy was known, he was not suspected of her murder. Nevertheless, his determination to relinquish Emily remained unshaken.

At first, on his arrival at home, he could not walk farther than the garden; but as his strength returned, leaning on Emily's arm he extended his rambles; and when they had a fine spring morning, they often remained abroad for hours—precious hours!—the last he was ever to taste on earth!

One day when, after a long stroll, they were reposing side by side on a primrose-covered bank, he saw Nancy Mure coming towards him with a white jug in her hand. Emily remarked that she was a pretty girl; and Vincent felt, as she drew near, that he must speak to her. That she expected it was evident, for she stopped.

'How do you do, Nancy?' he faltered out with a husky voice.

'Very well, thankye, Mr Halloway. I hope you're better.'

'Rather better,' he answered with a sigh.

'I s'pose you know that Bessy's been very bad, and like to die? I've been up to the farm to fetch a drop of milk for her. She can't take nothing but milk now.'

Vincent gasped for breath.

'What has been the matter with her?' kindly inquired Emily.

'She tumbled into the canal at Taunton six weeks ago come Monday, and she caught a cold, and the doctor says it's settled upon her chest.'

Emily answered that she would call and see her; and as soon as Nancy was gone, Vincent rose, trembling exceedingly, and said that not feeling very well he wished to go home and lie down. When he found himself alone, his first impulse was to pour out his heart's thanksgiving for Bessy's escape. For a long time he wept and prayed, and as soon as his mind was calmer he wrote to her to request she would see him. It was evident that she had

spared him. How could he be grateful enough for so much generosity? How make her amends for his brutality and ingratitude? In the evening Nancy brought a note to say that Bessy could not come out, but that she would be glad to see him if he would call.

He went the next morning, and found her sitting up in bed, pale and hollow-cheeked, the ghost of her former self. When he entered the room, she bade her mother and sister leave them. Vincent fell upon his knees, and covered his face with his hands, whilst the big tears streamed betwixt his fingers. His heart was rent in twain, and he sobbed like an infant in grief.

'Never mind,' she said. 'Don't take on so! I haven't told nobody, nor never will; and, besides, it was as much my fault as yours. Mother sent for Uncle Philpots when she heard you was agoing to marry Miss Halkelt, and he com'd just the next day; and when he found I'd been in the water, he said he knew you had done it; but I turned him off from it with laughing, and said I fell in when I fetched my bundle, 'cause it was so dark.'

He thanked her again and again; but how she had escaped he could not conceive. She said that the second time she rose she had caught hold of a rope that moored a barge to the shore, and had tried to reach the land, but that it slipped from her grasp; after which she remembered nothing till she found herself in bed at a little public-house, whither she had been carried. The men in the barge, on coming from below to go ashore, had discovered her with her long hair entangled in the hawser, which had kept her head above water. Her cousin, Mrs Wilson, surprised at her not returning, had come in search of her, and so learned where she was, and there also Uncle Philpots had found her. She said she had been ill ever since from the cold she caught, and that the doctor said she would need great care.

Vincent answered that she should *have* great care; for after what had happened, he should be an ungrateful scoundrel if he did not devote himself to watch over her health and safety.

But Bessy shook her head and said, that could not be.

'It must be!' Vincent answered. 'You must be my wife now, Bessy: I am determined to do what is right, and fulfil my promise.'

'No, Mr Halloway,' answered Bessy, 'I will never be your wife. It wouldn't be good for you nor me, I know; and perhaps might sooner or later lead to worse than what's gone. It would never do; and I wouldn't say, if we had words, but I might sometime cast up to you about the canal, and about your running away instead of trying to save me. Uncle Philpots and I had words about it; but I told him it wasn't no use, for I wouldn't marry a man as wanted to marry another girl.'

And Bessy adhered to her wise resolution.

Vincent was now free to marry Emily; even the child he was not burdened with, Uncle and Aunt Philpots having chosen to adopt it. But was he more worthy to become the husband of a virtuous woman than he was when he believed Bessy was dead? Were the black thoughts of that fatal evening—of that fatal moment—more pardonable because the life he supposed to be sacrificed had been providentially preserved? The struggle of mind these feelings occasioned became dreadful. Whilst

he believed Bessy dead there had been no struggle. His path was plain : his duty was clearly to relinquish Emily ; his condition was rather that of utter despondency and calm despair. But now another element had been introduced—a small scruple of hope that, setting his mind in a ferment, robbed him of his sleep, and of what little appetite he had recovered, and Emily had the pain of seeing that he was daily losing all the ground he had gained. In short, he became so ill that, for his own part, he thought death was about to relieve him from all his difficulties ; and under this persuasion he resolved, before he quitted the world, to make a full confession to Emily. He felt that his own mind would be easier, and also that it was due to her to give her that last proof of his affection and confidence ; but it should not be till his end was approaching, when pity would silence reproof, and the horror and aversion she felt she would in mercy forbear to exhibit.

In the meantime Emily had her project too—which was to obtain his confidence ; but he always baffled her till one day, when the doctor had quitted the room with a grave face, she re-entered it with the traces of tears on her cheeks.

‘I see,’ said Vincent, ‘what he thinks ; but don’t grieve, Emily. Depend on it, it is better I should die.’

‘Why is it better?’ she said impatiently. ‘Why will you persist in making me miserable, for you can’t deceive me, Vincent? I know you have something on your mind, and you would rather die than trust me with it.’

‘Not from want of confidence, Emily,’ he answered ; ‘but there are things it’s hard to confess. I wish to retain your love as long as I can.’

‘True love is not easily extinguished,’ she replied.

‘But there are things that might extinguish it, Emily. Suppose I had done something very, very bad?’

‘I should be extremely sorry, Vincent—extremely sorry indeed ; and I should insist on your doing everything you could to repair the wrong.’

‘But wouldn’t you cease to love me?’

‘No,’ she answered ; ‘for what you may have done, I know not ; but I am witness to what you have suffered. It must be a dreadful fault indeed that such sufferings would not expiate.’

‘I have suffered,’ he said, ‘God knows!’ And the tears coursed each other down the wasted cheeks. ‘But there are crimes that I fear no sufferings can expiate.’

Emily began to think he must be the victim of some delusion. What crime of so black a die, and yet so secret, could a youth, situated as Vincent was, have committed? But she was resolved, having brought him thus far, not to lose the ground she had gained.

‘Upon my word, Vincent,’ she said smiling, ‘one would think you had committed a murder to hear you talk!’

‘And if I had?’ he sobbed, covering his face with his hands.

‘Oh God! Vincent,’ she cried, clasping hers in anguish, ‘don’t say that! You cannot mean it!’

His reply was a relation of the whole circumstances of his acquaintance with Bessy, from the first awakening of his boyish infatuation to the false ideas that had beset him at their meeting by the canal, and the catastrophe which seemed to his affrighted conscience to be their result.

He concluded by mentioning the offer of reparation he had now made her, together with the different phases of his own mental struggle; 'And you will agree with me now,' he said, 'that it is better I should die!'

'No,' answered Emily weeping, 'it is better you should live and repent. Poor, poor Vincent! How little I guessed the weight that was dragging you into the grave!'

The ease of mind that followed this confession soon shewed its beneficial effects upon his health, the more especially as there was no relaxation of attention on the part of Emily. She continued to tend him with the same faithful assiduity. Her cheek was paler, her lip was graver, and perhaps she was a little more reserved; but it was not till he was well enough to listen calmly to what she had to say, that she disclosed her views and resolution—a resolution which scarcely surprised him, though a latent hope he had cherished rendered the blow difficult to bear.

'I think Bessy Mure quite right in refusing to marry you,' she said: 'such a union would be a bond of wretchedness to both. But neither, dear Vincent, must I marry you.'

'I knew it!' he cried; 'and yet you said that whatever I might have done, you had witnessed my sufferings, and could love me still?'

'And so I do,' she said. 'Why else am I here? As brother and sister we may surely love each other. I was the innocent cause of your hallucination, and, depend on it, I will be faithful to you through life, and help you to sustain your burden.'

Vincent felt he had no right to complain; but his heart rebelled against this decision. He was angry with the strength of mind that could form it. He said he saw she had never loved him, and was irritable and unjust; thus convincing Emily how wisely she had resolved. But she did not desert him in his weakness. She never ceased to uphold and to fortify him, both by precept and example, and by such proofs of devotion, as at length forced from him the confession that the love that could afford them must be rich indeed! As this conviction gained on him, he became happier. He began to appreciate the purity and loftiness of her nature, and was proud to be the possessor of such a heart. This feeling reacted on his own character: it elevated him, and made him emulous to render himself worthy of so true and noble an attachment.

In the meantime the world wondered and talked. 'Let them talk,' she said, 'they will weary of us by and by, and find another subject.' Of course Mr Halkett was surprised and puzzled: he wanted to see her married.

'Never mind, father!' she said. 'If I don't marry Vincent Halloway, you will have me always with you; for I shall never marry any one else.'

Rachel's woman's heart revealed to her some inkling of the truth—that is, she guessed there had been another love, another engagement; for she too had witnessed her son's anguish. Jacob looked on severely. The Reform Bill being carried, his excitement had subsided, and as he rather despised himself for the relaxations it had won from him, and the follies, as he considered them, into which he had allowed his son to launch, he did not condescend to ask questions, but shut himself up in his austere silence.

Thus passed seven years. Vincent was nearly thirty, and Emily six-and-twenty—he a very different being, both morally and intellectually, from the Vincent of my first chapter. Mrs Mure was dead, Nancy married, and Bessy keeping house for Uncle Philpots, who was now a widower. Jacob was as austere, and Rachel as meek as ever; when Mr Halkelt, fancying he felt symptoms of declining health, told his daughter one day that he often felt uneasy at the idea of leaving her alone in the world. ‘You have no relations you would like to live with,’ he said; ‘and I cannot tell what you could do if I should die!’

‘I hope you will live many a day and year too, dear father!’ she replied.

‘Well, my love, I hope I may, for your sake; but you know I must die at last, and I want to learn what your plans would be?’

‘What do you think of my taking a husband?’ she asked.

‘I wish to goodness you would!’ he answered; ‘but you wont marry Vincent, and you put it out of the power of anybody else to ask you. I assure you the thought of leaving you unmarried often gives me great uneasiness.’

‘Well, father, as I wouldn’t cause you uneasiness for the world,’ answered Emily, ‘suppose you ask Vincent if he will forgive me my caprices, and marry me after all?’

This was the way it came about, and nobody will question what Vincent’s answer was. Emily continued to be his good angel after marriage as she had been before; and he was blest in knowing that she was so.

SIAM AND THE SIAMESE.

I.

Geography—Population—Botany, Mineralogy, and Zoology.

THE large tract of country lying between Bengal and China is inhabited by several races of men, resembling each other in all important points of comparison, but presenting a striking dissimilarity to the other nations of Asia. With respect to their civilisation and political importance they may be divided into four classes:—The first comprises the Burmese, the Peguans, and the Siamese; the second includes the inhabitants of Kamboja, Lao, and Aracan; the third those of Kassay, Champa, Cachar, and Assam; while in the fourth rank there is a number of savage or half-savage tribes whose names are scarcely known in Europe. Of the more important of these nations, it may be affirmed that their physical conformation is essentially the same; their languages, though distinct, and variously enriched with accessions from the Sanscrit and Chinese, have a common structure and idiom; the same form of religion, with scarcely a shade of difference, prevails in all; and the resemblance extends to their laws, literature, manners, customs, and institutions: so that in presenting, as we now propose, a picture of Siam, we give the reader a tolerably correct view of the whole region of Chin-India. It should be remarked also, that, with the exception of Assam and Aracan, the social condition of this group of nations has been subject to very little foreign influence; their natural barriers seem to have arrested the tide both of conquest and civilisation; and while from age to age they have lived in a scene of almost perpetual warfare with each other, they have neither suffered the immediate evils nor reaped the subsequent benefits that would have accrued from a collision, even though unsuccessful, with some distant and more enlightened people. The extreme jealousy of their governments has contributed to keep them still more isolated, and they have shewn so little disposition to cultivate either political or commercial relations beyond their own territories, that they are still very little known to Europeans. The Portuguese, the French, the Americans, and the English in Bengal, have successively endeavoured to gain a friendly footing among them, but hitherto with little result of importance; for they have ever treated Europeans with distrust, and even with insolence, when this could be done with impunity.

Some of the ambassadors engaged in these negotiations have taken considerable pains to understand the character, manners, and social condition of the people, as well as to learn the natural resources of the country; and to their researches chiefly we owe whatever particulars have reached our shores.

The present Siamese empire is composed of Siam Proper, a large part of Lao, part of Kamboja, and certain tributary Malay states. In this wide acceptation it may be said to extend from the 5th to about the 21st degree of north latitude, and from the 98th to about the 105th east longitude. Its area has been estimated at 190,000 geographical miles.

This territory abounds in small rivers, but possesses only three great navigable streams—the Menam, the river of Kamboja, and that of Martaban. Menam is a generic word for a river, but is applied *par excellence* to the great river of the Siamese. It flows through the whole length of their territory, and they are in possession of its navigation nearly throughout. With the exception of Siam Proper the country is mountainous; and one great primitive chain which stretches from the northern to the southern boundary is in some places not less than 5000 feet high.

Besides the native races of these regions, the empire includes numerous settlers from Pegu, driven hither by the oppression of the Burman government; a considerable number from Hindostan, chiefly Mohammedans; a still greater number from China and Cochin-China, who resort to Siam to better their fortunes by commerce and mechanical arts, and who, being unaccompanied by their families, usually intermarry with the natives, and conform to their religious worship. There are also a few of European descent, who are almost exclusively descendants of the Portuguese settlers of former times. Each of these classes of foreigners has a chief officer of its own, to whom all differences are referred. The Portuguese have both a consul and a bishop; but in their civil condition they are below the Siamese, and their religious observances differ little from those of the heathen around them.

The Siamese call themselves Thai, which in their language signifies 'the free.' Siam is said to be the same word in the Peguan language, and from it is taken the name given to them by the Chinese, Malays, and Europeans, who probably became first acquainted with them through the Peguans. There are said to be two races of the Siamese—the Thai Noe, or Lesser, who inhabit the low country; and the Thai Yai, or Greater, a more hardy and independent race, who seem to have retired at some distant period to the mountains to escape from the servitude attaching to the more favoured parts of the country, as the ancient Britons retreated into Wales before their Saxon invaders.

Siam Proper, the country of the Lesser Thai, is a vast plain, intersected by the Menam River, which annually inundates the land, and on the banks of which all the principal towns are situated. The people, in consequence, are so aquatic in their habits that the houses seldom extend more than one or two hundred yards from the water. Yuthia, or Siam, the early capital, was abandoned after the Burman conquest, and Bangkok was chosen as being farther down the river, and more favourably situated for trade. It may be regarded almost as a city floating in the water; and it has for some years commanded a more extensive and valuable com-

merce than any other port on the continent of India beyond the Ganges. Under good management, there is no reason that it should not rival or even surpass Calcutta.

The total value of exports is not less than £1,000,000. The chief articles are sugar, sapan-wood, tin, timber, rice, stick-lac, gum, gamboge, ivory, pepper, and cotton. The export price of sugar is about twopence a pound. The principal imports are arms, ammunition, anchors, piece-goods, cutlery, crockery, and mirrors.

The climate of Siam and its soil within the tract of the inundation are in the highest degree favourable to vegetation, and it is capable of raising all the richest productions for which Bengal is celebrated. The rice is of excellent quality, and cheaper than in any other country in the world, very seldom rising above two shillings a hundredweight. The cocoa is extensively cultivated, and remarkable for its fecundity, affording a large supply of oil for exportation at very low prices. The whole neighbourhood of Bangkok is one forest of fruit-trees, and the products are both various and excellent, surpassing those of Bengal, Bombay, Ceylon, and Java. The most exquisite are the mango, the mangustin, the orange, the durion, the lichi, and the pine-apple. Several of these seem to be exotics; and Siam appears to be indebted to European intercourse for the guava (*Psidium pomiferum*) and the Papia fig (*Carica papaya*), which is here called the banana of the Franks.

The culture of the sugar-cane originated about forty years ago in the industry and enterprise of the Chinese settlers, and the export now exceeds 10,000,000 pounds. The cultivators are Siamese, but the manufacturers of the sugar are invariably Chinese. Black pepper, which seems to be indigenous, yields an annual produce of about 8,000,000 pounds, of which two-thirds are delivered to the king of Siam, who pays the cultivator about £1 sterling for each picul, or about 133½ pounds avoirdupois. Cardamums, another product of the Malabar coast, occur in the same parts of the country with pepper; the capsules are three times the size of the finest produced in Malabar, and the seeds highly aromatic. They are also found in the adjacent districts of Kamboja, and the forests which produce them are royal preserves, and strictly guarded. They are in great request in China, and his Siamese majesty sometimes obtains for them £36 per picul.

Other valuable products are—tobacco, several kinds of cotton, a gum resembling benzoin, and gamboge. The last is obtained from a species of *Garcinia* by making incisions in the bark, whence it exudes freely, and is collected in vessels suspended from the branches. In these it soon assumes a concrete form, and no further preparation is necessary.

Another singular and very valuable production is agila, eagle, or aloes-wood, which is found on a large forest-tree of the hilly countries near the equator. The late Dr Roxburgh introduced it into the botanical garden of Calcutta, and described it under the name of *Aquillaria agalocha*. It is of the class Decandria and the order Monogynia; has an umbel for its inflorescence; a lanceolate leaf; and a drupe for its fruit. The porous scented wood is said to result from disease in the tree, and is more or less frequent according to soil and climate. From the same causes it differs materially in quality; but the best is found on the east coast of the Gulf of Siam, in lat. 13° 30' and downwards.

The sapan-tree (*Cesalpinia sapan*), valuable for its red dye, is a very abundant production of the forests, and in point of bulk, if not of value, it is the most considerable of all the Siamese exports.

There is also a large tree affording a fine-grained red wood, largely exported for cabinet-work; and considerable forests of teak, most of which is used at home.

The geology and mineralogy of Siam are almost as yet unexplored, and the little that is known concerning them has been derived from the report of the natives rather than from the personal investigation of scientific visitors.

It is well ascertained, however, that the tin-formation pervades the whole of the Malay peninsula—the ore, so far as has been ascertained, being always common tinstone, or oxide of tin, and occurring in alluvial formations, technically called ‘streams.’

Gold appears to have a similar geognostic situation, and at Bang-ta-pan the ore is said to be above nineteen carats fine. The whole quantity produced, however, does not suffice for the home consumption, owing to the immense quantity lavished on the temples and images. Of all the metals, iron occurs in the greatest relative abundance; and though the mines are far up the country, yet they are so fertile and so near the river, that cast-iron at Bangkok does not exceed a dollar and a half the picul. Copper, zinc, lead, and antimony are also found in this country, which, on the whole, seems as distinguished for its mineral as it confessedly is for its vegetable resources.

The ordinary and familiar features of Siamese zoology are all that are satisfactorily known. The bear found here seems to be the same as that of Borneo and the Malay peninsula; a species of otter, probably the *Leutra septonyx* of Dr Horsfield, is found about the rivers; the domestic dog, an ugly pricked-eared cur, is frequent even to a nuisance, and here, as in other parts of the East, it goes about unowned and unappropriated—a very proverb of worthlessness. No other species of the canine family is known; and of the feline tribe, those only which have been ascertained are the common cat, the royal tiger, and the leopard. Not only the skins, but what is remarkable, the bones of the tiger are exported to China, where they are considered to be possessed of medicinal virtues.

Siam is considered the most genial land of the elephant, and that in which it attains its highest perfection. Though the use of these animals about the capital is by law reserved to a few persons of high rank, they are freely employed in all other parts of the kingdom, both for riding and carrying burdens. In Lao they are said to be so common as to be used ‘even for carrying women and firewood.’ The white elephant, so highly venerated, is an occasional variety, in every respect analogous to what occurs in other orders of animals, and even in the human species. They are, correctly speaking, albinos, and possessed of all the usual peculiarities of that abnormal production; but it has been remarked in these elephants that the organs of sight are apparently sound, natural, and in no way intolerant of light, the only peculiarity being in the iris, which is white. In 1822 the sovereign of Siam possessed three of these animals, a circumstance considered indicative of singular prosperity to the nation. It is supposed that this animal is the temporary habitation of a soul in a high state of progress towards perfection; and accordingly every white elephant has a rank and

title little less than regal—it is adorned with jewels, attended by numerous servants, and exempt from all employment.

Of the ruminating quadrupeds, Siam produces the goat, the ox, the buffalo, and seven species of deer. The cows give but little milk, which is chiefly supplied by the buffalo; nor have the natives learned the art of making it into butter. The goat seems to be turned to little account, and sheep are quite unknown. Animals of the monkey tribe are numerous, and similar to those usually described by naturalists as natives of the East Indian islands. Two white monkeys are kept in the palace of the Siamese king, and are objects of great curiosity. They are about the size of a small dog, and perfect albinos in every respect: thickly covered with fur as white as that of the whitest rabbit; the lips, eyes, and feet distinguished by the inanimate whiteness observed in the human albino; while the general appearance of the iris, the eye, and even the countenance—the intolerance of light, the uneasy manner—afford points of resemblance between them and that unhappy variety of our own species. They have little of the vivacity and mischief for which the monkey tribe is so remarkable; and it seems their use in the palace is to keep evil spirits from killing the white elephants!

The reptiles are numerous, and would afford an extensive and interesting field of inquiry to the naturalist. Tortoises and crocodiles are not so frequent in the Menam as in the Ganges, but the green turtle is found abundantly near some of the islands in the Gulf; and their eggs, which are in great request as an article of food, form a considerable branch of the royal revenue. The boa-constrictor here attains the enormous size of twenty and twenty-two feet; the snakes are numerous. Among the many beautiful species of lizards is that known as 'the gecko of Siam,' though frequent also in Java and other East Indian islands. Its habits are nocturnal, and its loud, harsh, monotonous cry often proves a great annoyance.

The only insect which deserves notice on the ground of its utility, is the *Coccus lucca*, which produces the gum called lac, and which has during the last thirty years become so important in Bengal from the discovery of a cheap process of obtaining from it a valuable colouring matter. This commodity is produced in the forests of Lao, and is very superior to the lac of Bengal and Pegu. It is said that in some parts of Siam the lac insect is bred as the coccus cacti of Mexico, and affords a cochineal of similar value. The white ants are exceedingly troublesome, and the French missionaries had no mode of preserving their books from their ravages but by varnishing the edges with the gum called cheyram, which is as clear as glass, and cannot be eaten through by these animals. Happily the annual inundations of the river destroy a large number of insects which otherwise would become almost intolerable.

II.

Persons of the Siamese—their Drees—Habitations—Civil Condition.

The average height of the Siamese is about five feet three inches; the arms are long, the lower limbs large, and the figure inclining to obesity. The face is remarkably broad and flat, the great height and breadth of the

cheek-bones giving it rather a lozenge shape than the oval form of European beauty. The nose is small, the mouth wide, and the thick but not projecting lips are coarsely painted from the constant chewing of areca with betel and lime. The eyes are small and black, and the forehead remarkably low. The complexion is fairer than is usually observed beyond the Ganges, and inclines to a yellow hue, heightened by the use of a bright cosmetic, which gives to the smooth, soft, and shining skin a colour almost like gold. The general physiognomy, at least in the men, has somewhat of a gloomy, cheerless, and even sullen aspect; while the personal carriage and gait are sluggish and ungraceful.

The Siamese of both sexes dress nearly alike, and wear fewer clothes than any other even partially-civilised people in the East. The principal garment is a piece of silk or cotton cloth, called a *pagne*, about three yards long, passed round the loins and thighs, and secured in front, leaving the knees and legs entirely bare. Over this the wealthier people often wear a China crape or Indian shawl; and the only other essential piece of dress is a narrow scarf, about two yards long, either worn round the waist or thrown loosely over the shoulders, so that the upper part of the body is at best but very imperfectly covered. The favourite colours are dark and sombre, while white is worn only by the *Talapoinesses*, or religious recluses, and by the lay-servants of the temple, neither of whom are much respected. It is also the expression of mourning. Both sexes wear the hair close, except on the top of the head, from the forehead to the crown, where it is almost two inches long, and, being stroked back, stands erect. The rest is kept shaved by the men, and close cut by the women; but as the shaving is not very regularly performed, it is generally difficult for a stranger to distinguish a man from a woman. No European can be more solicitous about white teeth than the Siamese are for black; and at an early age they use an indelible stain, without however filing or destroying the enamel, like the Indian islanders. Nor do they disfigure the body with tattooing, like the Burmans and Peguans. But, like other Orientals, they allow the nails of the fingers to grow to an unnatural and inconvenient length, and those of the highest rank even put on artificial ones of metal.

The houses either float in the river on bamboo rafts moored to the shore, or they are erected on piles driven into the earth. Each dwelling stands alone, and may be described as a large wooden box of an oblong shape, thatched with palm-leaves. An outside ladder forms the entrance, and to every house is attached a small boat for the use of the family. These floating habitations display the most valuable merchandise of the town, the goods being arranged in the front on a succession of shelves like stairs, and the shopmen sitting alongside on the floor. The houses consist of one storey only, and are divided into several small apartments, of which the centre one is reserved for the household gods. The furniture is scanty and simple, consisting chiefly of the mats on which the inmates sleep and sit; their table, which is without feet, and somewhat like the head of a drum; a few culinary vessels of iron, copper, or tin; some bowls of porcelain or potter's clay, in which food is served, and buckets of bamboo closely enough woven to contain water. The better classes have a kind of bedstead, their walls are furnished with cushions to lean against, and various

ornamental pieces of European furniture adorn their apartments—lamps and mirrors being favourite articles. But of the people in general it may be said that they are rich in a general poverty, having few wants. Their food consists principally of rice and fish; and about a farthing's worth of each is sufficient for a man's daily sustenance.

Here, then, we have a country as rich perhaps in natural resources as India itself, and most favourably situated for commercial enterprise; yet inhabited by a people living in what we should deem abject poverty. Two centuries at least ago the nation had made some progress in civilisation; but the development of its powers has since made such feeble progress that the descriptions of Siam and the Siamese, furnished by Loubere and others in the seventeenth century, offer but few points of difference from those supplied by British visitors in the nineteenth. It is not a nation roaming through the land in the lawless rudeness of savage life, nor yet emerging, bold with conscious strength, from the miseries of barbarism, and seeking the blessings of social order and civilisation; but a mild, inoffensive, and sufficiently intelligent people, organised into a community, yet held from generation to generation in a state of childhood, spending their lives in the veriest puerilities, maintained in good order through fear of the rod, and never dreaming of the manhood of civil and intellectual independence which might be their happier lot. It is worth while to institute some inquiry into the civil and religious institutions by which this state of things has been maintained, and into the singular manners and customs which have thus arisen, as well as to examine what hope there is of these bonds being loosed, and what might be done to facilitate an emancipation of mind and body so much to be desired. Such an inquiry will not only present much that is interesting from its novelty, but it may give us occasion to observe in how many particulars we are indebted to the civil liberty which we are privileged to enjoy, and how much a constitutional government has to do with the everyday happiness of the individual as well as with the greatness of the community.

III.

Government—Civil Institutions—Commerce—Revenue.

The constitution of Siam is a pure despotism, there being neither a hereditary aristocracy nor legislative assembly of any kind to circumscribe the authority or control the actions of the monarch. There is a nobility indeed; but, with a few exceptions in the distant provinces, it arises only from the occupation of particular offices during the king's pleasure, and it expires with the service to which it is attached. There are laws also, but they are the laws of the king, not of the country; and it not unfrequently happens that a new sovereign on his accession publishes a new edition of the code, making such arbitrary changes as he thinks proper. The monarchy does not exist for the people, but the people for the monarch: he is absolute master of their property, their liberty, and even their lives. The inevitable result is the repression of every effort at improvement;

for no man will exert his industry or ingenuity when he knows that a rapacious government may seize on the results, and himself prove a loser for his pains. The more obscure a man is, and the less known to his sovereign, the greater his chance of liberty and wealth.

One of the most odious features of Siamese despotism is the frequent infliction of corporeal punishment—the *bastinado* being the grand redresser of all evils, moral, social, or political; corrector of all faults, whether of omission or commission. The highest officers of the realm are liable to be beaten like children at the order of the monarch, and every superior officer has a similar power over his subordinates. So completely is the national mind subdued to this, that no disgrace attaches to the punishment after it is over, and an officer of state will resume his place on the day after such chastisement as though nothing had occurred.

The person of the Siamese king is peculiarly sacred. We have heard in other parts of the world of devout persons who never pronounce the name of the Deity without pausing; but here such reverence is exacted towards the earthly sovereign that his name may not be spoken at all, and it is said to be known only to a few of his principal courtiers. Nor must his health be inquired after; because it must be taken for granted that he is free from bodily infirmities. No heir to the throne is appointed during his lifetime; for to 'imagine the death of the king,' even in a literal sense, is treason. The people prostrate themselves in his presence, and preface their addresses with these or the like words:—'Exalted lord, sovereign of many princes; let the lord of lives tread upon his slave's head, who here prostrate, receiving the dust of the golden feet upon the summit of his head, makes known with all possible humility that he has something to submit.'

The most important feature in the government is the universal conscription, according to which every man above twenty years of age is obliged to serve the king personally for four months in the year, and this either in a civil or military capacity. He may be employed even in the most menial offices about the palace, and there is no redress. The persons exempt are the talapoins, or priests; the whole Chinese population, who are allowed to pay a poll-tax as commutation; all slaves; and every man who has three sons of serviceable age. Anciently these forced services amounted to six instead of four months, and they are so represented by French writers down to the end of the seventeenth century.

The whole population thus enrolled for the service of the state is divided into two classes, called the division of the right hand and that of the left. These are again subdivided into bands of thousands, hundreds, and tens, each of which has its own officer, who takes his rank and title from the number of persons under his authority.

It is customary with every king of Siam to give audience to his principal officers every morning and evening at ten o'clock. On these occasions he asks each of them a few questions respecting his particular department, and decides on the spot the few easy and trivial cases that are brought before him. He sometimes examines them as to their knowledge of the book called *Pra-Tam-Ra*, which describes their official duties, and orders chastisement to those whose answers are defective. If anything like a consultation is held, the ministers are much more anxious to dis-

cover his sentiments than to express their own, for they may be punished for differing from his majesty.

Every public officer being intrusted with power to inflict summary punishment on those committed to his care, he is often made responsible for their faults; and so likewise parents frequently share in the punishments inflicted on their children, because they should have taught them better. Loubere saw an officer obliged for three days to wear round his neck the head of a man who had committed a capital crime—the fault of the officer being no other than that the criminal was under his jurisdiction, and should have been more carefully watched.

The odious task of informing is enjoined on all, under severe penalties: if any one sees a crime committed he must report it in self-defence, for if another should come to the knowledge of it, and give information, any one who is found to have concealed it is punished. The king maintains, besides, a number of secret spies, who are separately interrogated on all they observe. Still he is often deceived, for the great object of his courtiers is to keep him pleased, and to this end every unpleasant truth is concealed from him so far as may be done with any hope of impunity.

The idea of greatness in a Siamese monarch is not terribleness to his enemies, but to his subjects; and as a government so arbitrary and unjust can place no reasonable confidence in its subjects, there seems to be a constant dread of insurrection and revolution. This is the only explanation that can be given of the feverish alarm and distrust with which the visits of Europeans have ever been regarded; and not without reason, for there is little attachment among the people to the person of the sovereign: they consider him, indeed, as the adopted son of Heaven, and possessed of a celestial soul; yet if any of his subjects hazard a revolt, the rest can easily believe that the choice of Heaven has passed from the king to the rebel. The authority to which they defer seems to rest in the royal seal, and the people obey whatever bears this impress without serious concern about the person who holds it. The monarch understands this, and never allows the important instrument to pass from his hands for a moment.

The palace has three enclosures, widely distant from each other, and no arms are admitted within the outermost. Such is the continual distrust that even the personal guards of the sovereign are disarmed. Except the hours spent in the council-chamber, as we have mentioned, the king passes his whole time shut up in his palace between the company of his women and the priests. All the officers of the private apartments are women; it is they who dress and undress the king, cook his food, and wait on his table. There are purveyors without, who bring provisions and deliver them to the eunuchs, and these hand them over to the women. So also there are male officers of the wardrobe, the highest being he who touches the king's bonnet.

The revenue of the Siamese government is derived from the following sources:—A tax on the consumption of spirits, which are distilled from rice throughout the country, and which amounts to about £57,500 per annum; a tax on gaming-houses, which realises at least an equal amount; another yielding about £8000 on the fisheries of the river Menam; a shop-tax levied on a rude and summary principle, and producing about £15,235.

Besides these there are profits on trade; customs; a tax on fruit-trees; a land-tax; the *corvées*; a poll-tax on the Chinese; and tributes.

The king is both a monopolist and a trader. To some commodities, such as tin, ivory, cardamums, eagle-wood, sapan-wood, gamboge, esculent swallows-nests, and the eggs of the green turtle, he claims an exclusive right; in others, such as sugar and pepper, he exercises an arbitrary influence to obtain as much as he desires at his own price; while with respect to most other commodities he is content with a tax or contribution. With respect to imports, when a vessel arrives, the officers of government select a large share of the most vendible part of the cargo, and put their own price upon it. No private merchant, under penalty of a heavy fine or severe corporeal punishment, is allowed to make an offer for the goods till the agents of the court are satisfied. A large portion, and often the whole of the export cargo, is supplied to the foreign merchant upon the same principle. The officers of government purchase the commodities at a low rate, and sell them to the exporter at an arbitrary value.* The resident Chinese alone, from their numbers and influence, have overcome this difficulty, and of course are carrying on an extensive and valuable trade. The natives have almost as much dread of the sea as the ancient Persians, and probably would not, if they could with advantage, enter into foreign speculations. Meanwhile this arbitrary commercial interference of the government has been the great and indeed only serious obstacle to the European trade in Siam; for the duties are by no means heavy, the country abounds in productions suitable for foreign trade, and property is sufficiently secure.

The conscription and *corvées* form not only the heaviest tax on the people, but the most considerable branch of the royal revenue. Estimated even at a very low rate in money, it would amount to £1,200,000 per annum; but this is rather an index of the waste committed by employing these forced sources than of the value realised. The composition paid by the Chinese is supposed to produce above £25,000. The whole public revenue amounts to somewhat above £3,000,000 sterling, of which about £550,000 is paid in money, or in produce easily convertible into money—an inconsiderable and paltry sum for an extensive and fertile country possessing such natural facilities for internal intercourse, and so favourably situated for external trade. Presuming that these calculations, which were made by the British ambassador in 1823, and have been approved by subsequent visitors, are pretty near the truth, they prove, however, that a very great advance has been made in public wealth since the embassy of Loubere, who estimates the royal revenue in money at £83,000. This must be attributed to the long tranquillity which has prevailed since the expulsion of the Burmans, and to the great influx of enterprising and industrious Chinese settlers which has taken place in consequence of the privileges then conferred on them.

The Siamese government has in general no distinct fiscal establishment. The commercial department, and the charge of the customs and monopolies, are under the care of a minister called the Phra-Klang, but the subordinate agents are the same who conduct all other parts of the adminis-

* It is said that the present king declines these commercial speculations.

tration; and in the more distant provinces, the viceroys seem to act on their own responsibility in these matters, remitting the revenue collected to the capital. As a remuneration for their trouble they receive a tithe of the amount, and the services of a certain number of conscripts.

The income and expenditure of the government are said to be nearly balanced, so that the public treasury seldom contains more than £30,000 in native currency, a few Spanish dollars, and some Chinese silver ingots ready for coinage.

There are three royal seals, and great importance is attached to them. That employed in correspondence with foreign powers bears the figure of a lion. The second, used in home affairs of importance, has a human figure holding a lotus flower. The third, in request for all daily current business, bears a lotus flower only. The banner of the kingdom is a white elephant on a crimson field.

IV.

Buddhist Religion—Priests—Temples—Worship.

Next to the government and civil administration, the dominant religion of Siam claims our attention as exercising an important influence on the condition of the people. Buddhism, or Boodhism, is nearly universal in the regions lying between Bengal and Cochin-China; and it is certainly an unpromising fact, with reference to this faith, that none of the nations professing it has ever attained a primary rank either in arts or arms, or produced individuals known to the world as legislators, writers, warriors, or founders of new sects. The Buddhism of farther India appears to be nearly identical with that of Ceylon, whence it is supposed to have been derived; but it differs materially from that of Tartary, Hindostan, Anam, China, and Japan. Its leading doctrine everywhere is the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. It teaches that all nature is not only animated but sentient; and therefore in lopping off the branch of a tree, there is the same disturbance given to the general life as in the amputation of a limb of the human body. The Buddhists believe the material world, as well as the spiritual, to have existed from eternity, and to be destined to immortality. All soul or spirit is of the same nature, whether dwelling in the corporeal frame of man, or beast, or vegetable; and its condemnation to this frame of matter is its sorrow and its curse, the highest felicity being a state of disembodiment or repose. They suppose that after undergoing a sufficient number of transmigrations, and exhibiting the prescriptive virtues in each state, the souls of the good are received into a succession of heavens, and at length admitted to that state in which they will never again be subject either to birth or death, and in which they are emancipated from the cares and passions incident to all other conditions of existence. This repose is usually called *Ni-ri-pan*, probably a corruption of the Pali word which signifies 'all extinguished.' On the other hand, though they believe in many regions of punishment besides this world, yet the hell which constitutes the eternal torment of the wicked consists in enduring never-ending transmigrations, without ever arriving at *Ni-ri-pan*.

The Siamese do not believe in any one supreme God, nor can they comprehend our refined notions of an infinite and immaterial spirit. They attribute to every soul a human form and material organisation, though so subtle as to elude the sight and touch : in short, their highest idea of disembodied spirits seems nearly to correspond with the manes and shades of the Greeks and Romans, and these are the objects of their worship. Buddh appears to be the generic term for an incarnation of Deity ; but it probably once was a proper name. There have been four Buddhs in this world, of whom the last was Gaudama, the great object of veneration, who is, some thousands of years hence, to be superseded by another called Areemadaych. This Gaudama was the son of a king, and had lived in innumerable states, in which he attained immense merit before this his last birth. At his death, which occurred 2380 years ago, he desired that his image and relics should be worshipped, and that temples should be erected to his memory till the appearance of the next Buddh. He then entered into eternal rest.

The Siamese look on all prosperity as the reward of some previous virtue, and on all adversity as the punishment of particular sin ; accordingly a large portion of the veneration attaching to the person of the king is derived from the presumption that the bare fact of his occupying this exalted position is irrefragable evidence of the superior merit acquired by his soul in former conditions of existence, and is indicative of a most advanced state of migration towards Ni-ri-pan. They believe, however, in no Supreme Judge who estimates this merit or demerit, and appoints the corresponding recompense : it is considered to follow in the way of natural cause and effect.

The leading principles of Buddhism involve theoretically an abhorrence of the shedding of blood. Yet it does not appear that this peculiarity has had any great influence in elevating or humanising the character of its votaries ; and it is worth remarking, that the history of the Cingalese, the Burmans, the Peguans, and the Siamese, abounds in records of cruelty ; in a word, that in no other countries of Asia is human life held so cheap. This at first sight may seem unaccountable ; but when we examine matters more closely, it will appear but a striking exemplification of the principle which it would be well if even Christian theologians always kept in view—that to raise the standard of rectitude too high in theory ever tends to the confounding of right and wrong in practice. To murder a man is sinful, according to the faith of Buddha ; but to tread on an insect, or to kill a venomous reptile, is also murder : nay, to reap the waving fields of grain is to commit hundreds of murders every hour of the harvest. To obey strictly and uniformly is found impossible to men having to go through the ordinary business of life ; and therefore all attempt at obedience is foregone. The mode of evading the consequences of transgression will appear on an inquiry into the nature and uses of the sacerdotal order.

The priests of Siam are called Talapoins ; and every man must devote some part of his life to the sacred office, the usual time for embracing it being about fourteen years of age. They live together in what may be termed convents or monasteries, consisting of one or more rows of isolated dwellings within the enclosure of a temple. The whole establishment is called a *Wata*, and may include from ten to several hundred priests. There are

no monastic institutions appropriated to females; but aged women are permitted to retire to the watas, where a range of dwellings is allotted to them. These recluses are dressed in white, and perform various menial offices about the establishment.

When they first enter the sacerdotal order, the talapoins are denominated Nens, or Novitiates, and are promoted to higher ranks according to their learning and standing. One, two, or three nens are lodged with each maturer priest, and perform menial offices for him; and some become aged men without either renouncing or more fully embracing the priestly office. Every convent is under the direction of a superior, whom we may call an abbot; and the larger ones have a dignitary analogous to a prior. Above all is the san-krat, or high-priest, who is appointed by the king, and always lives within the walls of the palace. To this person unbounded honour is paid, and no talapoin can be ordained without licence from him; but beyond this he has no temporal or spiritual authority. Indeed it may be remarked that there exists no organised system of subordination and discipline among the priests of Gaudama in Siam, except the deference which every talapoin owes to the superior of his convent. They would be too powerful a body for a despotic government, if organised so as to be capable of united counsel and action.

The spirit of the institution is to live on alms; to keep themselves from the sins of the laity; and to atone for the transgressions of those who bestow alms upon them. They do not eat in common, and one may not share with a brother what he receives; but they are hospitable to strangers, and each keeps two beds besides his own for the accommodation of travellers. Instead of going more than half naked, like the laity of every rank and degree, the talapoins are always fully and respectably dressed in robes of yellow silk or cotton, after the same fashion as the Buddhist priests of Ava and Ceylon. The naked and close-shaved head is sheltered by a small screen held over it with the hand. The scrip to receive alms is an iron basin covered with red cloth, and slung over the left shoulder. An hour before breakfast is appointed for the sacerdotal begging. The priest presents himself at each door and waits a few minutes. He can receive nothing but food ready dressed, or clothing, and he must not condescend to thank the donor. If he receives nothing, he passes on in silence; but this is seldom the case.

To deliver discourses to the people, to consecrate idols, to assist at funerals and other ceremonies, are the more occasional duties of the talapoins, for which they are generally paid in money by those who avail themselves of their services, and many of them thus become rich. They are held in the highest veneration, and are relieved from all bodily labour by the secular officers and the novitiates belonging to the watas. Secular persons, whatever be their rank, must make obeisance to them, and they do not return the salutation: even parents must bow down to their children who have entered the priesthood. The talapoins cannot be punished for any offence by the secular arm unless first degraded; and they are exempt from all taxation, especially the conscription, which is the heaviest of all. Still the monotony of their lives, the loss of the society of their relatives and friends, the rigid celibacy and exclusion from all temporal occupation and aggrandisement, soon appears too dear a rate of

purchase for these honours and immunities; so that by far the greater number return to the body of the people after a few years, or even a few months, which any one may do without reproach; while the more aged and resident priests are almost exclusively such as, from disappointment in the world, have assumed the sacerdotal habit a second time, and are not allowed to quit it.

The Siamese hierarchy has no effect whatever in restraining or balancing the despotism of the sovereign, but, on the contrary, tends rather to its stability and support. The king himself is the real head of the national religion, the talapoins having neither rank nor endowments independent of his will. They are not a hereditary order, which would attach them with jealousy to the interests of their own body; nor have they any powerful tie to unite them to those of the people: so that they are for the most part ready to use their spiritual weapons to enforce obedience to the will of the monarch, and to strengthen and aggravate his despotic authority.

The Buddhists of Siam admit proselytes of all ranks and nations without discrimination, and are even vain of making converts; but they have not zeal enough to exert themselves strenuously for this purpose; still less are they disposed to persecute any for their religious opinions. Their moral code is comprehended in five negative precepts:—

1. Do not kill anything. This extends to animals, plants, seeds; and reduces the holy to eating fruit, which is considered not to have life, but to be that offspring of the living plant which, when quite ripe, may be removed without occasioning pain. The stone or kernel, however, must not be eaten. To break a branch off a living tree would hurt a soul, but they use it for timber or fuel when severed; so also even the talapoins make no scruple of eating animal food, asking no questions about who committed the murder. To make any incision whence blood would flow is deemed a greater sin than to take away life without bloodshed.

2. Do not steal.

3. Commit no impurity. Celibacy is the only holy condition, and marriage sinful.

4. Lie not. The civil law upholds this precept by leaving the liar in the hands of the person he deceives, to receive the punishment of the bastinado. Yet falsehood is frightfully prevalent.

5. Drink no intoxicating liquor. This not only forbids drinking to inebriation, but using in any degree that which, taken to excess, would produce this effect.

The breach of any of these commandments is deemed sinful in the laity as well as in the priests. But the business of seculars is to sin, and of the talapoins not only to be holy themselves, but by their holiness to expiate the sins of the people. The priests make no scruple of causing others to sin for their convenience. They may not boil rice, because it is a seed which would be killed in the process, but they make the novitiates and secular servants boil, and they eat. As for the laity, they must sin continually, and their expiation is to give food and clothing to the talapoins, who maintain holiness in their stead. The Siamese are surprised that Christians invite all persons equally to virtue: this would be impossible according to their code; and when they are informed in what Christian sanctity consists,

they conclude that all Christians are Cahat (persons appointed to sin), and their talapoins alone are Creeng (holy.)

Besides the five general moral precepts which are obligatory on all, there is a special code for the talapoins, which forbids them to eat after twelve o'clock at noon; to frequent public shows or listen to music; to use perfumes or jewels about their persons; to sleep or recline on a couch above one cubit high; to borrow or be in debt; to look at anything as they pass along the street; to touch gold or silver;* to keep food over night instead of giving it to the lower animals; to dig the earth; to meddle with state affairs; to raise the voice in laughing; to make a noise or tread heavily with their feet; to revile, backbite, or threaten; to cough in order to attract attention to themselves; to extend their feet as they sit; and a number of other like prohibitions, amounting to 144, in which the moral and ceremonial are mingled without distinction as above.

The watas are built in the most elevated situations, and many of them cover a large extent of ground. They always include a temple, with the images of Gaudama; an extensive area; one or more sacred spires; a library; and the dwellings of the talapoins. The style of building is in all more or less Chinese, and one trace of Egyptian architecture is universally found—namely, the inclined angle of the doors and windows. The Burmans make stupendous pagodas and monasteries, while the image-houses are comparatively small and often trifling. The Siamese, on the contrary, construct trifling pagodas and small detached priests' houses, reserving their principal wealth and labour for the erection of vast image-houses or temples. These are made beautiful, according to Siamese taste, by pillars, gilding, historical paintings, and Chinese tinsel. Most of the buildings are of brick, plastered on the outside, and wrought into a grotesque Mosaic with Chinese and Wedgwood cups, plates, and dishes of all sizes and colours, broken and whole, so set in the plaster as to form flowers and figures. But the chief labour and expense are bestowed on the gable-ends, eaves, doors, window-frames, and the inside of the roof, which are all of wood, and exhibit the most elaborate carving, painting, varnishing, and gilding. The temples consist either of one spacious hall, containing a gigantic figure of Buddha, surrounded by innumerable smaller ones, or a central one contains the principal image, and a number of surrounding apartments are open to the reception of all that the devotion of the people manufactures. In the principal wata at Bankok there are said to be 1400 or 1500 images of all sizes, from one inch to thirty feet high; and it seems they accumulate so rapidly that the priests are at times obliged to demolish them in great numbers.

One or more pra-cha-dis, or sacred spires, seem indispensable to every religious establishment. These are solid pieces of masonry raised on a base of twelve or eighteen sides, but without aperture of any description. They are neither objects nor places of worship; and it is supposed that their original design was sepulchral. The pra-cha-di of the principal temple of Bankok is about 250 feet high, and presents a light and elegant appearance.

* They often amass considerable wealth, however, employing their secular servants to treasure up the money they receive.

The library of this establishment is as rich in decoration as carving, gilding, and bright vermilion can make it. In the centre is a sort of ark or sanctuary surmounted by a spire; and here the sacred volumes, about fifty in number, are deposited. Like all other Bali books in this country, these consist of long narrow slips of palm-leaf, filed at each end on a cord. The edges are richly gilded, and they have, on the whole, a neat and even handsome appearance.

The outermost range in every wata consists of the dwellings of the talapoins, and the whole establishment is surrounded with brick walls or bamboo fences. Although perhaps not less costly than the Hindoo and Mohammedan temples of India, these Siamese structures are very inferior to them in grandeur, and are said to be little calculated to inspire feelings of veneration or solemnity in the European mind. This is easily accounted for by the mean and perishable nature of the principal materials, the gaudy and meretricious character of the ornaments, and, above all, the absence of all associations of antiquity. The alluvial tract of the Menam affords no materials for durable building, and therefore what would otherwise have been expended on solid materials is squandered on temporary embellishments. Nor does the frame of society supply motives for constructing lasting monuments. Every wata is built from personal motives of piety or pride, and from the nature of the government the founder cannot bequeath secure funds for its maintenance. Many, therefore, of the splendid edifices described by French writers towards the close of the seventeenth century are now forsaken and in ruins.

The votaries who frequent the temples on holidays are of all ages and both sexes: the majority are Siamese, but there are also a good many of the Chinese race, and others from the neighbouring kingdoms of Lao, Pegu, Cochin-China, and Camboja. In vain we look here for the decorum becoming a place of religious worship, in vain expect anything similar to the prostrate awe which characterises the audience-chamber of the earthly monarch. The people are noisy and playful; at one moment making obeisance before the idols, at another singing an idle song or amusing themselves with a silly frolic. One man is coolly lighting his cigar at an immense rod just placed by a devotee as an offering to a deity, and another sits down deliberately before an image, and plays a merry tune on the flageolet, in the midst of persons who are performing their devotions at the same shrine. No officiating priest is to be seen; no union of voice is attempted; no worship of a public or official nature is performed: but the devotees go about presenting offerings to the idols, and sprinkling them with perfumes. Their oblations consist of lighted incense-rods, fresh flowers, pieces of cloth, generally of a yellow colour, and chaplets of artificial flowers. In the presentation of these their devotional duties seem chiefly if not entirely to consist; and the women who mix in the crowd, unveiled, and apparently without restraint, are for the most part a great deal more assiduous and decorous than the men.

One of the greatest charities performed during high festivals of a religious nature consists in the liberation of some of the lower animals, which are purchased for the purpose.

V.

Language—Literature—Laws.

The Siamese language is exceedingly simple in its construction, and is doubtless an original. It is destitute of terminations to denote gender, number, person, mood, or tense. A few particles supply the place of these; but they are generally omitted, not only in conversation, but by the best writers. This renders it easy to learn, and foreigners soon acquire it sufficiently for the common purposes of life. But it is proportionally liable to ambiguity, rendering a very accurate acquaintance with it necessary for anything like nice discussion. Except as enriched from other tongues, the Siamese is monosyllabic, and necessarily possesses great variety of intonation and accent. The alphabet consists of thirty-four consonant characters, and is written from the left hand to the right, like those of all the other nations between Arabia and China. The vowels are numerous, and, as in Hebrew, are merely orthographic marks, sometimes placed over the consonant characters, sometimes under, and sometimes preceding or following them.

The language possesses that sort of redundancy which results from lengthened rather than useful cultivation; and it is deeply stamped with the political slavery of the people, abounding in distinct terms, to indicate the relative positions of the speakers as superior or inferior.

The literature of the Siamese is, from all accounts, meagre and uninteresting. It consists of songs, romances, and a few chronicles; but in point of imagination, force, and correctness, it is said to be far inferior to that of the Arabs, Persians, or Hindoos. Except for ordinary letters, there is no such thing as prose composition. There are no regular dramas; but plays are founded on the romances, the actors being dependent on their own wits for converting the subject into a suitable dialogue.

It is to sacred literature chiefly that the Siamese attach any importance. The language consecrated to religion is, as in other Buddhist countries, the Bali or Pali, sometimes also called the Pasa Magnetha, or language of Maghada, the birthplace of Gaudama. This language, as it exists in Ceylon and throughout all the kingdoms of further India, is the same, and the compositions current in all the Buddhist countries seem to differ little from each other; but the mode of writing in Ceylon is so unlike that practised in Siam, that the Bali manuscripts of the one are not easily deciphered by the priests of the other.

Almost all Bali books, and such in the vernacular as are considered valuable, are written with an iron stile on slips of palm-leaf—a black powder being thrown over the impression, which is thus rendered perfectly legible. These slips are from twelve to eighteen inches long, and are fastened together in small bundles, each forming a volume, which is generally richly gilt, and placed in a silk envelope. For less important works the Siamese employ a kind of stiff paper, prepared with a black paste, so as to receive the tracing, which is made with a pencil of soap-stone, and admits of obliteration, as on a slate. The paper used for correspondence is a very

poor, soft, uneven fabric, and the writing is executed with a pencil—ink being a material almost unknown to the Siamese. It is gratifying to add, that since the establishment of Christian missions from America at Bangkok in 1833, a brighter day has dawned on Siamese literature. For fifteen years a printing-press has been kept in constant operation, and several of the natives have been instructed in its use. The object of these pious labours is to circulate portions of the Holy Scriptures, as well as educational and other works, in the native tongue. Chow-Fah, the heir to the throne, has acquired the English language: he has a printing-press, made by himself in imitation of that on the mission premises, and types of the Roman alphabet, which of late years has been much used as the vehicle of Siamese.

There is a pretty general diffusion of elementary knowledge in Siam, as in most other countries of Asia; but there do not appear to be schools, properly so called. A knowledge of reading and writing in the vernacular seems to be casually acquired at home, and every man gains some acquaintance with the sacred tongue during his residence at the wata. In other rude states of society the holy order is commonly the depository of whatever learning or science may exist; but the Buddhist nations are deprived of this advantage by a law of their religion, which proscribes secular learning to its priesthood, and denounces all mental acquirements except a knowledge of the Bali books. The consequence is, that medicine, astronomy, and astrology, the favourite science of semi-barbarians, are abandoned to the casual culture of a few foreigners. At Bangkok all the medical practitioners are Chinese or Cochin-Chinese, while astronomy and divination are in the hands of the Brahmins. The Siamese, however, have some knowledge of arithmetic, and use the decimal system of notation. Chow-Fah has read many English books, has studied Euclid and Newton, and understands the use of the sextant and chronometer.

Where the government is perfectly despotic, there can be, properly speaking, no right but might, no law but power. Yet we not unfrequently find considerable attention theoretically paid to the distribution of justice on the part of such governments; and the laws are often of a strictly equitable character, though the administrators of them are too generally corrupt. An abstract of the Siamese laws, drawn from native documents, was furnished many years ago to the Royal Asiatic Society by Captain John Lowe of the Indian Army. Several of these laws are of great antiquity, one dating as far back as the year 1053 of the Christian era, and some referring to a code nearly five centuries older.

The penal code bears a strong resemblance to that of China, especially in the indiscriminate and liberal application which it makes of the bamboo for the punishment of almost every kind of offence. Petty larcenies are punished with thirty blows; more serious cases of theft by ninety blows and imprisonment; besides which the culprit is obliged not only to restore the property, but to pay a fine, to support himself in prison, and even to pay for his lodging there, and light to work by. The legal punishment of an incendiary is mutilation by the excision of the offending hand; but the monarchs have latterly commuted this to the severest punishment of theft. Murder is always punished with death, and the mode is decapitation with

a sword. Sedition and treason are of course unpardonable crimes, and the written code ordains that in such cases the offenders shall be trodden to death by elephants or devoured by tigers; but this has seldom been enforced during the last half-century. Forging the royal signet, or counterfeiting the current coin, is also a capital crime by law; but of late years imprisonment for life, and the heaviest infliction of the bamboo, have been substituted. Assault and abusive language are punished by fine; and if the injury be offered to a superior, corporeal punishment is added. Except in this particular the Siamese law does not, like that of the Hindoos, allow the rank of the offender to influence the manner or measure of his punishment. The talapoins have in this respect no immunities like the Brahmins—their sacred character being considered, as it ought to be, rather an aggravation of any offence of which they may be guilty. They cannot, indeed, be punished as priests, but it is a summary and easy process, in case of a breach of statute law, to strip them of their sacerdotal garments, and expose them to all its rigour.

It deserves to be remarked, that neither the law of retaliation nor pecuniary composition for crimes is admitted. It would be incompatible with the spirit of a government which has disarmed the people, and tamed them down to the lowest state of submission, to leave in their hands so large a share of free action as would be implied in such provisions.

According to Siamese law, all contracts concerning property ought to be committed to writing. Wills may be either written or nuncupatory, but in either case must be made in the presence of four witnesses. A man may bequeath his property in what proportions he pleases among his wives and children, but he cannot pass by these in favour of others. If he dies intestate, the law provides for an equitable division of his effects; but in the case of persons of rank all is often confiscated, the king exhibiting against the estate an account of which he has himself been both framer and auditor.

Polygamy is legal, but one wife has always the pre-eminence and control over the rest, and she alone enjoys maternal authority among the children. The power of the husband is despotic, and he may even sell his children and inferior wives; but this power does not extend to his wife-in-chief: nor is the taking away of life in any case permitted to him. Divorces are obtained without difficulty on very slight grounds, and are frequent among the lower classes; only, if the desire for freedom is not reciprocal, the complaining party must pay a fine for the benefit of the other. In any case of divorce the wife receives back whatever she contributed to the common stock, the husband retaining his original share, and also all the subsequent accumulations. If the children are young, the sons are by law allotted to the mother, and the daughters to the father; but if grown up, they may follow their own choice in this respect. As soon as a divorce has taken place, either party may form a new connection forthwith; but where there are children this is considered a great evil. Marriages in the first degree of relationship are forbidden, but the monarchs often dispense with this law in their own case, and marry their sisters.

A breach of the marriage-vow does not appear to be regarded as a very great offence. It is punished by a pecuniary fine, according to the condition of the offender, or the bastinado, if this is not forthcoming. The

payment of debts is enforced by shackles and stripes; and as debtors have for the most part no means of supporting life, they may be seen daily passing in chains through the bazaar, receiving eleemosynary supplies of food. If there seem no hope that the debtor will be able to discharge his liabilities, or if, as is too often the case, his necessities drive him to crime, he becomes subjected to perpetual slavery. A man may become a slave by crime, or through the chances of war, as well as by debt; and all children of a bond-mother are themselves slaves.

In suits of a civil nature the delays of the law in Siam are as notorious as in England. No cause of any consequence is decided within a year, and sometimes it is prolonged for three or four. Witnesses are examined upon oath on solemn and important cases only, according to the universal practice of Oriental nations. The form of this solemn appeal is curious in itself, and interesting as illustrative of the character and religious opinions of the people. It is thus translated by Captain Lowe:—'I, who have been brought here as an evidence in this matter, do now, in the presence of the divine Pra-Phull'-hi-rop,* declare that I am wholly unprejudiced against either party, and uninfluenced in any way by the opinions or advice of others, and that no prospects of pecuniary advantage or of advancement to office have been held out to me: I also declare that I have not received any bribe on this occasion. If what I have now spoken be false, or if in my farther averments I should colour or pervert the truth, so as to lead the judgment of others astray, may the three Holy Existences—namely, Buddha, the Bali,† and the Talapoins—before whom I now stand, together with the glorious Dewatas‡ of the twenty-two firmaments, punish me!

'If I have not seen, and yet shall say that I have seen; if I shall say that I know that which I do not know, then may I be thus punished. Should innumerable descents of the Deity happen for the regeneration and salvation of mankind, may my erring and migrating soul be found beyond the pale of their mercy! Wherever I go, may I be encompassed with dangers, and not escape from them, whether arising from murderers, robbers, spirits of the earth, of the woods, of water, or of air, or from all the divinities who adore Buddha, or from the gods of the four elements, and all other spirits!

'May blood flow out of every pore of my body, that my crime may be made manifest to the world!—may all or any of these evils overtake me within three days, or may I never stir from the spot on which I now stand, or may the *hatsani*, or lash of the sky,§ cut me in two, so that I may be exposed to the derision of the people! Or if I should be walking abroad, may I be torn to pieces by either of the four supernaturally-endowed lions, or destroyed by poisonous herbs or venomous snakes! If in the waters of the rivers or ocean, may supernatural crocodiles or great fishes devour me, or may the winds and waves overwhelm me, or may the dread of such evils keep me, during life, a prisoner at home, estranged from every pleasure, or may I be afflicted by the intolerable oppression of my superiors, or may a plague cause my death: after which may I be precipitated into hell, there to go through innumerable stages of torture,

* Buddha.

† Bali personified obviously to represent the holy books, against which the
would be an offence.

‡ migoda.

§ Lightning.

amongst which may I be condemned to carry water over the flaming regions in open wicker-baskets, to assuage the heat of Than-Wetsuwan when he enters the infernal hall of justice, and thereafter may I fall into the lowest pit of hell; or if these miseries should not ensue, may I after death migrate into the body of a slave, and suffer all the pain and hardship attending the worst state of such a being during a period measured by the sand of four seas; or may I animate the body of an animal or a beast during five hundred generations, or be born a hermaphrodite five hundred times; or endure in the body of a deaf, blind; dumb, houseless beggar, every species of loathsome disease during the same number of generations, and then may I be hurried to Narak, and there be crucified by Phria-Yam!*

In important cases of treason or atrocious robbery, torture is sometimes employed to extort evidence; and occasionally, where there is difficulty in deciding between litigating parties, recourse is had to the ordeal of diving in water, or immersing the hands in boiling oil or melted tin. In the first case, he who remains longest under water gains his cause; in the second, he who withdraws his hand unhurt.

VI.

Arts—Divisions of Time—Regulation of Money.

It would be unreasonable to expect either expertness or industry from a people who are compelled to devote one-third of the labour of their manhood to the service of an oppressive government. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the Siamese have made but very slender progress in the useful arts. Besides, if a man is known to have attained any considerable degree of mechanical skill, he is immediately made a retainer of the king, or one of his courtiers, and is obliged to spend his life working for whatever his majesty chooses to allow him as wages. It is accordingly very difficult for a private individual to procure the services of even the most homely mechanic, and the few that may be had are chiefly foreigners. Even in the fabrication of jewellery, which is often found in considerable perfection among very rude people, the Siamese have attained little skill—the only exception being in reference to certain gold and silver vases which have been made in the palace invariably after the same pattern for at least one hundred and thirty years, and in the fabrication of which the artificers have necessarily acquired some dexterity. Almost all utensils of zinc and brass are brought from China; and the Chinese resident in Siam have turned to account the iron and tin which are found abundantly in the country. At present there are several extensive manufactories of cast-iron vessels wholly conducted by the Chinese, as is the fabrication of tin vessels, which is very considerable. These articles are often of very handsome forms, and highly polished, which might cause a stranger to mistake a tinsmith's shop for that of a silversmith, but for the circumstance of the trade of the currier being almost always united with the former. The preparation of leather is carried on to a great extent—not to be made into

* The Lord Yama—that is, the Hindoo Pluto.

shoes, for these are scarcely known, but for covering mattresses and pillows. The skins of leopards, tigers, &c. are dressed with the fur on, and exported to China, as is also a great deal of leather.

Coarse pottery for common purposes is home-manufactured; but large importations of the better kinds of porcelain are made from China. The women are the only manufacturers of silk and cotton fabrics, and these are coarse and homely, inferior even to those of Java and Celebes. The art of dyeing is in a similarly backward state, and the printing of silks and cottons is not attempted at all. All the cutlery and tools of the Siamese are of the rudest description; and for the better kinds, as well as for almost all their firearms, they are dependent on their commerce with Europeans.

Very little progress has been made in useful architecture. Even the residences of the nobles are for the most part made of the bamboo and the leaf of the Nipa palm, a few in the capital only being of masonry. So far as we can learn, there are only two considerable roads in the kingdom, and at Bangkok wheel-carriages are quite unknown. The Siamese seem never to have attempted the construction of an arch; and we cannot learn that there are any such public works as wells, tanks, or stone-bridges: even about the palace the latter consist merely of rough and naked beams laid across the stream.

Like all other half-civilised nations, this people reserve the best efforts of their architectural skill for their religious edifices; and it is worth remarking, that while most of the useful arts in Siam are left in the hands of foreigners, the natives themselves execute every work connected with their religion.

Statuary is used exclusively for religious purposes, and is indeed generally confined to the fabrication of one form—which is the image of Buddha sitting. The best are made of bronze or brass; and when a large image is casting, it is the practice of the pious to send contributions of whatever metal they happen to possess, and no offering, however trifling or incongruous, is rejected. The various parts of the figure are cast separately, and the whole dexterously put together, and richly gilded. Most of the idols, however, are made of plaster, rosin, oil, and hair; and when the figure is formed, it is so thickly varnished and gilded as quite to conceal the baser materials. It is said that the late king, who was a very devout man in his way, daily gilded an image with his own hands, and presented it to some temple.

The Siamese seem to have made considerable progress in the cultivation of music, of which they are passionately fond. Most of their melodies are of a lively character, and have considerable resemblance to some of the Scotch and Irish airs. A full Siamese band consists of ten instruments, several of which are quite unlike any used in this country.

The following are the principal divisions of time:—Twelve watches are reckoned from sunrise to sunset, and four from this till sunrise again, the chronometer being a copper cup with a small hole in the bottom, placed in a bowl of water, where it sinks at the expiration of each watch. The Siamese week consists of seven days, the month of twenty-nine and thirty alternately, and the year of twelve months or 354 days. An intercalary month of thirty days is added every third year. The months are divided

into the bright half and the dark, and the year commences with the first moon in December. The greater divisions of time are cycles—the larger containing sixty years and the lesser twelve, which are named after various animals. There are two epochs—the sacred, which dates from the death of Gaudama, and is used in all matters connected with religion; and the vulgar era, which is said to begin from the introduction of Buddhism, corresponding with the year of our Lord 638. This is used in civil matters of high importance; but to name the year of the lesser cycle is deemed sufficient on ordinary occasions. Thus a letter written on the 26th May 1822 was dated 'Angkhan (Tuesday), in the 7th month, on the 8th day of the bright half of the moon and the year of the horse.'

The currency consists of cowry shells and silver coins, neither gold nor copper being used as money. Two hundred cowries are equal to the smallest silver coin, and there are three other denominations between this and the bat or tical, which is worth about 2s. 6d. sterling. There are also two higher denominations—the cattic, equal to L.10 sterling, and the picul, to L.100.

VII.

Manners and Customs.

That which of all things surprises and disgusts a European on visiting Siam is the extreme servility of their manners. If he is invited to the house of a great man—a royal minister of the fourth or fifth rank—he finds him seated cross-legged on a mat or carpet at the upper end of the room, and those who are privileged to sit in his presence arranged at proper distances according to their rank, while the attendants lie prostrate on the ground, resting on their elbows and knees. If he speaks to them, they raise their heads a little, folding their hands together before their faces, and without daring to lift their eyes, they answer in a whisper: if they are ordered to bring refreshments, they crawl in on their elbows and toes, shoving the dishes before them as they can. In short, crawling upon all fours is the universal ceremonial of Siam. The premier crawls into the presence of his sovereign, the secretary crawls before the premier with his black paper-slate and pencil, the messenger crawls before the secretary, and the servant crawls before the messenger. One might imagine these distant Asiatics a species of human crab, especially as they crawl equally well both forward and backward, always keeping what seems the head steadily directed towards the liege lord for the time being.

The sacredness attached to a man's head, and the association of degradation with a position of physical inferiority, meet us at almost every step. To hold a thing over one's head is to pay it the highest honour; and this is often practised on the occasion of receiving a present. So lifting the hand to the head in salutation signifies putting the person saluted on one's head; and whenever a Siamese passes a superior, he must at once assume a stooping attitude, and raise his hands. Connected with this is the horror every man has of allowing another to pass literally over his head, in consequence of which no dwelling-house has more than one storey.

When Mr Crawford was at Bangkok, his majesty, according to a usual custom, signified to one of his ministers his pleasure that he should furnish a European entertainment at the house where the English embassy was lodged, and himself do the honours of the feast. But this house, having been intended for a warehouse, had an upper floor, to which the only access was by an awkward stair and a trap-door. This placed the minister in a most distressing difficulty, for in the loft the banquet must be. It was at length obviated by placing a ladder against the side of the house; and his excellency, though possessing a very unsuitable corporeity for such an enterprise, effected his ascent with safety at the appointed hour.

Though the Siamese have some scruples about taking away animal life, they have none whatever about using the flesh if some one else kills it; and they frequently purchase fish or fowls alive in the market, stipulating that they are to be put to death before delivery. The Chinese have no scruple whatever on this subject; and not only slay for the Siamese, but also and still more abundantly for themselves. Their food is excessively gross: pork is their favourite dish; but they often indulge also in such delicacies as cats, dogs, rats, and lizards. In fact, the antiquated Jewish distinctions between clean and unclean have no place in their creed. A Chinese spends more in a week's eating than a Siamese in two or three months; and his superior ingenuity and industry enable him to do so.

Marriage is in Siam, as in most Eastern nations, a purely civil rite, accompanied with music, dancing, and feasting. The women are not immured or rigorously excluded from the society of strangers of the other sex; they are, however, far from profligate, and in this respect are very superior to the females of Pegu and Cochin-China. Polygamy, though sanctioned by law, is little indulged in, except among the wealthier class. The wives of the monarch are often numerous: the late king was said to have three hundred besides the queen. Whatever their number or rank they are all under her majesty's control, and their children use the appellation of 'mother' to her alone.

In the humbler walks of life the support of the family devolves almost entirely on the females, the men being apparently given up to the most indomitable indolence. The women plough, sow, harrow, row, and weave, but they do not seem to be subject to anything like harshness or ill-treatment. On the contrary, the fact that they are invariably the cash-keepers, and conduct all the buying and selling, gives them a position of considerable influence.

As the use of elephants and palanquins is, in the low part of the country, permitted only to great officers of state, the balons, or boats, by which locomotion is almost exclusively performed, are of some importance. The river is at once the highway, the exchange, the market, and the pleasure-ground, having innumerable boats of every size moving about in it continually. The larger ones are at once boat, shop, and dwelling-house; the smallest are scarcely so large as a coffin. Hucksters and retailers of all sorts ply about with their wares, and call them as in the streets of a European town; while children of five or six years old push about in vessels not much larger than themselves, with the edge hardly two inches above the water. Of course there is often a collision and an upset, but it is interesting to see how a little good-nature prevents confusion and danger. No one

thinks of resenting an upset : he tosses his bark into the air, and it comes down quite dry ; he then gets in, and proceeds as if nothing had happened. Of course the whole population—men, women, and children—can swim as easily as walk, and never think of being drowned.

These boats, whatever their size, are hollowed out of a single tree, so that the largest are never so broad that more than two can sit abreast, though some are from 30 to 40 feet in length. The royal balons used on state occasions are from 60 to 80 feet long, and about four broad. A high prow and poop fastened on the ends cause them to rise boldly to a considerable height, while in the middle they are not more than two feet above the water. These are highly ornamented with various devices, carved in the wood, and gilt ; and in the centre of the boat there is a canopy hung with silk curtains, and capable of covering but one or two persons. The rest of the vessel is entirely occupied by the rowers, often forty or fifty in number. An eye-witness thus describes the aquatic procession of a Cochinese embassy to Siam in these singular conveyances :—

‘About a week after the ambassador’s arrival at Pak-nam, which is at the mouth of the river, the preparations for conveying him to the capital were completed by the Siamese government. We had now an opportunity of seeing those royal barges which so highly excited M. Chaumont’s admiration nearly two centuries ago, and the pattern of which seems to have undergone little change. The weather was particularly calculated to display a procession of this kind to advantage. First came four long-boats, with numerous rowers in red jackets and conical caps of the same colour ; then six richly-ornamented barges, each containing forty rowers, and furnished with gilded canopies, under which the assistants and suite of the ambassador were seated. In the centre of the procession was one with a conical canopy, magnificently curtained, and this contained the ambassador bearing the letter of the Cochinese monarch. Behind were balons similar in number and appearance to those which went before, making in all about twenty vessels. The rapidity of their movements, the regularity with which the numerous rowers raised and lowered their paddles, guided by the shrill notes of a song that might well be deemed barbarous, together with the grotesque forms, the brilliant colours, the gilded canopies, the showy attire of the men, and the loud exclamations of the spectators, gave to the transient scene an effect not easily described.’

This, however, was a comparatively small array : at the reception of the French embassy there were seventy or eighty balons, containing nearly 3000 souls.

When the British government in India sent Mr Crawford as ambassador to this court he was received with no such honour. It would seem that his Siamese majesty considered that the Marquis of Hastings, governing India as the representative of his Britannic Majesty, was a functionary whose ambassador could not possibly be worthy of the respect due to one coming directly from a crowned head. The following is in substance the account given by the gentlemen who composed this mission of their audience with the king :—

‘After our arrival at Bangkok, several days were spent in negotiating with the ministers about the ceremonies to be observed at the presentation

at court, as the feelings of British subjects recoiled from the idea of servile prostration. It was at length agreed that the ambassador and his principal officers should take off their shoes at the door of the hall of audience; and that, on appearing in the royal presence, we should make a bow in the English manner, after which we were to take the seats pointed out to us, and make three salutations by folding the hands together, and raising them to the forehead. Above all, we were to be sure to bend our legs backwards under us, and take care that no portion of our lower extremities should meet the sacred view of his Siamese majesty.

'At half-past eight on the morning of the day appointed, a twelve-oared barge, furnished by the court, with the rowers dressed in scarlet uniforms, received the gentlemen of the mission to convey them to the palace; another contained their Indian attendants; and the sepoy of the escort were conveyed in the ship's launch. When we landed under the walls of the palace we found an immense concourse of people assembled to view the spectacle. The accommodation for conveying us from the boats consisted of palanquins, which were simply net-hammocks, furnished with an embroidered carpet, and hung upon two poles, carried by two men. On entering the second enclosure of the palace we were obliged to dismiss our military escort, and part with our side-arms; and at the third we had to put off our shoes, and leave behind our Indian attendants.

'Immediately within the hall of audience there was an immense Chinese screen, which concealed the interior of the apartment. On taking a few steps round it, however, we found ourselves suddenly in the presence of majesty. The hall was wide, lofty, and well-aired, apparently about sixty or eighty feet in length, and of proportionate breadth; the ceilings and walls painted chiefly in the forms of wreaths and festoons of various colours. The floor was covered with carpets of different hues and patterns. Twenty handsomely-painted wooden pillars, disposed in two rows, formed a kind of avenue from the door to the throne, which was at the farther end of the hall, and was veiled by a pair of very large curtains, extending across the whole breadth of the apartment, and composed of gilded tissue upon yellow cloth. In front were to be seen a number of singular ornaments, each consisting of a series of canopies or umbrellas, decreasing in size upwards, so as to form a cone, and all richly fringed with gold. Some had as many as seventeen tiers.

'Every foot of the hall was covered with prostrate courtiers, of whom every one, from the heir-apparent to the lowest officer, had his place assigned according to his rank. On our entrance the curtains were drawn aside, and about two yards behind it we perceived an arched niche about twelve feet above the floor. An obscure light was cast upon it evidently for effect; and in this was placed the throne, which was gilded all over, and had much the appearance of a handsome pulpit. Here sat the king, immovable as a statue, his eyes directed forwards, and his posture and general appearance corresponding exactly with the images of Buddha. He wore a gown or jacket of gold tissue with sleeves, a sceptre was placed near him, but his head was bare, and there was no appearance of a crown. The throne was hung round with the same sort of cloth that composed the curtains in front, but neither about the monarch nor his ministers did we observe jewels, pearls, or precious stones. On the floor at the

base of the throne large and elegant fans were waving, moved by persons behind the curtain.

'The whole multitude in the hall lay prostrate on the ground, their mouths almost touching it; not a limb moved, not an eye was turned toward us, not a whisper was breathed. The whole scene bespoke a temple crowded with religious votaries engaged in a solemn act of worship rather than the audience-chamber of an earthly monarch. Freeborn Britons naturally viewed it with mingled wonder and indignation.

'Shortly after we had performed our salutations as agreed on, the silence was broken by a voice behind the curtain reading aloud a list of the presents which had accompanied our credentials. The more portable part of these were to be seen on the left of the throne, for it is customary in Siam to acknowledge the gifts which a visitor has sent before him by exhibiting them at the first interview.

'The king now put several general questions to the ambassador; they were addressed in a grave, measured, and oracular tone, and were passed in whispers from one attendant to another till they reached the interpreter behind us, who delivered them in the Malay language, and transmitted the answers in a similar manner. The interview lasted about twenty minutes, when the king rose and turned as if to depart, and the curtains, moved by some unseen agency, closed on the throne. This was followed by a flourish of trumpets, and a wild shout from the people, who immediately knocked their heads six times on the floor, after which the princes and ministers assumed a sitting posture.'

The Siamese consider funeral rites of the greatest importance, and the only honourable mode of disposing of the dead is burning. Malefactors, persons who die very suddenly, or of smallpox, and females *enceinte*, are excluded from this honour, and buried, because the mode of their death is considered indicative of their being under divine malediction. Children who die before the period of dentition are deemed of too little consequence to incur so much expense, and the bodies of the very poor are thrown into the river with little ceremony. Some, who hope for better times, bury their friends in the meantime, and as soon as they can afford it they exhume and burn them.

People of rank preserve the bodies of their relations for a longer or shorter period, according to their station, and embalm them after the imperfect knowledge they have of this process, bringing the body into the attitude of devotion; that is, kneeling with the hands folded and raised to the face. At the end of the allotted time it is carried to the precincts of a temple, where the pile has been prepared beneath a lofty shed of a pyramidal form. As the body approaches it is received by the priests, who conduct it towards the pile, saying: 'The body is mortal; may thy soul ascend to heaven, even as the flame rises upwards!'

'The coffin and bier together,' says Mr Finlayson, describing a funeral which he witnessed, 'were at least seven feet high, and wore a gay and lightsome aspect. The bier was covered with white cloth, and a white canopy, ornamented with fresh jessamine flowers, surmounted the richly-gilded coffin.

'The first ceremony was the reading of passages from the Bali books, during which the place was crowded with talapoins of all ages, who appeared

to pay no attention whatever to the religious solemnities, but flocked around our party, exhibiting the greatest curiosity and familiarity. The reading being over, the priests dismantled the coffin and bier, the cloths being their own perquisites; and the body was washed by one of the secular attendants.

'The demeanour of the relatives was grave and decorous, but no expression of grief escaped from any of them, except one, who might well be called the chief mourner. She was the favourite daughter of the deceased; dressed in mourning—that is, in white—with her head shaved, and apparently in real distress, weeping bitterly at the sight of the corpse. The bier was now covered with wet earth, on which a heap of dry fuel was laid. The body was replaced in the coffin, and carried three times round the pile by the male relatives of the deceased, followed by the favourite daughter, uttering loud lamentations. It was then placed on the pile, a number of wax-tapers and incense-rods were distributed to the bystanders, and a priest, ejaculating a prayer, put the first light to the wood. The rest followed, and ourselves among the number, for we had been offered tapers, and invited to join in the ceremony. As soon as the first flame ascended the daughter began to distribute money among the aged female recluses belonging to the establishment. Meanwhile, the male relations standing on each side of the pile tied part of their clothes in a bundle, and tossed them over it six times, taking great care not to let them fall to the ground. We could not learn the meaning of this fantastic performance, but it closed the ceremony.'

After the burning is completed, the fragments of bone are carefully collected, reduced to a paste, and formed into a small image of Buddha, which, after being gilded and finished by the priests, is either preserved by the relatives in their own dwelling or placed in one of the temples.

VIII.

Historic Records—Prospects of Siam.

The few leading facts of Siamese history which have been collected by Europeans are soon told. The earliest is the introduction of the Buddhist religion from Ceylon, which took place about the year 638. From that period till the present they reckon sixty-one reigns, which would give somewhat less than the European estimate for the average length of each reign. The early seat of government was at Lakoutai, on the borders of Lao; and Yuthia or Siam, the late capital, was founded in 1350 by the twenty-seventh king. Early in the sixteenth century we find the first notice of Siamese affairs by the Portuguese, some adventurers of this nation having conquered Malacca in 1511, and established friendly relations with Siam. About a century afterwards the Portuguese viceroy of Goa sent an embassy to this country, and the Dominican and Franciscan monks soon afterwards made their way into the kingdom.

About the year 1684 Constantine Phaulcon, one of the inferior servants of the East India Company, absconded in their debt, and so ingratiated himself with the Siamese king that he obtained possession of considerable

property belonging to the Company at Siam. Still further, this man, the son of an innkeeper at Cephalonia, was raised to the office of phra-klang or foreign minister of state. Probably through his influence, as well as the tactics of the Jesuits, his Siamese majesty was induced to send an embassy to Louis XIV., whose vanity was of course flattered, as Voltaire remarks, by such a compliment from a sovereign who had hitherto been ignorant of the very existence of France. In the same year Siamese ambassadors arrived in London, and concluded a commercial treaty with this country. Soon afterwards Louis XIV. sent the Chevalier Chaumont, at the head of a splendid embassy, to Siam, instructing him that he was to consider the conversion of the king to Christianity as the main object in view, and even urging the subject in his own letter to his majesty. The wily Phaulcon, in reply, delivered a message as from his royal master, expressing his thanks for the kind solicitude of the French monarch, but at the same time declining any change of the national religion as a thing that would be attended with insuperable difficulties.

Two years later, Louis XIV. sent a second embassy with a small fleet and five hundred soldiers. This was headed by La Loubere, who spent several months in Siam, and took much pains to make himself acquainted with the genius and manners of the people. But the French, through want of moderation in the beginning of their intercourse, and of energy, decision, and political courage in the sequel, missed the opportunity thus opened for establishing an empire in the East. In a revolution which took place in 1690, the reigning family lost the throne, the minister Phaulcon his life, and the French were expelled from the country. About the same time our connection with it was also dissolved. In 1687 there was a general massacre of the English at the port of Morgin, occasioned apparently by their own misconduct, and soon afterwards the factory which had existed for some time at Yuthia was finally abandoned.

From the date of these occurrences till the year 1767 there appears to have been no diplomatic intercourse between Siam and Europe, and the commercial negotiations were very inconsiderable. Meanwhile the Burmese found a pretext for war; they took the capital by assault and ravaged the country without mercy. The reigning king was slain, and his principal officers condemned to slavery. Stranger than all, in a people professing the same religion, the conquerors destroyed the temples, tortured or murdered the priests, and carried off the brazen images. The conquest of the country might be said to be entire; but the Siamese were not disposed to submit, and only waited the appearance of a leader to inspire them with hope and courage to shake off the hateful yoke.

Pe-ya-tai (often written Piatac), the son of a wealthy Chinese by a Siamese slave, had been brought up as a menial in the palace of the king, but had afterwards been intrusted with the government of a province, which he conducted with great credit to himself, at the same time that he amassed considerable wealth. During the ravages of the Burmans he had secured his riches in a remote quarter, and when famine supervened among the people, he fed the starving multitudes, and exhorted them to make an effort for their own deliverance. They rallied round his standard, and he led them on from victory to victory till the hostile bands were expelled, and his grateful followers proclaimed him their king. He chose Bankok

for his capital, fortified it, and built a palace which still exists. He had many subsequent encounters with the Burmans, but always succeeded in repelling them. At length, having vanquished all his enemies, he turned his attention to the arts of peace, and particularly encouraged the superior industry of the Chinese, to whom he granted peculiar privileges. Unhappily the good sense and moderation which characterised the early part of his reign was superseded in later years by such caprice, superstition, tyranny, and avarice, as led to a general belief that he was labouring under insanity.

At length Chakri, one of the chief officers of the state, raised an insurrection against the now intolerable monarch, and put him to death. There is a repugnance in Siam to the shedding of royal blood in a literal sense, and therefore, though base-born, he was honoured with the death of a king; that is to say, he was beaten to death on the head with a club of sandalwood, and his body was tossed into the river without funeral rites. Chakri reigned in his stead, and bequeathed the throne to his son, who was the late king. During his reign the Burmese again made some attempts against the Siamese dominions, but they were overpowered, the leaders were beheaded, and the inferior prisoners conducted as slaves to Bangkok, where Mr Crawford and his companions saw them twelve years afterwards working in chains.

Towards the end of the year 1821, the Marquis of Hastings, being governor-general of India, commissioned Mr Crawford, accompanied by two military officers, and Mr Finlayson as surgeon and naturalist, to visit Siam, and endeavour to improve the commercial relations between that country and British India. Though the mission was received with great jealousy, and scarcely treated with due respect, and though little positive advantage was gained in the negotiation, yet a foundation for friendly intercourse was laid; and these gentlemen spared no pains to acquire such a knowledge of the genius and manners of the nation, and the resources of the country, as tended greatly to facilitate subsequent negotiations. The king then reigning died in July 1824, and without massacre or bloodshed was succeeded on the same day by his eldest but illegitimate son, Kroma-Chiat—a rare event in the annals of Siam. The rightful heir retiring to a monastery, assumed the priestly office to save his life.

The present monarch has pursued a policy in many respects much more liberal than that of his predecessors. In 1826 a new commercial treaty was made with England, according to which British vessels might proceed to any port of Siam, and several vexatious imposts were removed. A treaty somewhat similar was made with America in 1833; for though Siam is not Tyre, nor 'her merchants the honourable of the earth,' yet our transatlantic cousins would of course like to drive in a wedge wherever an opening, however small, appeared for enlarging their foreign trade. Besides, two religious societies in America have sent Christian missionaries to these distant Asiatics, and for several years they have been prosecuting their labours with diligence and some measure of success, especially among the Chinese settlers. A most interesting and important point is, that the prince mentioned above as having quietly yielded to his brother's usurpation of the throne has come within the sphere of their influence, and though not converted to Christianity, has been greatly shaken in his religi-

ous prejudices. He is said to have naturally a very fine mind, which is now much improved by European intercourse and literature: he candidly recognises our superiority, and desires to adopt our civil arts. Should he ever assume the government, Siam must make rapid advances in civilisation. Pra-Na-Wai, the Pra-Klang's eldest son, is his intimate friend, and has enjoyed similar advantages: it is hoped that the two will rise together.

Considering our relations with Siam, and the number and extent of our possessions in its neighbourhood, it seems more natural that it should fall both commercially and religiously under our cultivation than that of the Americans; and it must be deemed a pity that the British nation should allow this promising season to pass comparatively unimproved. The abundant vegetable and mineral resources of the country, and the facilities which it enjoys for navigation, offer means and inducements of the highest character. The great desideratum is to bring forward the native population, and encourage them in such useful and industrious habits as may render the natural wealth of their country available for commercial purposes. It must be confessed that there are considerable difficulties in the way of an object so desirable. The Siamese are exceedingly averse to labour, enervated by the climate, accustomed to obtain the necessities of life with scarcely an exertion, and discouraged by the despotism and rapacity of the government from any desire of accumulating wealth. The king is the monopolist of the soil as well as of everything else, and it is difficult to obtain such a tenure as to warrant any considerable expenditure of labour or capital. To this it must be added, that there is little desire among the natives themselves for a better social system; their national vanity is overweening and extravagant; so that though poor, half naked, and enslaved, they look on themselves and their country as models of perfection. Though revolutions have occurred among them again and again, the dynasty only has been changed, while the system has been perpetuated with little or no alteration. But there is another side of the picture highly encouraging to European enterprise. The Siamese, though indolent, are highly acquisitive: every ambassador has remarked their unblushing anxiety about presents, and every traveller animadverted on the trickery and fraud by which their covetousness is too often indulged. We must look upon this as the natural working of the desire of property—an excellent quality in itself, but diverted from its proper channel by a social system which renders it impossible to gratify it by an open and honourable acquisition of wealth. Who will say that it is impossible to make these people work for what they so greatly long to possess? With respect to the tenure of land, the king has already seen it to be his interest to forego much of his commercial monopoly, and there is little doubt that he would relinquish the agricultural also if sufficient inducement were presented. As we are not masters of Siam, we cannot force the adoption of a better line of policy; but in the way of commercial intercourse and Christian enterprise much might be done to awaken the latent energies of the people. Hitherto it has been only through the stimulus which the Chinese have given to the industry of the country that its resources have been at all developed; and while they continue to trade to the east, we might counterbalance their growing

power, and prevent it from becoming monopolising and oppressive, by opening a more extensive commerce towards the west. One great advantage presents itself in Siam above the Indian Archipelago—its lands are not infested by robbers nor its shores by pirates; and the traveller who has been accustomed to fear the lawlessness which prevails throughout a great part of Asia, may repose here without dread of outrage either to life or property. Nor has the Christian any reason to fear persecution either in the enjoyment of his own creed or in his philanthropic efforts to instruct a benighted people.

On the whole, the Siamese must be considered as much above the semi-barbarians of the Malay states and the islands of the adjacent seas; and under such European cultivation as that to which we have referred, there seems every reason to hope that they would make steady progress in freedom and civilisation, and assume at no distant period a position of high respectability among the nations of the East.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, a man of brilliant gifts and large acquirements, if not an inspired poet, was born on the 28th of May 1780, in Augier Street, Dublin, where his father carried on a respectable business as a grocer and spirit-dealer. Both his parents were strict Roman Catholics, and he of course was educated in the same faith; at that time under the ban not only of penal statutes, but of influential opinion both in Great Britain and Ireland. Thus humble and unpromising were the birth and early prospects of an author who—thanks to the possession of great popular talent, very industriously cultivated and exercised, together with considerable tact and prudence, and pleasing social accomplishments—won for himself not only the general fame which ordinarily attends the successful display of genius, but the especial sympathy and admiration of his countrymen and fellow religionists, and the smiles and patronage of a large and powerful section of the English aristocracy, at whose tables and in whose drawing-rooms his sparkling wit and melodious patriotism rendered him an ever-welcome guest. Few men, indeed, have passed more pleasantly through the world than Thomas Moore. His day of life was one continual sunshine, just sufficiently tempered and shaded by passing clouds—‘mere crumpling of the rose-leaves’—as to soften and enhance its general gaiety and brightness. With its evening thick shadows came—the crushing loss of children—and the gray-haired poet, pressed by his heavy grief, has turned in his latter years from the gay vanities of brilliant society, and sought peace and consolation in seclusion, and the zealous observance of the precepts and discipline of the church to which he is, not only from early training and association, but by temperament and turn of mind, devotedly attached.

As a child, Moore was, we are told, remarkable for personal beauty, and might have sat, says a writer not over-friendly to him, ‘as Cupid for a picture.’ This early promise was not fulfilled. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of him in 1825, says: ‘He is a little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, whom he resembles: his countenance is plain, but very animated when speaking or singing.’ The lowness of his stature was a sore subject with Moore—almost as much, and as absurdly so, as the malformation of his foot was with Lord Byron. Leigh Hunt, in a work published between twenty and thirty years ago, gives the following detailed portrait of the Irish poet:—‘His forehead is bony and full of character, with bumps of

wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist; his eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves; his mouth, generous and good-humoured, with dimples; "his nose, sensual and prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline: there is a very peculiar characteristic in it—as if it were looking forward to and scenting a feast or an orchard." The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled by care and passion, but festivity is the predominant expression.' In Mr Hunt's autobiography, not long since published, this portrait is repeated, with the exception of the words we have enclosed within double inverted commas—struck out possibly from a lately-awakened sense of their injustice; and it is added that 'his (Moore's) manner was as bright as his talk was full of the wish to please and be pleased.' To these testimonials as to the personal appearance and manners of Thomas Moore we can only add that of Mr Joseph Atkinson, one of the poet's most intimate and attached friends. This gentleman, when speaking to an acquaintance of the author of the 'Melodies,' said that to him 'Moore always seemed an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus.' This somewhat perplexing idea of the mature author of the songs under discussion was no doubt suggested by the speaker's recollections of his friend's childhood.

Whatever the personal graces or defects of Mr Moore, it is quite certain at all events that he early exhibited considerable mental power and imitative faculty. He was placed when very young with Mr Samuel Whyte, who kept a respectable school in Grafton Street, Dublin. This was the Mr Whyte who attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and pronounced him to be 'an incorrigible dunce'—a verdict in which at the time the mother of the future author of the 'School for Scandal' fully concurred. Mr Whyte, it seems, delighted in private theatricals, and his labours in this mode of diffusing entertaining knowledge were, it appears, a good deal patronised by the Dublin aristocracy. Master Moore was his 'show-actor,' and played frequently at Lady Borrowes's private theatre. On one occasion the printed bills announced 'An Epilogue—*A Squeeze at St Paul's*, by Master Moore,' in which he is said to have been very successful. These theatricals were attended by several members of the ducal family of Leinster, the Latouches of Dublin, with many other Irish notabilities; and it was probably here that Moore contracted the taste for aristocratic society which afterwards became a passion with him.

The obstinate exclusion of the Catholics from the common rights of citizenship naturally excited violent and growing discontent amongst that body of religionists; and Thomas Moore's parents, albeit prudent, wary folk, were, like thousands of other naturally sensible and pacific people, carried away for a moment by the tremendous outburst of the French Revolution. The meteor-blaze which suddenly leaped forth and dazzled the astonished world seemed a light from Heaven to the oppressed nations of Europe; and in Ireland especially it was hailed as the dawn of a great deliverance by millions whom an unwise legislation had alienated and almost maddened. Young Moore, when little more than twelve years of age, sat upon his father's knee at a great banquet in Dublin, where the toast—'May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure!' was received with a frantic vehemence which, child as he was, left an impression upon him that did not pass away with many years. The Day-star of

Liberty, as it was termed, which arose in France, set in blood and tempest; but the government, alarmed at the ominous aspect of the times, relaxed (1793) the penal laws, and Catholics for the first time were eligible for admission to the Dublin University: eligible—that is, to partake of the instruction conferred at the national seat of learning, but not for its honours or rewards. These were still jealously reserved for the dominant caste. Young Moore was immediately entered of Trinity College; and although he succeeded by his assiduity and ability in extorting an acknowledgment from the authorities that he had earned a classical degree, he was, for religion's sake, as a matter of course denied it. Some English verses, however, which he presented at one of the quarterly examinations in lieu of the usual Latin metre, were extolled; and he received a well-bound copy of the 'Travels of Anarchasis' as a reward. The young student's proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages was also acknowledged, though not officially.

For several previous years the thunder-cloud which burst so fatally in 1798 had been slowly gathering in Ireland. Moore sympathised with the object, if not with the mode, of operation contemplated by the opponents of English rule in that country; and he appears to have been only saved from serious if not fatal implication in the rebellion by the wise admonitions of his excellent mother, aided by his own instinctive aversion to the committal of any act which might compromise his present and future position, by placing him amongst extreme men in the front and forlorn-hope of the battle, instead of amidst the wiser respectabilities of liberalism, from whose ranks a man of wit and genius may, he knew, shoot his diamond-tipt arrows at the enemy not only without danger, but with almost certain fame and profit to himself. Moore was intimate with the two Emmets, and an active member of a debating-club, in which the eldest, the unfortunate Robert, endeavoured to mature his oratorical powers against the time when his dream of political regeneration should be realised. Towards the close of the year 1797, the at the time celebrated newspaper called 'The Press' was started by Arthur O'Connor, the Emmets, and other chiefs of the United Irishmen. It was published twice a week, and although, Mr Moore says, not distinguished at all for talent, had a large circulation amongst the excited masses. Moore first contributed a poetical effusion—anonously of course—and soon growing bolder with impunity, contributed a fiery letter, which had the questionable honour of being afterwards quoted in the House of Commons by the minister as one of his proofs that severe repressive measures were required to put down the dangerous spirit manifested in Ireland. On the evening this letter appeared, young Moore read it after supper to the assembled family—his heart beating violently all the while lest the sentiments it contained, and the style in which they were expressed, should reveal the eloquent author. His fears were groundless: no one suspected him; and the only remark elicited by the violent letter was a quiet one from his sister—'that it was rather strong!' Next day his mother, through the indiscretion of a person connected with the newspaper, discovered his secret, and commanded him, as he valued her blessing, to disconnect himself at once from so dangerous a pursuit and companionship. The young man obeyed, and the storm of 1798 passed over harmlessly for him. Moore was once slightly questioned upon the

subject of the apprehended conspiracy by Lord Chancellor Clare, who insisted upon compelling a disclosure, upon oath, of any knowledge the students of the university might possess of the persons and plans of the plotters. Moore at first declined being sworn, alleging in excuse that he had never taken an oath, and although perfectly unconscious himself of offence against the government, that he might unwittingly compromise others. This odd excuse Lord Clare, after consulting with Duigenan, famous for his anti-papist polemics, declined to receive, and Moore was sworn. Three or four questions were asked as to his knowledge of any conspiracy to overthrow the government by violence; and these briefly answered, the matter ended. This is Mr Moore's own version of a scene which has been rendered in various amusing and exaggerated forms.

The precocity of Moore's rhyming genius had been also exemplified by a sonnet, written when he was only fourteen years of age, and inserted in a Dublin magazine called 'The Anthologia.' Two or three years later he composed a Masque, which was performed by himself, his elder sister, and some young friends, in the little drawing-room over the shop in Augier Street, a friend, afterwards a celebrated musician, enacting orchestra on the pianoforte. One of the songs of the masque was written to the air of Haydn's Spirit Song, and obtained great applause. Master Moore belonged, moreover, to a band of gay spirits who occasionally amused themselves by a visit to Dalkey, a small island in the Bay of Dublin, electing one Stephen Armitage, a respectable pawnbroker, and 'very agreeable singer,' King of that ilk. On one of these coronation days King Stephen conferred the honour of knighthood upon Incedon, with the title of Sir Charles Melody; and he created Miss Battier, a rhyming lady, Henrietta, Countess of Laurel, and His Majesty's Poetess-Laureate. The working laureate was, however, Master Moore, and in that capacity he first tried his hand at political squibbing, by launching some not very brilliant sarcasms against governments in general. Lord Clare, we are told, was half alarmed at this Dalkey court and its poets, and insisted upon an explanation from one of the mock officials. This is, however, we believe, a fable, though at the time a current one.

In 1799, being then only in his twentieth year, Thomas Moore arrived in London for the purpose of entering himself of the Middle Temple, and publishing his translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He had already obtained the friendship of Earl Moira, and that nobleman procured him permission to dedicate the work to the Prince of Wales. His poetical career may now be said to have fairly commenced. It was a long and brilliant one, most of his works having rapidly passed through numerous editions, and been perhaps more extensively read than those of any contemporary author, always excepting the romances of Scott. There can be no reasonable doubt that Moore owed much of this popularity and success to the accident of his position, and the favouring circumstances of the times in which he wrote. The *enfant gaté* of high and influential circles, as well as the melodious expositor and poet-champion of the wrongs of a nation to whose glorious music he has happily, for himself, married much of his sweetest verse, he dwelt in a peculiar and irradiating atmosphere, which greatly enhanced his real magnitude and brightness. Even now, when the deceptive medium has lost its influence, it is somewhat difficult, and may

seem ungracious, to assign his true place in the splendid galaxy of British poets to a writer who has contributed so largely to the delight of the reading and musical population of these kingdoms. His verse is so pleasantly-graceful and melodious, that one hardly likes to shew that it owes its chief attraction to the elaborate polish and musical flow of its brilliant fancies, rather than to its intrinsic light and truth and beauty. Critics desirous of assigning a high place to the poetry of Moore, and therefore, to avoid testing him by the standard of our great imaginative poets, have invented a new theory, or rather have revived an old fallacy, with regard to the qualities and direction of a poet's mind as exhibited in his works. They say Moore is the poet of fancy, not of imagination—of artificial life, not of nature; and therefore not to be truly estimated by comparing him with poets of imagination and of nature. Imagination and fancy they assert to be two entirely distinct attributes, and that a poet may be deficient in the first and eminent in the second. This is a manifest though ingenious error. The difference is one of degree, not of nature. Fancy is imagination, but imagination of inferior power and range; and they bear precisely the same relation to each other as the graceful and the pretty do to the noble and the beautiful. An example will illustrate our meaning better than many words. Moore thus describes the coming on of evening:—

‘Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves,
At its calm setting, when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last
Bright hours atone for dark ones past;
And whose sweet tears o’er wrong forgiven,
Shine as they fall with light from Heaven.’

Milton has the following lines on a sufficiently similar theme:—

‘Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey,
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
Those to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk: All but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.’

It cannot be seriously denied that imagination is displayed in both these extracts: the difference is, that in the first it is dwarfed and enfeebled to fancy; in the last, it is exalted and kindled into inspiration. Those therefore who, abandoning the high ground sometimes claimed for Moore, content themselves with asserting that he is *par excellence* the poet of fancy, in effect say that he is a poet of confined and inferior imaginative power. The other canon, that he is the poet of artificial life, and therefore not to be measured or compared with a poet of nature, is still more

easily disposed of. By artificial life is of course meant human social life: it does not imply or contemplate the difference between poetical descriptions of flowers and shrubs ranged in a conservatory, or the scene-paintings of a theatre, and poetical transcripts of the natural world, with its streams and woods and flowers. Well, then, all human life is artificial, from the highest to the lowest. Burns's simplest maiden is artificial—highly so: there is not one of us but is 'sophisticated.' Perhaps high, courtly, artificial life is meant. But Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet, Ophelia, were court ladies; Constance and Catherine were queens; and are they not exquisitely natural?—and was not he who drew them as much the poet of nature as when he stamped Aubrey, or a Carrier, or the Sailor in the 'Tempest,' or Shallow, on his glorious canvas? Choking grief, and burning indignation, and yearning tenderness, are felt and expressed in marble palaces as keenly as in the poor man's hut; and there, too, may be found exuberant mirth, and pleasant wit, and gentlest tears and smiles.

If indeed be meant by artificial life the masks and wrappings, the adjuncts of highly-artificial life—that is, the court-dresses and plumes, the perfume and silk-hangings, the conventional speech *before company*—the phrase of 'the poet of artificial life' is intelligible; but to apply it in that sense to Mr Moore is to lower and insult, not to defend and honour him. Let us, before subscribing to so depreciatory a judgment, stroll through the gay parterre of the poet's works, and I think we shall find, when we compare notes at the close, that although his writings are not radiant with the divine gems which high poetic genius scatters along its starry path, they at all events sparkle with beautiful fancies, and breathe a music which, if not of the spheres, is of the sweetest of earth's melodies.

The Odes of Anacreon obtained much present popularity at a time when the moralities of respectable literature were not so strictly enforced by public opinion as in the present day. Many of them are paraphrases rather than translations, containing, as Dr Laurence, Burke's friend, remarked at the time, 'pretty turns not to be found in Anacreon.' Mr Moore in his preface battles stoutly for the *qualified* morality of the Bard of Teos. 'His morality,' he says, 'was relaxed, not abandoned, and Virtue with her zone loosened may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon.' This prettily-expressed nonsense is perhaps the best excuse that can be offered for the sensuous gaiety, the utterly material philosophy, displayed and inculcated in the Odes. More attention and respect are due to another of the prefatorial excuses: 'To infer,' says the translator, 'the moral disposition of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his work, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy.' This may be so 'sometimes,' and indeed we are quite willing to admit its truth with regard to Mr Moore himself, who, in the relations of son, husband, and father, was a very estimable person, and as different from the compound of Blue-Beard and Lovelace that his earlier poems especially would imply as light from darkness. But with respect to Anacreon the analogy is *not*, we apprehend, a fallacious one. He died at eighty-five, as he had lived, a debauchee, choked with a grape-stone, as it is recorded—a figurative mode probably of expressing that he died under the influence of the wine whose praises he was per-

petually singing. He was, too, it appears from his own confession, horribly afraid in his latter years of Pluto's dread abode—a terror that could scarcely have beset him for mere wine-bibbing under a mythology in which Bacchus was deified. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the light gaiety and sensuous joyousness of the Odes are more skilfully rendered by Moore than in any previous English translation of the Teian Muse. Some, however, of his favourite similes are greatly overdone. Mr Richard Swiveller himself was not fonder of the 'rosy' than the poet in these paraphrastic translations. *Couleur de rose* pervades the whole series in overpowering profusion—rosy lips, rosy cheeks, rosy hands, rosy breath, rosy smiles, we almost think rosy tears and rosy teeth, both of which we all know should be invariably 'pearly.' But enough of Anacreon, whose verses are rapidly passing away before the influence of a purer taste and a manlier, healthier tone of mind than prevailed when he could be either popular or dangerous. 'Thomas Little's Poems, Songs,' &c. given to the world by Mr Moore in 1801, are a collection of puerile rhapsodies still more objectionable than the Anacreontic Odes; and the only excuse for them was the extreme youth of the writer. Byron thus alluded to the book in his once famous satire:—

'Tis Little, young Catullus of his day,
As sweet but as immoral in his lay.'

Many years afterwards his lordship, in a letter to Moore (1820), reverted, half in jest half in earnest, to the work in these words: 'I believe all the mischief I have ever done or sung has been owing to that confounded book of yours.' The most objectionable of these songs have been omitted from the recent editions of Moore's works, and we believe no one has more deplored their original publication than the author himself.

In 1803, thanks to his verses and Lord Moira's patronage, Moore obtained a place under the government—that of Registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda. The unrespective favouritism which in those days governed nominations in the public service is pleasantly illustrated by this appointment. 'Il fallut un calculateur: ce fût un danseur qui l'obtint!' was Beaumarchais's sarcasm on Monsieur de Calonne's nomination. A similar principle was followed here. An accountant and man of business was wanted at Bermuda; but as there was a young poet to reward, all vulgar common-sense considerations were thrust aside, and the youthful translator of Anacreon received the appointment. Moore sailed in the *Phoenix* frigate, and took formal possession of his post; but he soon wearied of the social monotony of the 'still vexed Bermoothes,' hastily appointed a deputy to perform all the duties of his office for a share of the income, and betook himself to America. He was as much out of his proper element there as in Bermuda. The rugged republicanism of the States disgusted him, and after a brief glance at Canada he returned to England, having been absent about fifteen months.

Soon after his return he favoured the world with his impressions of Bermuda, the United States, and Canada. His sketches of Bermudan scenery have been pronounced by Captain Basil Hall and others to be extremely accurate and vivid. On the truthfulness of his American social and political pictures and prophecies, Time—a much higher authority—has

unmistakably delivered judgment. We extract one or two of their minor beauties :

' While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young Presumption plays,
Her bloom is poisoned and her heart decays
Even now in dawn of life ; her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death ;
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.'

This, it must be confessed, like his gunpowder letter in Arthur O'Connor's paper, is 'rather strong' than civil. It will also be admitted to be somewhat perplexing that the poet who, but for his mother's interference and his own wise second-thoughts, would have joined the confederacy of United Irishmen, and who *has* since then shed melodious tears over the graves of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, should denounce the errors and deficiencies of America as—

' The ills, the vices of the land where first
Those *rebel* fiends that rack the world were nurst.'

But let us pass on to a pleasanter subject. While in Canada Mr Moore composed the popular 'Boat-song,' the words and air of which were, he says, inspired by the scenery and circumstances which the verses portray, and by the measured chant of the Canadian rowers. Captain Hall also testifies to the fidelity of this descriptive song.

The republication in 1806 of Juvenile Songs, Odes, *etcetera*, elicited a fierce and contemptuous denunciation of them from the Edinburgh Review, and this led to a hostile meeting between the editor of that publication, the late Lord Jeffrey, and Mr Moore. They met at Chalk Farm, near Hampstead ; but the progress of the duel was interrupted by police-officers, who, on examining the pistols of the baffled combatants, found that they had been charged with powder only. This was probably a sensible device—it was not at all an uncommon one—on the part of the seconds to prevent mischief ; or it might have been, as is usually believed, that the bullets dropped out of one or both of the pistols by the jolting of the carriages in which the combatants reached the field of expected battle ; but of course the discovery created a great laugh at the time. Moore indignantly denied through the newspapers that he was cognisant of the innocent state of Mr Jeffrey's pistol—an assertion there cannot be the slightest reason for doubting. This droll incident led to his subsequent acquaintance with Lord Byron, who, unmindful or regardless of Mr Moore's denial of the 'calumny,' repeated it with variations in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' chiefly with a view to annoy Mr Jeffrey. Moore was again indignant, and demanded an apology or satisfaction. His letter did not, however, reach the noble lord till many months afterwards, when *explanations* ensued, and the affair terminated by a dinner, at the house of Mr Rogers, where the four poets, Byron, Campbell, Moore, and Rogers, met each other for the first time.

The intimacy thus commenced, if we may judge from the biography of Byron, ripened into a lasting friendship on the part of Moore. This feeling was but faintly reciprocated by Byron. Indeed, if we are to believe his own statement, made in one of his latest letters, the noble poet

was almost incapable of friendship, 'never having,' he says, 'except towards Lord Clare, whom he had known from infancy, and perhaps little Moore,' experienced any such emotion. 'Little Tommy dearly loves a lord,' was Byron's sneering expression more than once; and perhaps he believed Moore's loudly-expressed regard for himself to be chiefly based on that predilection.

Moore had before this married a Miss Dyke, who is described as a lady of great beauty and amiability, and moreover distinguished for considerable decision of character and strong common-sense—qualities which more than once proved of essential service to her husband. They had several children, the loss of whom, as we have before stated, has darkened and embittered the close of the poet's days.

Two political satires, called 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance,' were next published, and followed by 'The Sceptic,' described as a philosophical essay. Neither of them reached a second edition. The aim of 'The Sceptic' was to set forth in sober seriousness the beauty, true enlightenment, and amiability of Ignorance, with whom Faith, Hope, Charity, and Patience, fleeing in disgust from such contradictory sciolists as Newton, Descartes, Locke, &c. are represented as dwelling in content and love. In his enthusiasm for the leaden goddess, Moore exclaims—

' Hail, modest Ignorance!—the goal and prize,
The last, best knowledge of the simply wise.'

This philosophic ignorance he further opines to be 'the only daughter of the schools that can safely be selected as the handmaid of Piety.' Figaro's exclamation—'Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes!' has received frequent serious confirmation, and never perhaps more so than in this panegyric on Ignorance by Thomas Moore.

The 'Intercepted Letters; or the Twopenny Post-Bag,' by Thomas Brown, the Younger, was Moore's next successful work. It is a collection of sarcastic *jeux d'esprits* levelled at the Prince-Regent and the ruling politicians of the day. They had a great but necessarily transitory success. Such *pièces d'occasion* inevitably lose their force and piquancy by the passing into oblivion of the ephemera against which they were directed. It may sufficiently indicate the slight permanency and limited range of such pin-points, however sharp and polished, to state, that of all Moore's sarcastic verse, excellent in its way, as everybody admits it to be, only one piece—

' There was a little man,
And he had a little soul,'

has had the honour of translation into a foreign language. Wit which strikes at individuals dies with the world's remembrance of the crimes or follies of the persons assailed; and who cares now for the brilliant butterflies of Carlton House, or the gilded gadflies, social or political, which infested the atmosphere of the vain regent's court? It has been frequently made a reproach to Moore, that in aiming the light arrows of his wit at the prince, he was ungratefully assailing one who had heaped favours and benefits upon him. 'These favours and benefits,' replies Mr Moore, 'are very easily summed up: I was allowed to dedicate "Anacreon" to his

Royal Highness; I twice dined at Carlton House; and I made one of the fifteen hundred envied guests at the prince's grand fête in 1815!

In 1811 Moore made a first and last appearance before the world as a dramatist, by the production at the Lyceum theatre of an operatic piece called 'An M.P.; or the Blue Stocking.' It was emphatically damned, notwithstanding two or three pleasing songs, which somewhat redeemed its dull and vapid impertinence. The very pretty song of 'Young Love lived once in an humble shed' occurs in this piece. Moore's acquaintance with Leigh Hunt dates from the acting of the 'Blue Stocking.' Mr Hunt was at the time editor of the 'Examiner' newspaper, in which he had just before paid some compliments to Moore's poetry; and the nervous dramatist, naturally anxious to propitiate a critic whose opinion was esteemed oracular in certain circles, wrote him a rather fulsome letter, in which he set forth, as an *ad misericordiam* plea for lenient judgment, that he had rashly been induced to promise Arnold a piece for his theatre, in consequence of the state of attenuation to which the purses of poets are proverbially liable. The 'M.P.' was, as we have said, condemned, and Esop's disappointed fox received another illustration. 'Writing bad jokes,' quoth Mr Moore, 'for the Lyceum to make the galleries laugh is in itself sufficiently degrading; but to try to make them laugh, and fail to do so, is indeed deplorable.' In sooth, to make 'galleries' either laugh or weep was never Mr Moore's aim or vocation. His eye was ever fixed upon the gay company of the 'boxes,' occasionally only glancing apprehensively aside from its flattering homage to scan the faces of the sour critics of the pit. And yet to make the galleries of the theatre and the world laugh has tasked and evidenced wit and humour, in comparison with which the gayest sallies, the most sparkling of Mr Moore's fancies, are vapidly itself. The mortified dramatist gave up play-writing for ever, or, as he contemptuously expressed it, 'made a hearty abjuration of the stage and all its heresies of pun, equivocal, and clap-trap.' He was wise in doing so. The discretion evinced by the hasty retreat was only exceeded by the rashness of the venture.

The intimacy of Thomas Moore and Leigh Hunt continued for some years. Moore, in company with Lord Byron, dined once or twice with Hunt in prison during his confinement for a pretended libel upon the regent. A pertinent anecdote, throwing some light on Byron's sneer respecting Moore's love of lords, is told of one of these visits. The three friends, Byron, Moore, and Hunt, were walking before dinner in the prison garden, when a shower of rain came on, and Moore ran into the house, and up stairs, leaving his companions to follow as they best might. Consciousness of the discourtesy of such behaviour towards his noble companion quickly flashed upon him, and he was overwhelmed with confusion. Mr Hunt tried to console him. 'I quite forgot at the moment,' said Moore, 'whom I was walking with; but I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was awkward.' This anxiety—on account of Byron's lameness—Mr Hunt remarks, appeared to him very amiable.

This friendship came to an abrupt and unpleasant close. Lord Byron agreed with Hunt and Shelley to start a new periodical, to be called 'The Liberal,' the profits of which were to go to Leigh Hunt. Byron's parody

on Southey's 'Vision of Judgment' appeared in it, and ultimately William Hazlitt became a contributor. Moore immediately became alarmed for his noble friend's character, which he thought would be compromised by his connection with Hunt and Hazlitt, and wrote to entreat him to withdraw himself from a work which had 'a taint in it,' and from association with men upon whom society 'had set a mark.' His prayer was complied with, and the two last-named gentlemen were very angry, as well they might be. There has been a good deal of crimination and recrimination between the parties on the subject, not at all worth reproducing. The truth is that both Hunt and Hazlitt, but especially the latter, were at the time under the ban of influential society and a then powerful Tory press; and Moore, with his usual prudence, declining to be mad-dog'd in their company and for their sakes, deliberately cut two such extreme Radicals, and induced his noble friend to do likewise. How could a prudent man who had given hostages to fortune, which Moore by this time had, in a wife and children, act otherwise?

Moore had long cherished a hope of allying his poetry with the expressive music of Ireland; of giving appropriate vocal utterance to the strains which had broken fitfully from out the tumults and trappings of centuries of unblest rule. A noble task! in which even partial success demands great powers and deserves high praise. The execution of the long-meditated design now commenced; and the 'Melodies,' as they appeared, obtained immense and well-deserved popularity. It is upon these his fame as a poet will mainly rest; and no one can deny that, as a whole, they exhibit great felicity of expression, and much graceful tenderness of thought and feeling, frequently relieved by flashes of gay and genial wit and humour. No one could be more keenly aware, or could more gracefully acknowledge than Moore, the great help to a poet's present reputation of connecting his verse with national or local associations. He instances in proof of its value the popularity in Bermuda of a song comparatively valueless in itself—a popularity owing to its association with a well-known tree growing near Walsingham in that group of islets—

' 'Twas there in the shade of the calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,' &c.

Mr Dudley Costello brought him home a goblet, the inscription on which states that it was formed of one of the fruit-shells of the tree which he had rendered famous, and which now bears his name. But it must be confessed that this kind of appreciative association, however gratifying to an author's vanity, or decisive of present success, is but a frail, unpromising plank to float down to posterity upon. If the poetry of a song is only remembered because it recalls local incidents, or objects, or memories, its power must be a very confined and fleeting one. The man who had sung or heard Moore's song under the calabash tree, if a sojourner in distant lands, would dwell upon its words and air with pleasure for no other reason than because he *had* so sung or heard them; but not so his son—not so his descendants: it must for them have a distinct self-existent beauty of its own, or it will pass from their lips and language. If, therefore, Moore's songs are, as we are frequently told, to perpetuate the music and poetry and romance of Ireland in distant climes, it must be for some

other reason than because they were once heard on the banks of the Shannon, or that they allude incidentally to Irish events, or bear Irish names. It is not from individual local association that the song of the 'Captives of Israel' awakens a tide of gushing emotions in the Jewish soul. The song embodies an enduring national sentiment, expresses and enshrines a national lamentation and a national hope, in strains exclusively of Israel. Do Moore's graceful, and tender, and witty melodies do this? How many of them are Irish songs in the sense in which those of Béranger are French—those of Burns Scotch—idiomatic, national, racy of the soil? There are not very many of them that even allude to Irish topics, and those that do—'Oh! breathe not his Name!' 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls,' and a dozen others—are essentially English songs—always excepting the air, to the magical beauty of which English music has no pretence—English in their mode of thought and turn of expression. And the gay, witty melodies—'Wreath the Bowl,' 'Fill the Bumpers Fair,' and many others, not even excepting the brilliant song of 'Through Erin's Isle'—are theirs the wit and humour—the *Irish* wit and humour which the graphic pens of Edgeworth and others have made familiar to us, and of which such ballads as 'Rory O'More' give a faithful reflex, though a pale and faint one? It is just as much English, French, Italian wit and humour as Irish. Again, what distinctive Irish character, or what distinctive national sentiment is enshrined in the great mass of the more tender and graceful melodies—'Flow on, thou Shining River!' 'Fly not Yet,' 'The Young May Moon,' 'Go where Glory waits Thee,' or 'Love's Young Dream?' Take, for instance, the concluding verse of the last song, where a hackneyed thought—common to all countries—by the aid of the beautiful Irish air sinks with such a dying fall upon the ear—

'Oh that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
It fondly haunts the greenest spot,
On memory's waste:
'Tis odour fled, as soon as shed—
'Tis morning's winged dream—
'Tis a light that ne'er will shine again
On life's dull stream!

The melody of these lines glides into the heart and sparkles in the brain of young and old—harmonising with the fresh romance of youth, and recalling to the aged the far-off music of their prime; but surely the sentiment the verses embody is cosmopolitan, not Irish, chiefly or especially? Moore, whether for good or evil, has, temporarily at least, divorced Irish music—at all events, in the great majority of instances—from Irish sentiment; and the national airs, as illustrated and rendered vocal by him, will recall to the exile and the wayfarer not memories of Ireland, but of the home where the brother or the lover first heard a sister or a mistress sing them—be that home in the Green Isle, in Scotland, England, or wherever else the English race dwell and English song is cultivated. In his war-melodies Moore fails, not from coldness of national partisanship, but from want of power. Compare the best of them with the 'Battle-Song' of Burns, and the difference between the two men in high poetic faculty will be at once apparent. The 'Minstrel Boy,' and 'Let Erin

Remember the Days of Old,' would find appropriate expression from a lady's voice and a pianoforte accompaniment. Burns's 'War Ode' would most fitly resound from the lips of valiant men in the very shock and grasp of battle, accompanied by the flash of swords and the roar of cannon.

Moore is not the poet of strong emotions. Yet is there genuine pathos in many of his beautiful songs; but it is pathos of the gentle kind, such as a cambric handkerchief wipes away, to leave the eyes of the fair songstress only the more radiant for such sweet tears, and revealing an expression, or rather realising one of the most charming similes Moore himself has ever penned --

'Her floating eyes! Oh, they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the waves around them tremble!'

It must not, however, be forgotten, in estimating the value of Moore's ballads, that before his time fashionable English songs were, almost without exception, as far as words went, mere rubbish. He effected a valuable reform in this department of poetry and verse, and hosts of imitators maintain the improvement so well that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the productions of the master and those of some of his self-constituted pupils and followers. His wit, however, cannot be so easily imitated; and there is certainly a wide difference between the classical and polished fancies of Moore and the tinsel conceits of the mass of our later song-writers.

In 1812 Moore determined on writing an Eastern tale in verse; and his friend Mr Perry of the 'Chronicle' accompanied him to Messrs Longman, the publishers, to arrange for the sale of a work of which the proposed author had not yet written a line nor even settled the subject. Mr Perry appears to have been an invaluable intermediary. He proposed at once, as the basis of the negotiation, that Moore should have the largest sum ever given for such a work. 'That,' observed the Messrs Longman, 'was three thousand guineas.' And three thousand guineas it was ultimately covenanted the price should be, thanks to Moore's reputation, and the business abilities of his friend Perry. It was further agreed that the manuscript should be furnished at whatever time might best suit the author's convenience, and that Messrs Longman should accept it for better for worse, and have no power or right to suggest alterations or changes of any kind. The bargain was altogether a safe one on Moore's side, and luckily it turned out equally profitable for the publishers.

In order to obtain the necessary leisure and quiet for the composition of such a work, Moore resolved to retire from the gaieties of Holland and Lansdowne Houses, and other mansions of his distinguished patrons and friends, to the seclusion and tranquillity of the country. He made choice of Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, and not far distant from Donnington Park, Lord Moira's country-seat, where an excellent library was at his service. It may be as well to mention that when this early and influential friend of Moore went out to India as governor-general, he apologised for not being able to present his poetical protégé with anything worth his acceptance in that country. 'But,' said Lord Moira (Marquis of Hastings), 'I can perhaps barter a piece of India patronage against something at home that might suit you.' This offer, which would have gravely

compromised Moore with his Whig friends, he with some asperity decline. The governor-general went to India, and Moore retired to Derbyshire, remaining, with the exception of his Bermudan registrarship, placeless. This offer and refusal Moore communicated by letter to Leigh Hunt.

Mayfield Cottage, when the poet and his wife arrived to view it, wore anything but an inviting aspect. 'It was a poor place,' Moore wrote, 'little better than a barn; but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable and comfortable.' He now commenced the formidable task of working himself up into a proper Oriental state of mind for the accomplishment of his work. The first part of this process consisted in reading every work of authority that treated of the topography, climate, zoology, ornithology, entomology, floriculture, horticulture, agriculture, manners, customs, religion, ceremonies, and languages of the East. Asiatic registers, D'Herbelot, Jones, Tavernier, Flemming, and a host of other writers, were industriously consulted; and so perfect did Mr Moore become in these various branches of knowledge, that a great Eastern traveller, after reading 'Lalla Rookh,' and being assured that the poet had never visited the scenes in which he placed his stories, remarked that if it were so, a man might learn as much of those countries by reading books as by riding on the back of a camel! This, however, was but a part of the requisite preparation. 'I am,' says Mr Moore, 'a slow, painstaking workman, and at once very imaginative and very matter-of-fact;' and he goes on to say that the slightest exterior interruption or contradiction to the imaginary state of things he was endeavouring to conjure up in his brain threw all his ideas into confusion and disarray. It was necessary, therefore, to surround himself in some way or other with an Eastern atmosphere. How this could be managed in the face of the snows of three Derbyshire winters, during which the four stories which compose 'Lalla Rookh' were written, it is difficult to conceive, and perhaps to the fact that it could *not* be effectually done, must be ascribed the ill success which beset the poet during an entire twelvemonth. Vainly did he string together peris and bulbuls, and sunny apples of Totkahar: the inspiration would *not* come. It was all 'Double, double, toil and trouble,' to no purpose. Each story, however trippingly it began, soon flagged, drooped, and, less fortunate than that of

——' The bear and fiddle,
Begun and broke off in the middle,'

expired of collapse after a brief career of a few score lines only, frequently nothing like so many. Some of these fragments have since been published. One of them, 'The Peri's Daughter,' ran to some length, and is rather pretty and sparkling.

We subjoin a brief specimen. A peri had married the 'rightful Prince of Ormuz,' and must be supposed to have left this heir-apparent *de jure* to the crown of Ormuz, as after a time she comes floating back to her husband's bower with a charming present in her care:—

' Within the boat a baby slept,
Like a young pearl within its shell,
While one, who seemed of riper years,
But not of earth or earth-like spheres,
Her watch beside the slumberer kept;

THOMAS MOORE.

Gracefully waving in her hand
The feathers of some holy bird,
With which from time to time she stirr'd
The fragrant air, and coolly fann'd
The baby's brow, or brush'd away
The butterflies that bright and blue
As on the mountains of Malay
Around the sleeping infant flew.
And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd
Beside the bank—the nymph has dropp'd
Her golden anchor in the stream.'

Here concluded both the peri's voyage and the 'Peri's Daughter,' both muse and boat coming alike to a dead stop; and Mr Moore, finding the 'Peri's Daughter'—spite of his most desperate efforts to get on—immovably aground, abandoned the lady, the child, the ferry-boat, and the golden anchor, notwithstanding the rightful prince was, and is to this day, anxiously but vainly expecting his peri-wife and semi-peri child.

This uninspiring state of things seemed interminable—the three thousand guineas were as far off as ever; and apprehension of the necessity of a bodily journey to the East, in order to get at the genuine 'atmosphere,' must have suggested itself, when a gleam of light, in the idea of the 'Fire-Worshippers,' broke in upon the poet; the multifarious collection of Eastern materials deposited in the chambers of his brain arranged themselves in flowing numbers, without encountering any further accident; and at the end of three years 'Lalla Rookh' was ushered before an admiring world. Its success was immense, and the work ran rapidly through many editions. 'Paradise and the Peri,' the second story, although not so much praised as the first and third, is, we fancy, much the most read of the four; and from its light, ringing tone, its delicate and tender sentiment, its graceful and musical flow, will always be a principal favourite to the admirers of Thomas Moore's poetry. Amongst the numerous testimonials to the merits of 'Lalla Rookh' there is one, pridefully recorded by the author, that must have compensated him a thousandfold for the coarse remark of Hazlitt, that Moore ought not to have published 'Lalla Rookh' even for three thousand guineas. Its chief incidents were represented by *tableaux vivans* at the Château-Royal, Berlin, in 1822, by, amongst others, the imperial and royal personages whose names appear in the following extract from a printed French programme of the entertainments:—

'Fadladin, Grand Nasir,	-	Comte Haach, Maréchale de Cour.
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie,	-	S. A. I. Le Grand Duc Nicholas de Russie.
Lalla Rookh,	-	S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.
Arungzebed, le Grand Mogul,	-	S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume (Frère du Roi.)
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris,	-	S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.
La Reine, son épouse,	-	S. A. R. La Princesse Louise de Radzivil.'

Some portions of the scenery were magnificent, especially the gate of Eden, with its crystal bar, and occasional glimpses of splendour jetting through and falling upon the repentant Peri. At the close of the entertainments, Son Altesse Impériale la Grande Duchesse, and now Empress of all the Russias, made, it is said, the following speech:—'Is it, then, all over? Are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight?

And lives there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?' In answer to this irresistible appeal one of the actors, the poetical Baron de la Motte Fouqué, stepped gallantly forward, and vowed that *he* would give the poem to the world in a German dress. On hearing which the Empress Lalla Rookh 'graciously smiled.' This story, we beg to observe, rests for its authority on the preface to Monsieur Le Baron de la Motte Fouqué's translation, and whether, consequently, the speech of the Grand Duchess is a veritable imperial speech or a trade puff we cannot take upon ourselves, from internal evidence alone, to determine.

It has been already remarked that the local descriptions in 'Lalla Rookh' have been pronounced by excellent authority to be surprisingly accurate. The trees and the birds are all called by their proper names, the right sort of perfumes are used, eyelids and finger-nails are stained of the correct colour, Eastern ceremonial is truly described, and men in these tales wear turbans and swear by Allah, with many other accuracies of the same kind. All this is said to constitute their beauty and excellence as Oriental romances. With all proper deference to the critical authority which thus pronounces, we beg to demur to such a dictum. The mechanical and elaborate accuracy so much extolled relates only to the dress, the externals of Eastern society, and does not touch its life, its peculiar modes of thought, impulse, action. If to dress people in Eastern clothes, and to take care that neither they in their speech, nor the author in his descriptions, miscall anything, nor make any considerable blunder in the conventional language of ceremony, be to write an Eastern tale, then are Racine's Frenchmen, with classical tropes and figures in their mouths, and tunics and togas on their backs—Pyrrhus, Orestes, Britannicus—true Greeks and Romans, and Shakspeare's Coriolanus, Brutus, Antony, who talk very little mythology, and utter not a few anachronisms, are *not* true types—real living incarnations of the Roman character and spirit. Neither is Juliet— in whose glowing, impassioned speech we hear nothing about myrtles, or sunny skies, or Madonas—a true Italian woman! Surely that which stamps men and women, Greeks, Italians, Turks, is the character which religion, manners, usages, climate, institutions, impress upon their minds, giving to each separate, well-defined nationality its peculiar ideas, expression, action! Judged by this test, where is the Orientalism of these tales? The actors in them, so far as they have any individuality, are all Europeans—chiefly English and Irish. Hafed talks lofty patriotism, just as Captain Rock would had he the faculty of verse—Al Hassan is the stereotyped European tyrant. The love of Azib has not a tint of Orientalism about it; and Zelica, an enthusiastic young lady, cruelly deceived by a monster—not an uncommon result, we grieve to say here, although not often attended by such extremely fatal results as in her case—has, much to her credit, notions of purity and marriage entirely in accordance with those of the thousands of fair readers who have wept through the twenty editions of her griefs. The Peri! Well, perhaps we must let the East have the Peri, although even she looks at times remarkably like a young and gentle Irish Sister of Mercy. As for Fadladeen, he is a very 'old courtier of the Queen's,' and Mokanna dates as far back as the invention of minor theatres and blue flame. No—no; 'Lalla Rookh' sparkles with pretty fancies we admit, and

contains passages of considerable beauty, but Oriental, in the meaning which ought to attach to the word, the work is not. Nor do we hold that the poetic fame of the writer of the 'Melodies' will be at all enhanced by it as a whole, although Paradise and the Peri will perhaps always be attractive for innocent and gentle natures. It is in the more impassioned portions of this series of poems that Moore chiefly fails. The light wings of his lyric muse are not fitted for either lofty or lengthened flights. A brief, gay theme, a lively or tender sentiment breathed through a song—these are Moore's triumphs, and in this varied, if confined, range of composition, he has no superior, perhaps, taken altogether, no equal; but of highly imaginative or sustained poetry he is hopelessly incapable; and when he *does* attempt to scale the lofty heights of human passion, the descent is lamentable. It were easy to give proofs of this from the tragic portions of 'Lalla Rookh,' but the task is an ungracious one, and we decline it. Still one may hold this opinion of the comparative inferiority of these poems without subscribing to Hazlitt's remark—that Moore ought not, for his fame's sake, to have written them for three thousand guineas. Whatever is vital in his writings will survive, spite of the earthy matter with which it may be for a time associated and partially confounded. It is difficult besides to pronounce dogmatically upon what a man who has his bread to earn should *not* do for three thousand guineas, if it may be done without moral offence. Mr Hazlitt could not be entitled to pronounce such a judgment until after he had himself been similarly tempted, and had *not* fallen.

An odd anecdote illustrative of Moore's increasing and widely-spread fame may here be given. He was surprised one day at receiving from Sweden an offer to be elected a knight of the ancient Order of St Joachim. This distinction, it was announced in the missive, which purported to come from the chancellor of the order, was tendered as a mark of the admiration entertained by the honourable fraternity for his very charming poetry. Moore was puzzled—mystified. He had never before heard of the Order of St Joachim, and vehemently suspected some kind friend of seeking to play him a malicious trick. St Joachim! Might it not turn out to be St Jok'em? He, however, stealthily inquired amongst persons versed in knightly orders, and was informed that there really was a Swedish knighthood of the name mentioned, and that several presentable persons had belonged to it. Still, after due deliberation, he resolved to decline the generously-proffered honour. It was too hazardous. Sir Joke'm Moore! He was a man to face the battery of a three-decker cheerfully rather than risk the possibility of such a sobriquet as that!

The bow so long bent required relaxation, and in the first flush of his great success, while his ears were still ringing with the applauses, and his nostrils still titillating with the incense which the press showered upon 'Lalla Rookh,' pronounced by general consent—'when they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful'—to be unrivalled as a work of melody, beauty, and power, Moore set out on a continental tour with his friend and brother-poet Rogers. On his return to England he published the 'Fudge Family'—not a very brilliant performance, and which, with the exception of its political hits, is but an imitation of 'Les Anglaises Pour Rire.' He also worked at the 'Melodies,' and wrote articles for the 'Edinburgh Review.' In 1818 one of the most pleasing incidents in his life occurred.

A public dinner was given in his honour at Dublin, the Earl of Charlemont in the chair—the poet's venerable father, Garret Moore, being present on the chairman's right hand, the honoured and delighted witness of the enthusiastic welcome bestowed upon his son by his warm-hearted fellow-countrymen. Moore made a graceful, cleverly-turned speech; but he was no orator: few literary men are. He could not think upon his legs; and you could see by the abstraction of his look that he was not speaking in the popular sense, but reciting what had previously been carefully composed and committed to memory. Such speeches frequently read well, but if long, they are terrible things to sit and hear.

The following year Moore accompanied Lord John Russell on a continental tour, taking the road of the Simplon to Italy. Lord John went on to Genoa, and Moore directed his steps toward Venice, for the purpose of seeing Byron. It was during this visit that the noble lord made Moore a present of his personal memoirs, for publication after the writer's death. Moore gives the following account of the transaction:—"We were conversing together when Byron rose and went out. In a minute or two he returned carrying a white leathern bag. "Look here!" he said, holding it up, "this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I daresay, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" I asked. "My life and adventures," he answered. On hearing this I raised my hands in a gesture. "It is not a thing that can be published during my life, but you may have it if you like: then do whatever you please with it." In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added: "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter end of the nineteenth century with it." He then added: "You may shew it to any of your friends you think worthy of it." This is as nearly as I can recollect all that passed.' These memoirs Moore sold to Mr Murray for two thousand guineas, but at Lord Byron's death, his executors and family induced Moore to repay Mr Murray, and destroy the manuscript. The precise reasons which decided Moore to yield to the solicitations of the deceased lord's friends and family are not known, but there can be little doubt that they were urgent, and in a moral sense irresistible. A man does not usually throw away two thousand guineas for a caprice, even of his own, much less for that of others. It is not likely that the world has lost much by the destruction of these memoirs. Lord Byron's life is sufficiently written in his published works for all purposes save that of the gratification of a morbid curiosity and vulgar appetite for scandal.

During the journey to and from Italy, Moore sketched the 'Rhymes on the Road,' which were soon afterwards published. There is nothing remarkable about them except his abuse of Rousseau and Madame Warens, *à propos* of a visit to Les Charmettes. Moore was violently assailed for this by writers, who held that as he had himself translated Anacreon, and written juvenile songs of an immoral tendency, he was thereby incapacitated from fy, fying naughty people in his maturer and better years. This seems hardly a reasonable maxim, and would, if strictly interpreted and enforced, silence much grave and learned eloquence, oral as well as written. His denunciations of the eccentric and fanciful author of the 'Confessions,' which twenty years before he would probably have called the enunciations of 'Virtue with her zone loosened,' were certainly violent and unmeasured,

and not perhaps in the very best taste. The following little bit is genuine Moore:—

‘And doubtless ’mong the grave and good,
And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known
As strange, *low* people—low and bad.
Madame herself’—

But it is scarcely worth while continuing the quotation. The man in Goldsmith’s play had nothing like the intense horror of anything *low* which Moore had, and this with him, if a weakness, was also a safeguard. The pity and indignation with which, now in his fortieth year of discretion, he looked upon literary talent if applied to other than pure and holy purposes, he traces in quite fiery lines—

‘Out on the craft! I’d rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noonday sun that’s o’er my head,
Than thus with high-trust genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all at once that’s brightest, worst,
Sublimest, meanest in creation.’

Poor Jean Jacques had little of the ‘sublime’ to boast of, and we have met in our time with much meaner people than the half-mad pauper, as Mr Moore pleasantly terms him.

During the journey to Italy Lord John Russell hinted to his companion that he seriously contemplated retiring from public life. Mr Moore was distressed by the contemplation of such a possibility, and addressed a miscellaneous poem soon afterwards to his lordship. It is called a ‘Remonstrance,’ and concludes with the following somewhat *bizarre* verse:—

‘Like the boughs of that laurel by Delphic decree,
Set apart for the fane and its service divine,
So the branches that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty claimed for the use of her shrine.’

This is certainly not one of Moore’s most brilliant hits.

Pecuniary difficulties, arising from the misconduct of his deputy in Bermuda, now threatened Mr Moore, and flight to France—for process against him had issued from the Court of Admiralty—became immediately necessary. The deputy-registrar, from whom Mr Moore had exacted no securities, had made free with the cargoes of several American vessels, and immediately decamped with the proceeds, leaving his principal liable, it was feared, to the serious amount of six thousand pounds. Active and successful efforts were, however, made by Moore’s friends to compromise the claims, and ultimately they were all adjusted by the payment of one thousand guineas. Three hundred pounds towards this sum were contributed by the delinquent’s uncle, a London merchant; so that Moore’s ultimate loss was seven hundred and fifty pounds only. During the progress, and at the close of these negotiations, numerous offers of pecuniary assistance were addressed to Mr Moore, all of which he gratefully but firmly declined.

Whilst ‘the matter was pending, Moore resided near Paris at La Butte

Coastlin, on the road to Belle Vue. This was also the residence of some agreeable Spanish friends of the poet. Kenny the dramatic writer lived also in the neighbourhood. Here Moore composed his 'Loves of the Angels,' passing his days, when they were fine, in walking up and down the park of Saint Cloud, 'polishing verses and making them run easy,' and the evenings in singing Italian duets with his Spanish friends. Previous to leaving Paris at the close of 1822, he attended a banquet got up in his honour by many of the most distinguished and wealthy of the English residents in that gay city. His speech on this occasion was a high-flown panegyric upon England and everything English, and grievously astonished Byron, Shelley, Hunt, and others, when they read it in Italy. Either they thought the tone of some of the Irish melodies was wrong, or the speech was. They did not reflect that a judicious speaker always adapts his speech to his audience. Apt words in apt places are the essentials of true eloquence.

Moore's publishers' account, delivered in the following June, exhibited a very pleasing aspect. He was credited with one thousand pounds for the 'Loves of the Angels,' and five hundred pounds for 'Fables for the Holy Alliance.' These were the halcyon days of poetry. There was truth as well as mirthful jest in Sir Walter Scott's remark a few years afterwards, in reply to Moore's observation, 'that hardly a magazine is now published but contains verses which would once have made a reputation.' 'Ecce!' exclaimed the baronet, 'we were very lucky to come before these fellows!'

The 'Loves of the Angels' is throughout but a prolonged, melodious echo of Mr Moore's previous love-poetry. The angels talk of woman's eyes, lips, voices, grace, precisely after the manner of his amatory songs. The opening lines, which are flowing and pretty, seem a kind of periphrasis of the Hebrew verse—'When the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy'—

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birthdays by the sun.'

The three angel-stories, told in very graceful verse, are grounded upon rabbinical and mythological fables and precedents, and excite but the faintest interest in the reader. It is difficult to remember anything about them five minutes after their perusal—the sensation produced resembling that which one feels after listening for half an hour to the silvery murmuring of a brook in the summer month of June. Just as dreamy and inarticulate as that sound is the musical and cadenced flow of love-verses, destitute, or nearly so, of interest, true tenderness, or passion. In proof of our assertion that this poem is but a repetition of Mr Moore's early and earthly painting of female beauty, we have only to quote the following lines from the second angel's story:—

'You both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bowers
Alla invoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world as done;

To see that last perfection rise—
That crowning of Creation's birth—
When 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First opened upon heaven and earth,
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament.

* * * *

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground,
She looked and saw the sea, the skies,
And heard the rush of many a wing
On high behests then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes
Still ling'ring, mine among the rest,
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest ?

In this passage mere jingling exaggeration supplies the place of poetical enthusiasm; and were it not ungenerous to quote Milton twice against Moore, we should be tempted to contrast it with the awakening of the true Eve beside the fountain in the 'Paradise Lost.' But the reader's mind will have spontaneously referred to it, and that must suffice. As this is the last of Mr Moore's poetry we shall have to notice, we would fain take leave of it with a more favourable specimen. The following lines from the close of the book are pleasing, and, moreover, possess a touch of human feeling. One of the angels, we should say, is condemned to waste his immortality on earth; and to console him in his wanderings, the fair one for whom he has temporarily lost heaven is to be his undying companion :—

'In what lone region of the earth
These pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and his angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we in our wanderings
Meet a young pair whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings
To look like Heaven's inhabitants,
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the wayside violet
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath, would be forgot ;
Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering as echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills—
So like itself we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain ;
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their soul's embrace,
Is not of earth but from above ;
Like two fair mirrors face to face,
Whose light from one to the other thrown
Is Heaven's reflection and their own :
Should we e'er meet with aught so fair,
So perfect here, we may be sure

'Tis Zaraph and his bride we see;
 And call young lovers round to view
 The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
 Their pathway towards Eternity.'

In 1825 Moore paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. The meeting was a cordial one, and the Baronet, Mr Lockhart informs us, pronounced Mr Moore 'to be the prettiest warbler' he ever knew. What somewhat diminishes the value of this praise is, that, according to the warbler himself, Sir Walter—but the thing seems incredible—had no genuine love or taste for music, except indeed for the Jacobite chorus of 'Hey tuttie, tattie,' now indissolubly united to 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!' which, when sung after supper by the company, with hands clasped across each other, and waving up and down, he hugely delighted in. Scott accompanied Moore to Edinburgh, and both of them, with Mr Lockhart and his lady, went to the theatre on the same evening that it was honoured by the presence of the celebrated Mrs Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St Albans. Soon after their at first unmarked entrance, the attention of the audience, which had till then been engrossed by the lady-millionaire, was directed towards the new-comers, and according to a newspaper report, copied and published by Mr Moore in one of his last prefaces, considerable excitement immediately prevailed. 'Eh!' exclaimed a man in the pit—'eh! yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart and his wife; and wha's the wee body wi' the pawkie een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore just!' 'Scott—Scott! Moore—Moore!' immediately resounded through the house. Scott would not rise: Moore did, and bowed several times with his hand on his heart. Scott afterwards acknowledged the plaudits of his countrymen, and the orchestra during the rest of the evening played alternately Scotch and Irish airs.

At the request of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was desirous that he should reside near him, Moore at this period took a journey into Wiltshire, to look at a house in the village of Bromham, near Bowood, the seat of the noble Marquis, which it was thought might suit him. He, however, pronounced it to be too large, and declined taking it. On his return he told his wife there was a cottage in a thickly-wooded lane in the neighbourhood to let, which he thought might be made to do. Mrs Moore immediately left town, secured it, and there they shortly afterwards took up their permanent abode. They have greatly improved and enlarged Sloperton Cottage; and covered almost as its front and two porches are with roses and clematis, with the trim miniature lawn and garden in front, along which runs a raised walk enclosed with evergreens, from which a fine view is obtained, it presents an entirely satisfactory aspect of well-ordered neatness, prettiness, and comfort. It is situated within about two miles of Devizes, and is within easy reach of the country residence of Lord Lansdowne. It was here he wrote the biographies of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Byron, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of which we need only remark that they are industriously compiled and pleasantly written.

In 1824, five years before the passing of the Catholic Relief Act, Moore published 'The Memoirs of Captain Rock, written by Himself.' It is a bitter, rhapsodical, and of course one-sided commentary upon the government of Ireland by England, not only since the Reformation, but from the

time of Pope Adrian's famous bull, which is twisted into an exclusively English grievance and insult. Captain Rock, assisted at the commencement by a sour gentleman in a flaxen wig and green spectacles, is of course the grim mouthpiece through which Mr Moore pours the *amauris liquidus* of his unpent wrath upon the devoted heads of the oppressors of his country. Truly a terrible fellow, if one were to believe him in serious earnest, is this tremendous captain—

‘Through Connaught, Leinster, Ulster, Munster,
He's the boy to make the fun stir.’

But to take him at his word would be a very great mistake indeed, and especially, we are sure, annoying, if not alarming to himself. He is not half such a terrible desperado as he looks, for all his cut-throat-looking beard and whiskers. They are shams put on for the nonce to hide a decidedly festive physiognomy—‘a mouth good-humoured, with dimples, and a nose not aquiline, but,’ says the literal painter, ‘with a character of scenting feasts and orchards.’ These are not the features of men fitted to the pulling down of strongholds and plucking kings by the beard. In truth, rebellion was never at all in Mr Moore's line. It lay in his way; he foolishly stumbled over it; and instantly cut its acquaintance, except in so far as a pretty song or musical sentiment may be held to constitute the continuance of a tender and fragile connection. A poet less likely than Moore to kindle a nation into a blaze never perhaps existed. ‘Revolutions,’ said Napoleon, ‘are not made with rose-water.’ Nor with rose-verse neither, fortunately, or the Bard of Erin might have found himself suddenly raised upon bucklers to a position in which he would have made the strangest figure, and one too as difficult to get down from as to climb up to. Happily, much of the injustice of which Captain Rock is made to declaim so scholarly against has been remedied since the book was written; and as the irritating memories of the dead and buried past, fade away, we may hope to see no more editions of a gentleman who, however amiably disposed in reality, certainly talks in a very fierce and alarming manner. The style of the book, moreover, proves very clearly that its author, unlike Molière's ‘Bourgeois Gentilhomme,’ had *not* been talking prose all his life; for intelligible, honest prose it is not. Neither is it verse; for the lines are not cut into quantities and rhymed, but it has all the tropes and figures which are found in certain kinds of poetry. Changes in the personality of the vice-regal government are said to resemble Penelope's web! The ignoring the existence of an Irish Catholic—Meres Hibernus—by certain of the penal statutes, finds a parallel in Milton's devils, who occupied no space in Pandemonium. The death of Lord Strafford, with which wicked or righteous deed the Irish certainly had nothing to do, is like the awful mementos in the Egyptian banqueting-rooms—placed there to chasten pride and check the exuberance of riot; and throughout the book Cleopatra and the Rapparees, Pericles and Irish Grand-Juries, Limerick and Pharsalia, Orangemen and the Bucentaur of Venice, jostle each other in the oddest manner conceivable; presenting a partycoloured *mélange* which, but for the sad truths it occasionally sets forth, and the vigorous blows now and then struck at enactments which no longer stain the statute-book, would be purely ludicrous.

The next considerable work of Moore's—for his light, Parthian warfare in the politics of the hour continued as usual, and with about the same success, as in his younger days—was 'The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion'—a perfectly serious and earnest book in defence of the Roman Catholic faith. There is a vast amount of erudition displayed in its pages; and remembering how slow and painstaking a workman Moore declared himself to be, it must, one would suppose, have been the work of years. The author's object is to prove, from the writings of the early fathers and other evidence, that the peculiar dogmas and discipline and practice of the Church of Rome date from the apostolic age, or at least from the first centuries of the Christian era, and are consequently true. This the writer does entirely, at least to his own satisfaction, which is the case, we believe, with controversial writers generally. The book concludes with the following words, addressed to the Catholic Church, which his after-life proves to have been earnest and sincere: 'In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who would pry into its recesses.'

These imaginary travels were published anonymously, but the book was always known to be Moore's. Apart from any other evidence, the poetic translations of portions of the writings of ancient bishops would have amply sufficed to determine the authorship. Without adverting to the elegant and tender stanzas addressed to 'A Fallen Virgin' by St Basil, which the gravest bishop might be proud of, who, let us ask, save the author of the 'Loves of the Angels,' would have raked amongst the homilies of St Chrysostom till he lit upon the following one, and who but Moore would have paraphrased it into such verse? The homily selected is one which is said to have been composed by St Chrysostom in reprobation of the ladies of Constantinople, who in his day, before the cross had sunk before the crescent in the Eastern metropolis, were accustomed to go too finely dressed to church. Moore's version begins thus:—

'Why come ye to the House of Prayer
With jewels in your braided hair?
And wherefore is the House of God
By glittering feet profanely trod?
As if, vain things, ye came to keep
Some festival, and not to weep.

* * *

Vainly to angered Heaven ye raise
Luxurious hands where diamonds blaze,
And she who comes in broidered veil
'To weep her frailty, still is frail.'

This is very well, and may likely enough have been fairly rendered from the venerable bishop's homily: but if the following be not pretty nearly unadulterated Moore—Chrysostom's prose bearing about the same proportion to the verse as Falstaff's ha'porth of bread to the intolerable quantity of sack—we have been strangely misled as to the stern and ascetic character of the celebrated opponent and victim of the Empress Eudoxia. Chrysostom is made to reply as follows to the supposed excuses of the more plainly-dressed females of his congregation:—

'Behold! thou say'st my gown is plain,
My sandals are of texture rude:
Is this like one whose heart is vain,
Like one who dresses to be wooed?
Deceive not thus, young maid, thy heart;
For far more oft in simple gown
Doth beauty play the Tempter's part
Than in brocades of rich renown;
And homeliest garb hath oft been found,
When typed and fitted to the shape,
To deal such shafts of mischief round
As wisest men can scarce escape.'

There is nothing objectionable in these lines in themselves, nor in these which Mr Moore attributes, though with some hesitation, to St Basil—

'Not charming only when she talks,
Her very silence speaks and shines—
Love gilds her pathway when she walks,
And lights her couch when she reclines.'

But it does startle one to find such words placed in the mouths of the great bishops of Constantinople and Cesarea, who, according to other authorities, were hardly conscious of the existence of any beauty save that of holiness, or that there was any deformity in the world but that of sin. The style of these travels is a great improvement on the ornate slipshod of Captain Rock. Great liveliness of manner is exhibited throughout, and some of the political hits are capital.

The last, and, according to Moore's own authority, one of the most successful of his works, as far as a great sale constitutes success, was the prose romance of 'The Epicurean.' There is much learning displayed in this book, and it contains some striking descriptions. We also meet occasionally with passages of simple and natural beauty and eloquence, the more striking and effective from the contrast they afford to the cumbrous and ambitious rhetoric through which they are sparsely scattered. It was commenced in verse, and gradually reached to a considerable length in that form, but ultimately, like the 'Peri's Daughter,' broke down irretrievably. No one who respects Mr Moore's poetical fame will regret this after reading the fragment which has been published. 'The Epicurean' is a moral and religious story; and it has this great merit, that it has very little of the merely sensuous imagery in which Mr Moore generally indulged. The plot is of the most commonplace kind, and the conduct of the story so entirely languid and lulling, that it may be freely indulged in without the slightest fear of ill consequences by the most nervous and impressionable lady-reader in the three kingdoms. Let us glance it through. The hero is Alciphron, the chief of the sect of Epicureans established at Athens. Those philosophic votaries of pleasure, whilst following out the essential principle of their founder—a dangerous deceit, if there was ever one, plausibly and ingeniously as it has been defended, necessarily rejecting, as it does, self-sacrifice, without which virtue is a mere sound—these votaries, we repeat, whilst adhering strictly to the principle of their founder, that pleasure is the highest good, had neglected his subsidiary, and, strictly speaking, inconsequent teachings, that the highest pleasure must be found in the gratification of the purest and simplest tastes. Upon that—the goal to be obtained, pleasure, being the prime end of the philosophy—each disciple would of course have his

own opinion. Well, Alciphron had drunk deep of 'pleasure,' had drained the cup of indulgence to its dregs, and was unsatisfied. Man delighted not him, nor woman neither, and he was weary of all things beneath the sun. A passionate longing to throw off the burthen of the mystery, which to his eyes hung like a pall over a world without a purpose, an existence without an object, possessed and consumed him.

The 'perhaps' of Hamlet incarnated, or, more correctly speaking, shadowed forth in that divine soliloquy, was with Alciphron, as with all of us who think, 'the question.' Finally, determined by a dream, he journeys to Egypt, with a view to discover if possible the 'sacred interior meaning' of the religion of its priests, and ascertain if therein lay the key to the riddle of the universe. Alciphron, not long after his arrival in Egypt, penetrates by accident into the subterranean Elysium of the priests, beneath the Pyramids. Once there, the thousand-and-one magical deceptions of heathen priestcraft familiar to most readers are played off upon the distinguished Greek, whom Orcus, the Egyptian high priest, and an irredeemable villain of course, is desirous of winning to the faith of the Pharaohs. His high-flying verborosities, however, produce but slight effect upon the refined and subtle Epicurean—the dark riddle appears as insoluble as ever—and of all that surrounds him he believes only in the beauty of a young priestess of the moon, Alethe, with whom he falls desperately in love; which sentiment, we need hardly say, is fervently reciprocated by Alethe. Even the eager questioning of Alciphron's restless spirit upon creation, destiny, life, and death, is hushed in the presence of the young beauty, and the Athenian philosopher is made to rhapsodise thus: 'The future was now but of secondary consideration; the present, and that deity of the present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. It was indeed for the sake of such beings alone that I considered immortality desirable; nor without them would eternal life have appeared worth a single prayer.' The fair priestess of the moon is secretly attached to the religion of Christ, though as yet but dimly so; a glimpse only of its radiant and consoling light and truth having reached her from her mother, who had some time before her death been instructed in the new and elevating faith then dawning upon the dark horrors of bewildered and bewildering heathenism. She bears about with her the emblem of the religion of sorrow, and hope, and love—a small gold cross, of which Alciphron once or twice obtains a glimpse. Finally, Alethe, during the progress of one of the gorgeous illusions got up for the especial edification of Alciphron, contrives her own and his escape from the subterranean Elysium. They fortunately reach undiscovered a very curious and convenient carriage, used by the high-priest in his journeys to the outer world. It runs in grooves, and when they have comfortably seated themselves, it at once flies down the inclined plain immediately before it, and by the impetus of its descent climbs up the next acclivity; and so on, up and down, without pause or intermission. As there was only one of these surprising carriages in the establishment, successful pursuit was out of the question. They get clear off, ascend the Nile, and reach a Christian hermitage. The venerable recluse dwelling there knew Alethe's mother, and receives her with great joy. Alciphron is also warmly welcomed. The venerable father discourses to him of the Christian faith, and supplies him with a copy of the Scriptures, which, read

by the light of Alethe's eyes, rapidly produce conviction in the mind of the enamoured Greek. The lovers are ultimately betrothed to each other; and we seem to be approaching a pleasant, matrimonial catastrophe, when the bright prospect is suddenly overcast—gloom, thunder, and eclipse succeed, and continue till the curtain falls. A terrible decree of the Roman emperor against the Christians is fulminated, and the ferocious edict is as remorselessly enforced on the banks of the Nile as on those of the Tiber—the facile polytheism of Rome tolerating and enforcing all religions save that alone, which not only glides into the cell of the captive, whispering hope and consolation, but mounts the steps of the loftiest throne to speak of life, death, and judgment to come. The recluse and Alethe are seized, with many others—hurried before the Roman governor and Orcus the high-priest—and commanded, as a proof of their renunciation of Christianity, to burn incense before idols. They refuse, and the old man is instantly sacrificed. Alethe is about to undergo the same fate, when the Roman governor, touched by her beauty and gentleness, adjourns her punishment till the morrow, spite of the opposition of Orcus, who is furious at the thought of the renegade priestess escaping her terrible doom. The Roman chief expresses a hope that reflection will induce Alethe to save her life by an act so easy of performance as that of casting a few grains of incense upon the idol altars, and she is borne away in custody; not, however, till after Orcus, in mockery of an ornament and ceremony usual with Christian maidens when about to suffer martyrdom, has caused a fillet of coral-berries to be fastened round her brows. Alciphron, who in the meanwhile had been distracted with grief and terror, obtains access to Alethe through the intervention of a Roman officer whom he had known at Athens, and finds her resigned, constant, and cheerful, but for a burning, throbbing pain in her temples. Alciphron fancying the coral-chaplet might be too tightly bound, unties and endeavours to take it off. It resists his efforts.

'It would not come away!' exclaims Alciphron; and he repeats these passionate, despairing, agonising words, wrung from him by the overwhelming bitterness and horror of the moment—'It would not come away!' The berries, it is discovered, had been saturated with a deadly poison by order of Orcus, in order to insure the destruction of his victim. Alethe, after smiling placidly upon her betrothed husband, dies. This is the catastrophe of the Epicurean—melancholy and distressing, no doubt, but so feebly, so inartistically told, that it merely shocks the reader; and the tumultuous emotions of pity, love, grief, indignation, which the death of the beautiful, the innocent, the young, brought about by violence, should excite, are scarcely more awakened than by a newspaper report of a fatal accident having befallen a person whom the reader had never seen or heard of before. The book has already virtually fallen out of the literature of the country. Fashion and the influence of a popular name may rule for a time, but in the long-run common-sense and a cultivated taste will pronounce the irreversible verdict.

On the 30th of June 1827, the day after the publication of 'The Epicurean,' Moore was one of the gay and distinguished assemblage at a magnificent fête at Boyle Farm, in the environs of London, the cost of which had been clubbed by five or six rich young lords. It appears by Mr Moore's description to have been a very brilliant affair. There were crowds of the

élite of society present of both sexes; well-dressed men and groups of fair women, 'all looking their best;' together with dancing, music, the Tyrolean minstrels, and Madame Vestris and Fanny Ayton, rowing up and down the river, singing Moore's 'Oh come to Me when Daylight sets!' and so on. The author of 'The Epicurean' relates all this for the purpose of introducing an anecdote concerning his book, and we notice it for the same reason. During one of the pauses of the music, the Marquis of Palmella—Moore *disguises* the name of the Portuguese ambassador in this impenetrable mode, the Marquis of Palm—a—approaching the poet, remarked upon the magnificence of the fête. Moore agreed. 'The tents,' he remarked, 'had a fine effect.' 'Nay,' said the marquis, 'I was thinking of your fête at Athens. I read it this morning in the newspaper.' 'Confound the newspaper!' Moore had a great aversion to having his best *morceaux* served up without the context in that manner; but worse remained behind. A Mr D— accosted him a few minutes afterwards, and mentioning the book, added these flattering words: 'I never read anything so touching as the death of your heroine.' 'What!' exclaimed the delighted author, 'have you got so far as that already?' 'Oh dear, no, I have not seen the book—I read what I mentioned in the Literary Gazette.' 'Shameful!' says Mr Moore, 'to anticipate my catastrophe in that manner!' Perhaps so; but that which we should like especially to know is whether Mr B— n, who is mentioned as being present at the enunciation of these courtesies, was Mr Brougham. If so, the flash of the keen gray eyes that followed the compliment on the touching death of Alethe, must, to an observant looker-on, have been one of the most entertaining incidents of the fête.

The smart political squibs, scattered like fireflies through the dreary waste of journalism during the last active years of Moore's life, are not obnoxious to criticism. Squire Corn, Famished Cotton, Weeping Chancellors, Salmagundian Kings, and knavish Benthamites, as pencilled by Moore, have passed from the domain of wit and verse into that of the historian and the antiquary, into the hands of the collector of forgotten trifles; and there we very willingly leave them, pleasant, piquant, and welcome, as we fully admit them in their day to have been. Moore has also written several pieces of religious verse, which, although not of very high merit as poetry, finely at times bring out and illustrate the Christian spirit in its most engaging aspect—unalloyed, unclouded by the mists of fanatic sectarianism. As, for instance, in this verse—

'The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine,
My censor's breath, the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.'

The spirit that inspired these lines is infinitely more spiritual and Christian than that which breathes upon and gives galvanic momentary life to the dry bones of mouldering controversial bigotry. Such a hymn is worth the 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman' a thousand times over, and Sullivan's replies to them into the bargain.

Our brief passage through the trim gardens, gay with flowers, sparkling with light, and vocal with melody, of Moore's poetry, verse and prose, here concludes, and we have now, it may be presumed, the means of forming a sound judgment upon his pretensions as poet, romancist, and politician.

First, then, as to his rank as poet. Whilst freely expressing our opinion as to his deficiency in highly-imaginative, sustained, poetical genius, and his entire want of dramatic power, we have at the same time done justice to the point and quickness of his wit, the varied brilliancy of his sparkling fancies, and the fine harmony and cadenced flow of his verse. That he was not an inspired creative poet like Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and a few others, is true; but beneath those heaven-reaching heights there are many still lofty eminences upon which gifted spirits sit enthroned, their brows encircled with coronets bright with gems of purest ray, serene, though pale, indeed, and dim in presence of the radiant crowns of the kings of poetry and song, between whom also there are degrees of glory; for immeasurably above all, far beyond even the constellated splendour

‘Of the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle,’

soars Shakspeare, palm-wreathed and diademed with stars. One of these lesser heights and circlets must unquestionably be awarded to Thomas Moore. His wing, it must be admitted, is feeble, requiring artificial stimulants and help to lift him above the ground a sufficient time for warbling a brief melody. He did not sing as a flower exhales—from the law and necessity of its nature; still there is at times a grace, and tenderness, and music, about his carefully-polished snatches of song, which the world is not sufficiently rich in to willingly let die. The truly-inspired poet, we need hardly add, requires no artificial preparations of congenial ‘atmospheres’ to perfect and pour forth the divine thoughts and harmonies which crowd his brain, inflame his blood, and stir his heart. He sings because it is a vital condition of his life that he should do so. The thoughts of Burns kindled into glorious song as he followed his plough along the level field or mountain-side. The ‘Mary in Heaven’ welled up from his throbbing heart as the sudden inrush of tumultuous memories brought back the image of the loved and lost, and came forth with stifling sobs and blinding tears of passionate regret and tenderness; and as the Poet of all Time lay dreaming in his youth by the silver Avon, the immortal creations with which he has peopled the world, thronged dimly in his brain, with a confused murmur of the sorrows, the remorse, the griefs, the agonies, the mirth, the wit, the joys, the tears, the love, afterwards incarnated and winged forth from amid the din and drudgery of a play-house. Who can read the account of Moore’s painful three years’ incubation at Mayfield Cottage—which we have given nearly in his own words—and for another moment believe in his poetic inspiration? Fancy a really inspired man, possessed of the necessary faculty of verse, coming forth, after brooding for that long period over his work, and presenting to the world a pretty, perfumed, spangled lay-figure like ‘Lalla Rookh,’ as a true, living creation, radiant with the light and vital with the breath of poetry!

With respect to the somewhat objectionable character of Moore’s earlier productions, much excuse is to be found in the heartless, soulless, meretricious, withered state of society—not in which he was born, that was sound and healthy, if somewhat perverse, but in which he chiefly passed his youth and prime of manhood. The debased and debasing tone of ‘good’ Irish society, at a time when such men as Toler and others of the same stamp could rise by dint of unblushing subserviency and hair-trigger

pistols to the highest and most dignified offices in the state, and when corruption in its unveiled loathsomeness was the admitted principle of government, can only be truly estimated by those who, for their sins doubtless, have been compelled to rake in the private histories of that altogether disreputable period. This fetid atmosphere necessarily affected the imitative and impressionable genius of Moore, and his Juvenile Songs may be said to have been but a reflex—a refined one too—of the reckless, debauched, bacchanalian, sensuous tone of sentiment and manners then so fatally prevalent. The air of the regent's court was scarcely healthier or more purifying; and exposed to such influences—poor, and ambitious of applause, intoxicated by the smiles of exclusive fashionable circles, in which he was not indeed born, but which gradually became a necessity of his existence, and whose continued favour could only be purchased by ministering to their tastes—Moore, under such circumstances, should be forgiven much. As public sentiment acquired a healthier tone, so did his writings; and his last considerable effort, 'The Epicurean,' is as distinguished for the reticence of its language and the purity of its sentiment as for the absence of the fanciful genius which threw a glittering veil over the productions of his earlier life. This excusatory suggestion has been forestalled by Moore himself, and is well expressed in the following verse of one of his songs:—

'Oh blame not the Bard if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame:
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame !'

We very heartily believe it; and in estimating frailties of this nature, so powerfully influenced by the strong god Circumstance, we should do well, whilst reading Moore's somewhat boastful excuse, to bear also in mind the words of a far greater man—

'What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.'

Turning from Moore the poet to Moore the politician, there is not much to remark upon; neither certainly is there place for two opinions. Moore wrote politics at times—pointed, bitter, rankling politics—but he was really at heart no politician. There was no earnestness in what he did in this way, and it was early and abundantly evident from his alternate eulogies and vituperation of democratic institutions, that he had no firmly-based convictions. His love for Ireland was a sentiment only: it never rose to the dignity of a passion. Not one of his patriotic songs breathes the fiery energy, the martyr zeal, the heroic hate and love, which pulsate in the veins of men who ardently sympathise with a people really oppressed, or presumed to be so. But let us hasten to say, that if there was little of the hero or martyr, there was nothing of the renegade or traitor about Thomas Moore. The pension of three hundred a year obtained for him of the crown by his influential friends was not the reward of baseness or of political tergiversation. It was the prize and reward of his eminence as a writer, and his varied social accomplishments. If he did not feel strongly, he at all events felt honestly; and although he had no mission to evoke the lightning of the national spirit, and hurl its consuming fire at the men

who, had they possessed the power, would have riveted the bondage of his people, he could and did soothe their angry paroxysms with lulling words of praise and hope, and, transforming their terribly real, physical, and moral griefs and ills into picturesque and sentimental sorrows, awakened a languid admiration, and a passing sympathy for a nation which could boast such beautiful music, and whose woes were so agreeably, so charmingly sung. Liberal opinions Moore supported by tongue and pen, but then they were fashionable within a sufficiently-extensive circle of notabilities, and had nothing of the coarseness and downrightness of vulgar Radicalism about them. The political idiosyncrasy of Moore is developed in the same essential aspect in his memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald as in his national songs. There is nothing impassioned, nothing which hurries the pulse or kindles the eye—but a graceful regret, a carefully-guarded appreciation of the acts and motives of that unfortunate and misguided nobleman run throughout. Moore was what men call a fair-weather politician—which means, not that storms do not frequently surround them but that by a prudent forethought, a happy avoidance of prematurely committing themselves, they contrive to make fair weather for themselves, however dark and tempestuous may be the time to other and less sagacious men, and who, when their sun does at last shine, come out with extreme effulgence and brilliancy. Moore, therefore, as a politician, was quite unexceptionable, though not eminent. He was at once a pensioned and unpurchased, and, we verily believe, unpurchasable partisan; an honest, sincere, and very mild patriot; a faithful, and at the same time prudent and circumspect lover of his country, its people, and its faith. There are very high-sounding names in the list of political celebrities, of whom it would be well if such real though not highly-flattering praise could be truly spoken.

Moore's prose works require but little notice at our hands beyond that incidentally bestowed upon them in our passage through his works. None of them that we are acquainted with add at all to the reputation for genius acquired by his poetry. The flow and rhyme of verse are indispensable to carry the reader through stories without probability or interest, and to render men and women, not only without originality—that frequently happens—but destitute of individualism, decently tolerable. We are ignorant of the contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review;' but they could scarcely have much enhanced the power and attractiveness of a periodical which in his time numbered amongst its contributors such names as Jeffrey, Brougham, Sidney Smith, Hallam, Macaulay, and others of that mint and standard. Moore is assigned by his friends a high rank amongst the defenders or apologists of the Church of Rome; and we believe his 'Travels,' like Cobbett's 'Reformation,' have been translated by papal authority and command into most of the languages of Europe. Of his merits in this department of literature, which is quite out of our way, we do not presume to offer an opinion. His book unquestionably displays a vast deal of research and learning; but whether it is so entirely perverse as its adversaries contend, or so pre-eminently irrefragable and convincing as its admirers assert, we really cannot say.

It is, after all, in the home-life of individuals that their true character must be read and studied. The poet and the politician—the latter more

especially—dwell, as regards their vocations, apart from the household tests which really measure the worth, the truth, the kindliness of individual men and women. Moore, we are pleased to be able to repeat, as a son, a husband, a father, a friend and neighbour, bore, and deservedly, the highest character. His domestic affections were ardent, tender, and sincere, and the brilliant accomplishments which caused his society to be courted by the great ones of the world shed its genial charm over the quiet fireside at which sat his wife, and in whose light and warmth the children whose loss have bowed him to the grave grew up only to bloom and perish. There have been much greater poets, more self-sacrificing, though perhaps no more sincere lovers of their country; but in the intimate relations of domestic life, and the discharge of its common, every-day, but sacred obligations, there are few men who have borne a more unspotted and deservedly-high reputation than Thomas Moore.

One word as to the music—the airs of the melodies. They were for the most part, it is well known, arranged, and the accompaniments generally written, by Sir John Stevenson. The changes in the melody which not unfrequently occur, whether hurtfully or otherwise individual taste must determine, were, Moore himself emphatically assures us, invariably his own.

